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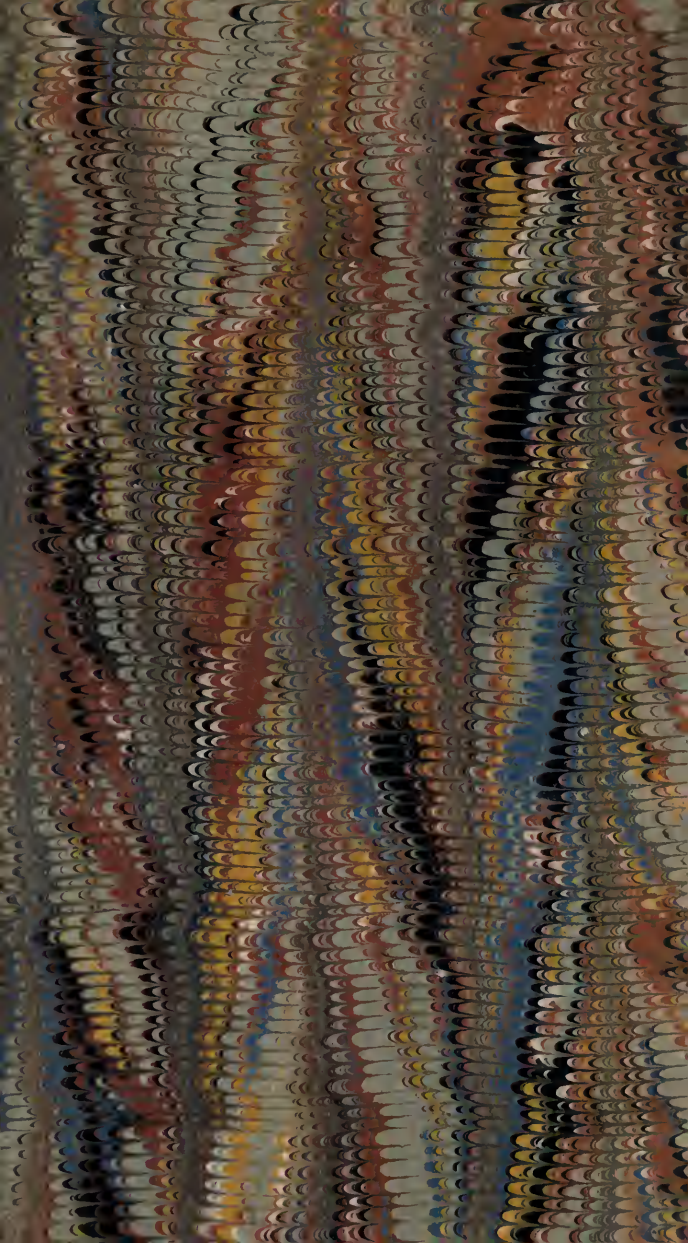


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A

COLLECTION

OF

ANCIENT AND MODERN

Scottish Ballads,

TALES, AND SONGS:

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS,

BY

JOHN GILCHRIST.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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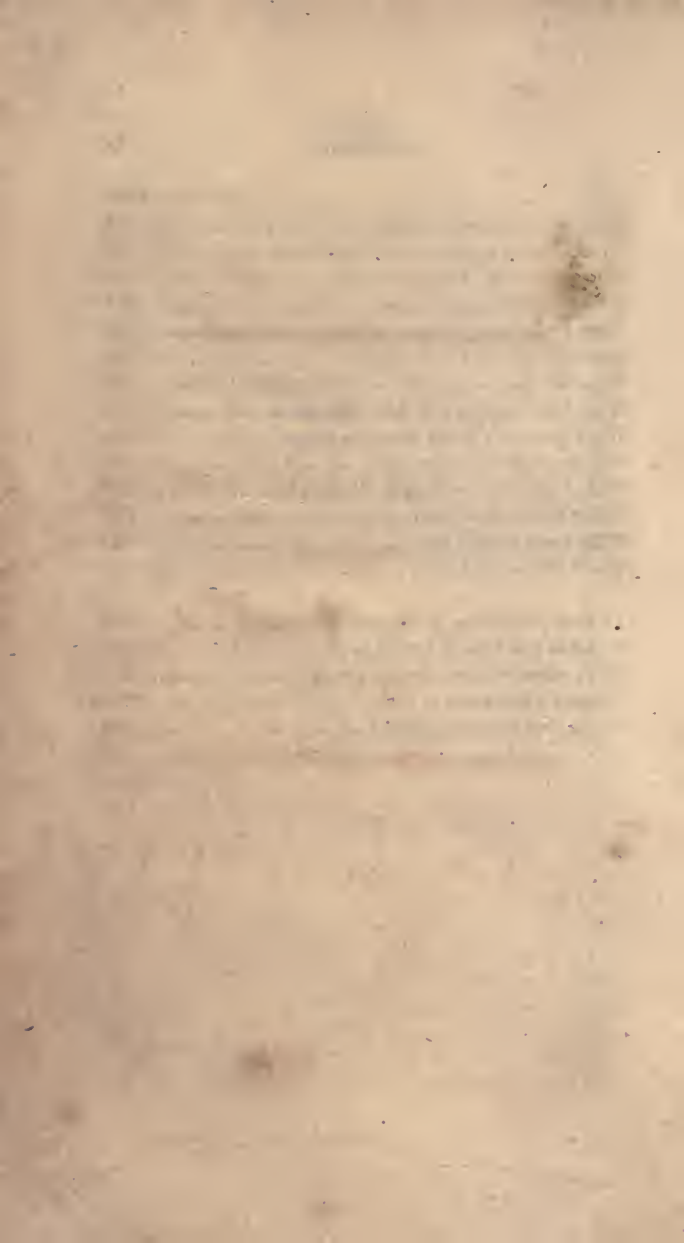
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POPULAR SCOTISH
BALLADS, TALES, AND SONGS.

PART II.—*Tales,*

CONTINUED.

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PART II.—TALES, CONTINUED.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, Esq. †

“ Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor.”

GRAY.

[Of all the poems of Burns, this is universally allowed to be the most interesting. The scene which is here depicted, he painted from the occurrences in his father's cottage, where the worthy man, in the relative duties of the fond parent, the mild instructor, and the amiable religious guide, sets an example of piety and virtue to his family that endears him to all the members, who attentively hear, and readily obey his admonitions and precepts.— We rejoice that these qualities, which reflect so much lustre on their possessor, were not confined to one cottage or to one district, the same piety was and is still generally practised, and the same virtue still exhibited,

† Robert Aiken, Esq, writer, Ayr, who as soon as he became acquainted with Burns, shewed the warmest regard for him, and did every thing in his power to forward his interest and respectability.

by the intelligent and industrious peasantry of our country. The incidents are well chosen, and the characters represented in a manner that strongly interest the affections.—“*The Cotter’s Saturday Night*,” says Dr Currie in his elegant *Life of Burns*, “is tender and moral, it is solemn and devotional, and rises at length into a strain of grandeur and sublimity, which modern poetry has not surpassed. The noble sentiments of patriotism with which it concludes, correspond with the rest of the poem. In no age or country have the pastoral muses breathed such elevated accents, if the *Messiah* of Pope be excepted, which is indeed a pastoral in form only. It is to be regretted that Burns did not employ his genius on other subjects of the same nature, which the manners and customs of the Scottish peasantry would have amply supplied. Such poetry is not to be estimated by the degree of pleasure which it bestows; it sinks deeply into the heart, and is calculated, far beyond any other human means, for giving permanence to the scenes and the characters it so exquisitely describes.”—BURNS’S *Works*, vol. i. p. 312.

This poem was written during the summer of 1785. Like the other serious poems of the immortal bard, the language approaches nearer the English idiom than that of his humorous and satirical pieces.

My lov’d, my honour’d, much respected friend!
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend’s esteem and praise:
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life’s sequester’d scene;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
 What A**** in a cottage would have been;
 Ah! tho’ his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sigh ; *
 The short'ning winter day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose :
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward
 bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town ;
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
 And each for other's weelfare kindly speirs :
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet ;
 Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears ;

* Rushing noise of the wind.

The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
Anticipation forward points the view.

The mother, wi' her needle and her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due,

Their master's and their mistress's command,
The youngers a' are warned to obey ;
And mind their labours wi' an eydent * hand,
And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk † or play :
“ And O ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night !
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might :
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright !”

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e and flush her cheek ;
With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;
Weel pleas'd, the mother hears its nae wild, worthless
rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben ;
A strappan youth ; he tak's the mother's eye ;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy.
But blate an' laithfu', ‡ scarce can weel behave ;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave ;
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

* Diligent.

† Trifle.

‡ Bashful.

O happy love! where love like this is found!

O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!

I've paced much this weary, mortal round,

And sage Experience bids me this declare—

“ If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,

'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,

In others arms breathe out the tender tale,

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning
gale.”

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—

A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!

That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,

Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?

Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!

Are Honour, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd!

Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,

Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?

Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,

The healsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:

The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,

That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:

The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,*

And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;

The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,

How 'twas a towmond† auld sin' lint was i' the bell.

The chearfu' supper done, wi' serious face,

They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,

The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:

* Cheese of an acrid taste.

† Twelvemonth.

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets * wearing thin and bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales † a portion with judicious care ;
 And " Let us worship God !" he says, with solemn air. ‡

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
 Perhaps Dundee's § wild-warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, § worthy of the name ;
 Or noble Elgin § beets the heav'n-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise :
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heav'n's avenging ire ;
 Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

* Grey temples.

† Selects.

‡ " Robert had frequently remarked to me that he thought that there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, ' Let us worship God,' used by a decent sober head of a family introducing family worship. To this sentiment of the author the world is indebted for the *Cotter's Saturday Night*." — *Mr Gilbert Burns's Letter to Dr Currie*, BURNS'S *Works*, vol. iii. p. 382.

§ " The tunes mentioned in this poem, are the three used by William Burnes, (the poet's father) who had no greater variety." — BURNS'S *Works*, vol. i. p. 83.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :
 How his first followers and servants sped ;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's
 command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays !
 Hope " springs exulting on triumphant wing ; *
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !
 The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul ;
 And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
 The parent pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,

* Pope's *Windsor Forest*.

That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 " An honest man's the noblest work of God :"
 And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind :
 What is a lordling's pomp ! a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, O ! may Heav'n their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
 That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart ;
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part :
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert :
 But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

HALLOWEEN.

“ Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 The simple pleasures of the lowly train ;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.”

GOLDSMITH.



[Notwithstanding the innumerable beauties of the preceding poem, it is in his humorous and satirical pieces that Burns's genius has full scope. In the latter department, however, while he holds up to merited scorn the furious fanatic and bigoted zealot, it is to be regretted that his warmth of temper frequently hurries him into personalities, occasionally directing the shafts of his ridicule at some respectable members of society, who were more rigid than himself in the observance of religious duties. To his humorous poems no such objections can be made ; they are natural, amusing, and highly valuable, describing in lively colours the manners and superstitions of the peasantry among whom he lived. In this poem of Halloween the spells and charms employed by the youthful rustics to discover who are to be their future husbands or wives, the persons who perform these spells, and the solemnity with which they are performed, are executed in his happiest manner, and render it one of the most entertaining of his productions.]

Burns also composed this poem in 1785, and published it, with his other pieces, in the following year. To enable his readers to understand it, he added the valuable notes, explanatory of the charms and spells of this eventful night.]

UPON that night, * when fairies light,
 On Cassilis Downans † dance,
 Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
 On sprightly coursers prance;
 Or for Colean the rout is ta'en,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams;
 There, up the Cove, ‡ to stray and rove
 Among the rocks an' streams
 To sport that night.

Among the bonny, winding banks,
 Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear,
 Where Bruce § ance rul'd the martial ranks,
 An' shook his Carrick spear,
 Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
 Together did convene,
 To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
 An' haud their Halloween
 Fu' blythe that night.

* Halloween is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the fairies, are said, on that night, to hold a grand anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

‡ A noted cavern near Colean-house, called the Cove of Colean; which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed, in country story, for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

§ The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine;
 Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
 Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
 The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
 Weel knotted on their garten;
 Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
 Gar lasses hearts gang startin
 Whyles fast at night.

'Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,
 Their stocks * maun a' be sought ance;
 They steek their een, an' graip an' wale,
 For muckle anes, an' straught anes.
 Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
 An' wander'd thro' the bow-kail,
 An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
 A runt was like a sow-tail,
 Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;

* The first ceremony of Halloween, is pulling each a stock, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any yird, or earth, stick to the root, that is tocher, or fortune; and the taste of the custoc, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or to give them their ordinary appellation, the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question.

The vera wee-things, toddlin, rin
 Wi' stocks out-owre their shonther;
 An' gif the custoc's sweet or sour,
 Wi' joctelegs * they taste them;
 Syne coziely, aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
 To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
 To pou their stalks o' corn; †
 But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn:
 He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
 Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
 But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
 When kiutlin ‡ in the fause-house §
 Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel-hoarded nits ¶
 Are round and round divided,
 An' monie lads an' lasses fates
 Are there that night decided:

* A kind of knife.

† They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the top-pickle, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed any thing but a maid.

‡ Cuddling.

§ When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stalk-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a fause-house.

¶ Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
 An' burn thegither trimly;
 Some start awa wi' saucy pride,
 An' jump out-owre the chimlie
 Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e;
 Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
 "But this is Jock, an' this is me,"
 She says in to hersel:
 He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
 As they wad never mair part,
 Till fuff! he started up the lum,
 An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
 To see't that night.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
 Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
 An' Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt, †
 To be compar'd to Willie:
 Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
 An' her ain fit it brunt it;
 While Willie lap, an' swoor by jing,
 'Twas just the way he wanted
 To be that night.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
 She pits hersel, an' Rob in;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in ase † they're sobbin:
 Nell's heart was dancin at the view;
 She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
 Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bonnie mou,
 Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
 Unseen that night.

* Pet.

† Ashes.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell,
 She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
 An' slips out by hersel :
 She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
 An' to the kiln she goes then,
 An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
 And in the blue-clue * throws then,
 Right fear't that night.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
 I wat she made nae jaukin ;
 Till something held-within the pat,
 Guid L—d ! but she was quakin !
 But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,
 Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
 She did na wait on talkin
 To speir that night.

Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,
 " Will ye go wi' me, graunie ?
 I'll eat the apple † at the glass,
 I gat frae uncle Johnie :"

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clue of blue yarn ; wind it on a new clue off the old one ; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread, demand, Wha hauds? *i.e.* Who holds? an answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Chritian and surname of your future spouse.

† Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass ; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say you should comb your hair all the time ; the face of your conjugal companion, to be, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
 She notic't na, an aizle * brunt
 Her braw new worset apron
 Out thro' that night.

" Ye little skelpie-limmer's face !
 How daur you sic sportin,
 As seek the foul Thief ony place,
 For him to spae your fortune :
 Nae doubt but ye may get a sight !
 Great cause ye hae to fear it ;
 For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
 An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,
 On sic a night.

" Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor, †
 I mind't as weel's yestreen,
 I was a gilpey then, I'm sure .
 I was na past fyfteen :
 The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
 An' stuff was unco green ;
 An' ay a rantin kirk we gat,
 An' just on Halloween
 It fell that night.

" Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
 A clever, sturdy fallow ;
 His sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wear,
 That liv'd in Achmacalla :
 He gat hemp-seed, ‡ I mind it weel,
 An' he made unco light o't ;

* A hot cinder.

† The battle of Sheriff-Moor.

‡ Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed ;
 harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after

But monie a day was by himsel,
 He was sae sairly frightened
 "That vera night."

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
 An' he swoor by his conscience,
 That he could saw hemp-seed a peck;
 For it was a' but nonsense:
 The auld guidman raught down the pock,
 An' out a handfu' gied him;
 Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
 Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
 An' try't that night.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
 Tho' he was something sturtin;*
 The graip he for a harrow tak,
 An' haurls at his curpin;†
 An' ev'ry now an' then, he says,
 "Hemp-seed I saw thee,
 An' her that is to be my lass,
 Come after me, an' draw thee
 "As fast this night."

He whistl'd up Lord Lenox' march,
 To keep his courage cheery;

you. Repeat now and then, "Hemp seed I saw thee, Hemp seed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, "Come after me and shaw thee," that is shew thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "Come after me and harrow thee."

* Frighted.

† Crupper.

Altho' his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley'd an' eerie:
 Till presently he hears a squeak,
 An' then a grane an' gruntle;
 He by his shouther gae a keek,
 An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle *
 Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation!
 An' young an' auld came rinnin' out,
 An' hear the sad narration:
 He swoor 'twas hilchin † Jean M'Craw,
 Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
 Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
 An' wha was it but Grumphie
 Asteer that night!

Meg fain wad to the barn gaen,
 To win three wechts o' naething; ‡
 But for to meet the deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in:
 She gies the herd a pickle nits,
 An' twa red-cheekit apples,

* A staggering motion.

† Halting.

‡ This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived, and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger, that the being about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a wecht; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time, an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

To watch, while for the barn she sets,
 In hopes to see Tam Kipples
 That vera night.

She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,
 An' owre the threshold ventures ;
 But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters :
 A ratton rattl'd up the wa',
 An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her !
 An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
 An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice ;
 They hecht him some fine braw ane ;
 It chanc'd the stack he faddom't thrice,*
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin :
 He tak's a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
 For some black, grousome carlin ;
 An' loot a winze,† an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes cam haurlin
 Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As cantie as a kittlen ;
 But Och ! that night, amang the shaws,
 She got a fearfu' settlin !
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a bear-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

† An oath.

Whare three lairds' lands met at a burn, *
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't; †
 Whyles round a rocky scar it strays:
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazle,
 Unseen that night.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
 Between her an' the moon,
 The deil, or else an' outler quey,
 Gat up an' gae a croon:
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
 Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,
 But mist a fit, an' in the pool
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The luggies three ‡ are ranged;

* You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south running spring or rivulet, where, "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and, some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

† Meandered.

‡ Take three dishes: put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty; blindfold a person, and lead

And ev'ry time great care is ta'en,
 To see them duly changed :
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin' Mar's-year * did desire,
 Because he gat the toom-dish thrice,
 He heav'd them on the fire,
 In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
 I wat they did-na weary ;
 An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap an' cheary :
 Till butter'd so'ns, † wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin ;
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt, ‡
 They parted aff careerin
 Fu' blythe that night.

him to the hearth, where the dishes are ranged ; (he or she) dips the left hand : if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid ; if in the foul, a widow ; if in the empty dish, it foretels, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times ; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

* The year 1715.

† Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween supper.

‡ Spirituous liquor.

TAM O' SHANTER.

“ Of brownyis and of bogilis full is this buke.”

GAWIN DOUGLAS.



[The richness of Burns's fancy and the wide range of his genius are more fully displayed in this poem than in his other compositions. Indeed it may be doubted, whether a piece has been produced by any writer since the days of Shakspeare, in which comic humour and terrific sublimity are so happily united. The awful appearance of the *Kirk*, with its impious orgies, and dreadful offerings on the *haly table*, are drawn with a boldness, and executed with a skill, that prove how nearly our ill-fated Caledonian bard could approach the bard of Avon even on his highest ground.

This poem was one of the latest efforts of Burns's muse, and is founded on a traditionary story current in Ayrshire. It was written for, and first published in Grose's *Antiquities of Scotland*, in consequence of an agreement between the poet and Mr Grose, who consented to take a drawing of Alloway Kirk, provided Burns would write a poem to accompany the description.]

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
 An' drouthy neebours, neebours meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An' fouk begin to tak the gate ;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 An' getting fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, an' styles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O Tam ! hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice !
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,*
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum ; †
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market day thou was nae sober ;
 That ilka melder, ‡ wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller ;
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith an' thee gat roaring fou on,
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.

* Worthless fellow.

† Idle talker.

‡ Grain sent to the mill to be ground.

She prophesy'd that late or soon,
 - Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
 To think how mony counsels sweet,
 How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
 Tam had got planted unco right;
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
 And ay the ale was growing better:
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
 The souter tauld his queerest stories;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
 The storm without might rare and rustle,
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sac happy,
 E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy;
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
 Or like the snow-falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever;

Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.—
 Nae man can tether time or tide;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
 And sic a night he taks the road in,
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
 That night, a child might understand,
 The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
 A better never lifted leg,
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet:
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares;
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.—
 Before him Doon pours all his floods;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;

The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
 Near and more near the thunders roll ;
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
 Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing ;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil !—
 The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
 But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light ;
 And vow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
 Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
 Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels :
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge :
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;
 An' by some dev'lish cantrip slight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
 By which heroic Tam was able,
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;
 A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;

Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
 The piper loud and louder blew;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
 A' plump and strapping in their teens;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen;
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies!
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
 Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,*
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

* This word is thus spelt in all the editions of Burns, but it ought unquestionably to be *cummock*, which means a short staff with a crooked head; and thus conveys to the mind a highly picturesque and ludicrous idea of the grotesque mode in which the dancers performed their motions. The signification of the word in the text is foreign to the subject, meaning a cow with crooked horns.—E.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
 There was ae winsome wench and walie,
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear)
 Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
 Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches)
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was and strang)
 And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd;
 E'en Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main,
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
 And in an instant all was dark:
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;

As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah Tam! Ah Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane* of the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake;
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail:
 The carlin clautht her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' trath shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
 Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

* It is a well-known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.—BURNS.

WATTY AND MEG;

OR THE

WIFE REFORMED.

“ We dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake.”

POPE.



[The subject of this humorous poem is the jarrings of a husband and wife in low life. The characters are discriminated with a nicety that raises the author nearly to a level with Fergusson and Burns in this department. The language, in some instances, however, has not the chastity of the former, or manliness of the latter poet, abounding too much in expressions that are used only by the very lowest of the vulgar; although ribaldry may be natural, yet its coarseness is disagreeable. It was perhaps designed by the author as a satire on termagant women, and as an advice to patient, good-natured husbands firmly to resist the overflowings of a domineering spirit in their loquacious yoke-fellows.

This poem was written about 1790 by James Wilson, a travelling pedlar. In 1789 he published his poems and prose pieces in one volume, in which he shews that he was a shrewd observer of mankind in all their gradations. During the spring of 1791, he spoke occasionally in the

Pantheon at Edinburgh, and generally delivered his opinion on the questions at issue in Scotch poetry. Shortly after this period he went to America, where he is said to have died a few years ago.]

KEEN the frosty winds war blawin,
 Deep the sna' had wreath'd the ploughs,
 Watty, wearied a' day sawin,*
 Daunert down to Mungo Blue's.

Dyester Jock was sitting cracky,
 Wi' Pate Tamson o' the Hill,
 "Come awa'," quo' Johnny, "Watty!
 Haith we'se ha'e anither gill."

Watty, glad to see Jock Jabos,
 And sae mony neibours roun',
 Kicket frae his shoon the sna'-ba's,
 Syne ayont the fire sat down.

Owre a board, wi' bannocks heapit,
 Cheese, and stoups, and glasses stood;
 Some war roaring, ithers sleepit,
 Ithers quietly chew'd their cud.

Jock was selling Pate some tallow,
 A' the rest a racket hel',
 A' but Watty, wha, poor fellow,
 Sat an' smoket by himsel'.

Mungo fill'd him up a toothfu',
 Drank his health and Meg's in ane;
 Watty, puffing out a mouthfu',
 Pledg'd him wi' a dreary grane.

* Sawing timber.

“ What’s the matter, Watty, wi’ you?
 Troth your chafts are fa’en in!
 Something’s wrang—I’m vex’t to see you—
 Gudesake! but ye’re desperate thin!”

“ Aye,” quo’ Watty, “ things are alter’d,
 But it’s past redemption now;
 Lord! I wish I had been halter’d
 When I marry’d Maggy Howe!

“ I’ve been poor, and vext, and raggy,
 Try’t wi’ troubles no that sma’;
 Them I bore—but marrying Maggy
 Laid the cap-stane o’ them a’.

“ Night and day she’s ever yelpin’,
 Wi’ the weans she ne’er can ’gree;
 When she’s tir’d wi’ perfect skelpin’,
 Then she flees like fire on me.

“ See ye, Mungo! when she’ll clash on
 Wi’ her everlastin’ clack,
 Whyles I’ve had my nieve, in passion,
 Liftet up to break her back!”

“ O, for Gudesake, keep frae cuffets!”
 Mungo shook his head, and said,
 “ Weel I ken what sort o’ life it’s:
 Ken ye, Watty, how I did?

“ After Bess and I war kippel’t,
 Soon she grew like ony bear,
 Brake my shins, and whan I tippel’t,
 Harl’t out my very hair.

“ For a wee I quietly knuckel’t;
 But whan naething wad prevail,
 Up my claes and cash I buckel’t,
 ‘ Bess, for ever fare ye weel!’

“ Then her din grew less and less ay,
 Haith I gart her change her tune:
 Now a better wife than Bessy
 Never stept in leather shoon.

“ Try this, Watty.—Whan ye see her
 Raging like a roaring flood,
 Swear that monient that ye’ll lea’ her;—
 That’s the way to keep her gude.”

Laughing, sangs, and lasses’ skirls,
 Echo’d now out-thro’ the roof:
 “ Done!” quo’ Pate, and syne his arls
 Nail’d the dyester’s waukit loof.

I’ the thrang o’ stories telling,
 Shaking hauns and ither cheer,
 Swith! a chap comes to the hallan;
 “ Mungo! is our Watty here?”

Maggy’s weel-kent tongue and hurry
 Darted thro’ him like a knife;
 Up the door flew—like a fury,
 In cam Watty’s scalding wife.

“ Nasty, gude-for-naething being!
 O ye snuffy, drucken sow!
 Bringing wife and weans to ruin,
 Drinking here wi’ sic a crew!

“ Deil nor your twa legs ware broken !
 Sic a life nae flesh endures ;
 Toiling like a slave to sloken
 You, you dyvour, and your whores !

“ Rise, ye drucken beast o’ Bethel !
 Drink’s your night and day’s desire :
 Rise, this precious hour ! or faith I’ll
 Fling your whisky i’ the fire !”

Watty heard her tongue unhallow’t,
 Paid his groat wi’ little din ;
 Left the house, while Maggy follow’t,
 Flyting a’ the road behin’.

Fowk frae every door cam lampin,
 Maggy curst them ane and a’,
 Clappit wi’ her hauns, and stampin,
 Lost her bauchels i’ the sna’.

Hame at length, she turn’d the gavel,
 Wi’ a face as white’s a clout,
 Raging like a very devil,
 Kicking stools and chairs about.

“ Ye’ll sit wi’ your limmers round ye !
 Hang you, Sir ! I’ll be your death !
 Little hauds my hauns, confound ye !
 But I’ll cleave you to the teeth.”

Watty, wha, midst this oration,
 Ey’d her whiles, but durstna speak,
 Sat like patient Resignation,
 Trembling by the ingle cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he suppet,
 Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell;
 Quietly to his bed he slippet,
 Sighing aften to himsel:—

“ Nane are free frae some vexation;
 Ilk ane has his ills to dree;
 But thro' a' the hale creation
 Is a mortal vext like me!”

A' night lang he row'd and gaunted,
 Sleep or rest he coudna tak;
 Maggy aft, wi' horror haunted,
 Mum'lin, started at his back.

Soon as ere the morning peepit,
 Up raise Watty, waefu' chiel!
 Kist his weanies while they sleepit,
 Waukent Meg, and sought fareweel.

“ Fareweel, Meg!—and, O may Heaven
 Keep you ay within its care!
 Watty's heart you've lang been grievin;
 Now he'll never fash you mair.

“ Happy could I been beside ye,
 Happy baith at morn and e'en:
 A' the ills did e'er betide you,
 Watty ay turn'd out your frien'.

“ But ye ever like to see me
 Vext and sighing late and air;
 Fareweel, Meg, I've sworn to leave thee,
 So thou'lt never see me mair.”

Meg, a' sabbin' sae to lose him,
 Sic a change had never wist,
 Held his han' close to her bosom,
 While her heart was like to burst.

"O my Watty! will you leave me
 Frien'less, helpless, to despair?
 O! for this ae time forgi'e me:
 Never will I vex you mair."

"Aye! ye've aft said that, and broken
 A' your vows ten times a-week!
 No, no, Meg! See!—there's a token
 Glitt'ring on my bannet cheek,

"Owre the seas I march this morning,
 Listet, testet, sworn and a',
 Forc'd by your confounded girning;
 Fareweel, Meg! for I'm awa'."

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour
 Gusht afresh, and louder grew,
 While the weans, wi' mournfu' yaumer
 Round their sabbin' mither flew.

"Thro' the yirth I'll wauner wi' you—
 Stay, O Watty! stay at hame.
 Here upon my knees I'll gie you
 Ony vow you like to name.

"See your poor young lammies pleadin',
 Will ye gang and break our heart?
 No a house to put our head in!
 No a frien' to tak' our part."

Ilka word came like a bullet ;
 Watty's heart begoud to shake ;
 On a kist he laid his wallet,
 Dightet baith his een, and spake.

" If, ance mair, I cou'd by writing,
 Lea' the sogers and stay still,
 Wad you swear to drap your flyting ?"
 " Yes, O Watty ! yes, I will."

" Then," quo' Watty, " mind, be honest :
 Ay to keep your temper strive ;
 Gin ye break this dreadfu' promise,
 Never mair expect to thrive."

" Marget Howe ! this hour ye solemn
 Swear by every thing that's gude,
 Ne'er again your spouse to scaul' him,
 While life warms your heart and blood :

" That ye'll ne'er in Mungo's seek me,—
 Ne'er put drucken to my name—
 Never out at e'ening steek me—
 Never gloom when I come hame :

" That ye'll ne'er, like Bessy Miller,
 Kick my shins, or rug my hair—
 Lastly, I'm to keep the siller :
 This upo' your saul ye swear ?"

" O—h !" quo' Meg, " Aweel," quo' Watty,
 " Fareweel !—faith I'll try the seas."
 " O stan' still," quo' Meg, and grat ay ;
 " Ony, ony way ye please,"

Maggy sync, because he prest her,
 Swore to a' thing owre again:
 Watty lap, and danc'd, and kiss'd her;
 Wow! but he was won'rous fain.

Down he threw his staff victorious;
 Aff gaed bonnet, claes, and shoon;
 Sync aneath the blankets, glorious!
 Held anither hinny-moon.

RAB AND RINGAN.



[This poem was recited by Wilson at the Pantheon, Edinburgh, in a debate on the question, "Whether is *Diffidence*, or the *Allurements of Pleasure*, the greatest Bar to Progress in Knowledge?"]

INTRODUCTION.

HECH ! but its awfu' like to rise up here,
 Whar sic a sight o' learnt fouks' pows appear !
 Sae mony piercing een a' fixt on ane,
 Is maist enough to freeze me to a stane !
 But its ae mercy, mony thanks to fate,
 Pedlars are poor, but unco seldom blate.

(*Speaking to the President.*)

This question, Sir, has been right weel disputet,
 And meikle, weel-a-wat's, been said about it :
 Chiels, that precisely to the point can speak,
 And gallop o'er lang blauds of kittle Greek,
 Hae sent frae ilka side their sharp opinion,
 And peel'd it up as ane wad peel an ingon.

[*The question had been spoken to on both sides before this Tale was recited, which was the last opinion given on the debate.*]

I winna plague ye lang wi' my poor spale,
 But only crave your patience to a Tale:
 By which ye'll ken on whatna side I'm stinnin',
 As I preceive your hinmost minute's rinnin'.

THE TALE.

There liv'd in Fife, an auld, stout, warldly chiel,
 Wha's stomach kend nae fare but milk and meal;
 A wife he had, I think they ca'd her Bell,
 And twa big sons, amaist as heigh's himsel'.
 Rab, was a gleg, smart cock, wi' pouthert pash,
 Ringan, a slow, feart, bashfu', simple hash.

Baith to the College gaed. At first, spruce Rab,
 At Greek and Latin grew a very dab:
 He beat a' roun' about him fair and clean,
 And ilk ane courted him to be their frien';
 Frae house to house they harl'd him to dinner,
 But curst poor Ringan for a hum-drum sinner.

Rab tauked now in sic a lofty strain,
 As tho' braid Scotland had been a' his ain,
 He ca'd the Kirk the Church, the Yirth the Globe,
 And chang'd his name, forsooth, frae Rab to Bob.
 Whare'er ye met him, flourishing his rung,
 The hale discourse was murder'd wi' his tongue.
 On friends and faes wi' impudence he set,
 And ramm'd his nose in ev'ry thing he met.

The college now, to Rab grew douff and dull,
 He scorn'd wi' books to stupify his skull;
 But whirl'd to plays and balls, and sic like places,
 And roar'd awa at fairs and kintra races:

Sent hame for siller frae his mither Bell,
 And coft a horse, and rade a race himsel';
 Drank night and day, and syne when mortal fu',
 Row'd on the floor, and snor'd like ony sow;
 Lost a' his siller wi' some gambling sparks,
 And pawn'd for punch, his Bible and his sarks;
 Till, driven at last to own he had enough,
 Gaed hame a' rags, to haud his father's pleugh.

Poor hum-drum Ringan, play'd anither part,
 For Ringan wanted neither wit nor art:
 Of inony a far-aff place he kend the gate;
 Was deep, deep learn'd, but unco, unco blate.
 He kend how mony mile 'twas to the moon,
 How mony rake wad leave the ocean toom;
 Whare a' the swallows gaed in time o' snaw;
 What gars the thunder roar, and tempest blaw;
 Whare lumps o' siller grow aneath the grun;
 How a' this yirth rows round about the sun:
 In short, on books sae meikle time he spent,
 Ye cou'dna' speak o' ought, but Ringan kent.

Sae meikle learning, with sae little pride,
 Soon gain'd the love o' a' the kintra side,
 And death, at that time, happ'ning to nip aff
 The parish Minister—a poor dull ca'f,
 Ringan was sought—he cou'dna say them nay,
 And there he's preaching at this very day.

MORAL.

Now, Mr President, I think its plain,
 That youthfu' diffidence is certain gain.
 Instead of blocking up the road to knowledge,
 It guides alike, in Commerce or at College;

Struggles, the bursts of passion to controul,
 Feeds all the finer feelings of the soul ;
 Defies the deep-laid stratagems of guile,
 And gives even innocence a sweeter smile :
 Ennobles all the little worth we have,
 And shields our virtue even to the grave.

How vast the difference then, between the twain !
 Since pleasure ever is pursu'd by pain.—
 Pleasure's a syren, with inviting arms,
 Sweet is her voice, and pow'ful are her charms ;
 Lur'd by her call, we tread her flow'ry ground,
 Joy wings our steps, and music warbles round ;
 Lull'd in her arms, we lose the flying hours,
 And lie embosom'd midst her blooming bow'rs,
 Till—arm'd with death, she watches our undoing,
 Stabs while she sings, and triumphs in our ruin.

THE LOSS O' THE PACK.



[This is likewise the production of Wilson, who delivered it at the Pantheon, Edinburgh, in a debate on the question, "Whether is *Disappointment in Love*, or the *Loss of Fortune* hardest to bear?"]

Recited in the Character of a Poor Pedlar.

BOUTGATES I hate, quo' girning Maggy Pringle,
 Syne harl'd Watty, greeting, thro' the ingle.
 Since this fell question seems sae lang to hing on,
 In twa-three words I'll gie ye my opinion.
 Nae fine spun speech tald aff wi' airy glee,
 But waefu' truths, a weel-a-wat, to me.

I wha stand here, in this bare scoury coat,
 Was ance a Packman, wordy mony a groat:
 I've carried packs as big's your meikle table;
 I've scarted pats, and sleepet in a stable:
 Sax pounds I wadna for my pack, ance ta'en,
 And I could bauldly brag 'twas a' mine ain.

Aye! thae war days indeed, that gart me hope,
 Aeblins, thro' time, to warsle up a shop:
 And as a wife ay in my noddle ran,
 I kend my Kate wad grapple at me than.
 O Kate was past compare! sic cheeks! sic een!
 Sic smiling looks! were never, never seen.
 Dear, dear I lo'ed her, and whane'er we met,
 Pleadet to have the bridal-day but set;
 Stappet her pouches fu' o' preens and laces,
 And thought mysel' weel paid wi' twa-three kisses:
 Yet still she put it aff frae day to day,
 And aften kindly in my lug wad say,
 "Ae half-year langer's no nae unco stop,
 We'll marry than, and syne set up a shop."

O Sir, but lasses words are saft and fair!
 They sooth our griefs, and banish ilka care:
 Wha wadna toil to please the lass he lo'es?
 A lover true, minds this in a' he does.
 Finding her mind was thus sae firmly bent,
 And that I cou'dna get her to relent,
 There was nought left, but quietly to resign,
 To heeze my pack for ae lang hard campaign;
 And as the Highlands was the place for meat,
 I ventur'd there in spite of wind and weat.

Cauld now the winter blew, and deep the snaw
 For three hale days, incessantly did fa';
 Far in a moor, amang the whirling drift,
 Whar nought was seen but mountains and the lift,
 I lost my road, and wander'd mony a mile,
 Maist dead wi' hunger, cauld, and fright, and toil.
 Thus wand'ring, east or west, I kend na' where,
 My mind o'ercome wi' gloom and black despair,
 Wi' a fell ringe, I plung'd at ance, forsooth,
 Down thro' a wreath o' snaw, up to my mouth,

Clean o'er my head my precious wallet flew,
But whar it gaed, Lord kens, I never knew!

What great misfortunes are pour'd down on some!
I thought my fearfu' hinder en' was come!
Wi' grief and sorrow was my saul o'ercastr,
Ilk breath I drew was like to be my last;
For ay the mair I warsl'd roun' and roun',
I fand mysel' ay stick the deeper down;
Till ance, at length, wi' a prodigious pull
I drew my poor cauld carcase frae the hole.

Lang, lang I sought and graped for my pack,
Till night and hunger forc'd me to come back.
For three lang hours I wander'd up and down,
Till chance, at last, convey'd me to a town:
There, wi' a trembling hand, I wrote my Kate
A sad account of a' my luckless fate;
But bade her ay be kind, and no despair,
Since life was left, I soon wad gather mair;
Wi' whilk, I hop'd, within a towmond's date,
To be at hame, and share it a' wi' Kate.

Fool that I was! how little did I think
That love wad soon be lost for fa't o' clink!
The loss of sair-won wealth, tho' hard to bear,
Afore this—ne'er had pow'r to force a tear.
I trusted time wad bring things round again,
And Kate, dear Kate! wad then be a' mine ain:
Consol'd my mind in hopes o' better luck,
But, O! what sad reverse! how thunderstruck!
Whan ae black day brought word frae Rab my brither,
That Kate was cried, and married on anither!

Tho' a' my friends, and ilka comrade sweet,
At ance, had drapped cauld dead at my feet;

Or, tho' I'd heard the last day's dreadfu' ca',
 Nae deeper horror o'er my heart cou'd fa':
 I curs'd mysel', I curs'd my luckless fate,
 And grat—and sabbing cried—O Kate! O Kate!

Frae that day forth—I never mair did weel,
 But drank, and ran headforemost to the deel!
 My siller vanish'd, far' frae hame I pin'd;
 But Kate for ever ran across my mind:
 In her were a' my hopes,—these hopes were vain,
 And now—I'll never see her like again.

'Twas this, Sir, President, that gart me start,
 Wi' meikle grief and sorrow at my heart,
 To gie my vote, frae sad experience, here,
 That disappointed love is war to bear
 Ten thousand times, than loss of warld's gear.

SCOTLAND'S SKAITH;

OR THE HISTORY OF

WILL AND JEAN.

“ So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth ; and thy
want as an armed man.” PROV.



[The rapid change which intemperance effects in the conduct of a simple ignorant rustic, and the misery which is brought upon his family from this cause, are narrated in this poem with uncommon beauty. It was published in 1795, a period memorable for the political frenzy which pervaded the lower orders in this and the other countries of Europe ; to counteract the dangerous propensity, and to prevent the evil from spreading among our peasantry, our eminent author wrote this tale,—its sale was proportioned to its merits ; the elegant, simple, and affecting narrative took a firm hold of the minds of those for whom it was designed, and no doubt made many pause and reflect on the calamities a perseverance in their wild chimeras and nightly excesses would entail on their

families.—Mr Macneil, the author, has had the singular happiness to see his work applauded by every man of judgment, and the lesson taught in it followed by the bulk of the community.

A few years after the publication of *Will and Jean*, Mr Macneil added to it a continuation of the story, under the title of *The Waes o' War*. The toils and dangers of a soklier's life; the distress of the wife and children of the unfortunate Gairlace, are feelingly described: the incidents, however, are not so striking as in the former poem, but the scenery is more varied, abounding in beautiful and picturesque imagery]

PART I.

WHa was ance like Willie Gairlace,
Wha in neighbouring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
Deadly strength was in his arm!

Wha wi' Will could rin or wrastle?
Throw the sledge, or toss the bar?
Hap what would, he stood a castle,
Or for safety, or for war:

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',
With the bauld he bauld could be;
But to friends wha had their handfu',
Purse and service aye ware free.

Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,
Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?—
Thousands had mair braws and siller,,
But were ony half sae fair?

Saft her smile raise-like May morning,
 Glinting o'er Demait's * brow :
 Sweet ! wi' opening charms adorning
 Strevlin's lovely plains below !

Kind and gentle was her nature ;
 At ilk place she bore the bell ;—
 Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature !
 But her look nae tongue can tell !

Such was Jean, whan Will first mawing,
 Spied her on a thraward beast ;
 Flew like fire, and just when fa'ing
 Kept her on his manly breast.

Light he bore her, pale as ashes,
 Cross the meadow, fragrant, green !
 Placed her on the new-mawn rashes,
 Watching sad her opening een.

Such was Will, whan poor Jean fainting
 Drapt into a lover's arms ;
 Wakened to his saft lamenting ;
 Sighed, and blushed a thousand charms.

Soon they loo'd, and soon were buckled ;
 Nane took time to think and rue.—
 Youth and worth and beauty cuppled ;
 Love had never less to do.

Three short years flew by fu' canty,
 Jean and Will thought them but ane ;
 Ilka day brought joy and plenty,
 Ilka year a dainty wean.

* One of the Ochil hills, near Stirling. Dun-ma-chit,
 (Gaelic) the hill of the good prospect. It is pronounced De-
 nyit.

Will wrought sair, but aye wi' pleasure ;
 Jean, the hale day, spun and sang ;
 Will and weans, her constant treasure,
 Blest with them, nae day seemed lang ;

Trig her house, and oh ! to busk aye
 Ilk sweet bairn was a' her pride !—
 But at this time News and Whisky
 Sprang nae up at ilk road-side.

Luckless was the hour when Willie,
 Hame returning frae the fair,
 O'er-took Tam, a neighbour billie,
 Sax miles frae their hame and mair ;

Simmer's heat had lost its fury ;
 Calmly smil'd the sober e'en ;
 Lasses on the bleachfield hurry
 Skelping bare-foot o'er the green ;

Labour rang with laugh and clatter,
 Canty hairst was just begun,
 And on mountain, tree, and water,
 Glinted saft the setting sun.

Will and Tam, with hearts a' lowping,
 Marked the hale, but could nae bide ;
 Far frae hame, nae time for stopping ;
 Baith wished for their ain fire-side :

On they travelled, warm and drouthy,
 Cracking o'er the news in town ;
 The mair they cracked, the mair ilk youthy
 Prayed for drink to wash news down.

Fortune, wha but seldom listens
 To poor merit's modest prayer,
 And on fools heaps needless blessins,
 Harkened to our drowthy pair.

In a howm, whase bonnie burnie
 Whimperin rowed its crystal flood,
 Near the road, whar trav'lers turn aye,
 Neat and bield a cot-house stood ;

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,
 Window-broads just painted red ;
 Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit,
 Hafins seen and hafins hid ;

Up the gavel-end thick spreading
 Crap the clasping ivy green,
 Back owre, firs the high craigs cleading,
 Rais'd a' round a cozey screen ;

Down below, a flowery meadow
 Join'd the burnie's rambling line ;—
 Here it was, that Howe, the widow,
 'This same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its
 Bottom, Will'first marv'ling sees
 "*Porter, Ale, and British Spirits,*"
 Painted bright between twa trees.

"Godsake! Tam, here's walth for drinking ;—
 Wha can this new-comer be?"
 "Hoot," quo' Tam, "there's drouth in thinking—
 Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see."

Nae mair time they took to speak or
 Think of ought but reaming jugs;
 Till three times in humming liquor
 Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

Slockened now, refreshed and talking,
 In cam Meg (weel skilled to please)
 "Sirs! ye're surely tyr'd wi' walking;—
 Ye maun taste my bread and cheese."

"Thanks," quo' Will;—"I canna tarry,
 Pick-mirk night is setting in,
 Jean, poor thing's! her lane and eery—
 I maun to the road and rin."

"Hoot!" quo' Tam, "what's a' the hurry?
 Hame's now scarce a mile o' gate—
 Come! sit down—Jean winna wearie:
 Lord! I'm sure it's no sae late!"

Will, o'ercome wi' Tam's oration,
 Baith fell to, and ate their fill—
 "Tam!" quo' Will, "in mere discretion
 We maun hae the widow's gill."

After ae gill cam anither—
 Meg sat cracking 'tween them twa,
 Bang! cam in Mat Smith and's brither,
 Geordie Brown and Sandie Shaw.

Neighbours wha ne'er thought to meet here,
 Now sat down wi' double glee,
 Ilka gill grew sweet and sweeter!—
 Will gat hame 'tween twa and three.

Jean, poor thing! had lang been greetin';
 Will, next morning, blamed Tam Lowes,
 But ere lang, a weekly meetin'
 Was set up at Maggie Howe's.

PART II.

MAIST things hae a sma' beginning,
 But wha kens how things will end?
 Weekly clubs are nae great sinning,
 If fouk hae enough to spend.

But nae man o' sober thinking
 E'er will say that things can thrive,
 If there's spent on weekly drinking,
 What keeps wife and weanis alive.

Drink maun aye hae conversation,
 Ilka social soul allows;
 But, in this reforming nation,
 Wha can speak without the News?

News, first meant for state physicians,
 Deeply skill'd in courtly drugs;
 Now, when a' are politicians,
 Just to set fouk by the lugs.—

Maggie's club, wha could get nae light
 On some things that should be clear,
 Found ere lang the fault, and ae night
 Clubbed and got the Gazetteer.*

* The Edinburgh Gazetteer, a violent opposition paper, published in 1793-4.

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-house,
 Swith ! by post the papers fled !
 Thoughts spring up like plants in hot-house,
 Every time the news are read.

Ilk ane's wiser than anither,—
 " Things are no ga'en right," quo' Tam;
 " Let us aftener meet thegither;
 Twice a week's no worth a d—n."

See them now in grave Convention,
 To mak a' things " square and even ;"
 Or at least wi' firm intention,
 To drink sax nights out o' seven.

Mid this sitting up and drinking,
 Gathering a' the news that fell ;
 Will, wha was nae yet past thinking,
 Had some battles wi' himsell.

On ae hand, drink's deadly poison
 Bare ilk firm resolve awa' ;
 On the ither, Jean's condition
 Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smothered sorrow !
 Weel he saw her bleaching cheek !
 Marked the smile she strave to borrow,
 When, poor thing, she could nae speak !

Jean, at first, took little heed o'
 Weekly clubs 'mang three or four,
 Thought, kind soul ! that Will had need o'
 Heartsome hours whan wark was owre.

But whan now that nightly meetings
 Sat and drank frae sax till twa ;
 Whan she faund that hard-earned gettings
 Now on drink ware thrown awa ;

Saw her Will, wha ance sae cheerie
 Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,
 Now grown mauchless, dowf and sweer aye
 To look near his farm or wark ;

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,
 Healthy bloom, and sprightly ee ;
 And o' love and hame grown wearit,
 Nightly frae his family flee ;—

Wha could blame her heart's complaining ?
 Wha condemn her sorrows meek ?
 Or the tears that now ilk e'ening
 Bleached her lately crimsoned cheek !—

Will, wha lang had rued and swithered,
 (Aye ashamed o' past disgrace)
 Marked the roses as they withered
 Fast on Jeanie's lovely face !

Marked,—and felt wi' inward racking
 A' the wyte lay on himsell,—
 Swore next night he'd mak a breaking,—
 D——d the club and News to hell !

But, alas ! whan habit's rooted,
 Few hae pith the root to pu' ;
 Will's resolves were aye nonsuited,
 Promised aye, but aye got fou ;

Aye at first at the convening,
 Moralized on what was right,—
 Yet o'er clavers entertaining
 Dozed and drank till brade day-light.

Things at length draw near an ending ;
 Cash runs out ; Jean, quite unhappy,
 Sees that Will is now past mending,
 Tynes a' heart, and taks a—drappy !

Ilka drink deserves a posey,
 Port maks men rude, claret civil ;
 Beer maks Britons stout and rosy,
 Whisky maks ilk wife—a devil.

Jean, wha lately bore affliction
 Wi' sae meek and mild an air,
 Schooled by whisky, learns new tricks soon,
 Flytes, and storms, and rugs Will's hair.

Jean, sae late the tenderest mither,
 Fond of ilk dear dauted wean !
 Now, heart-hardened a'thegither,
 Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

Jean, wha vogie, loo'd to busk aye
 In her hame-spun, thrifty wark ;
 Now sells a' her braws for whisky,
 To her last gown, coat, and sark !

Robin Burns, in mony a ditty,
 Loudly sings in whisky's praise ;
 Sweet his sang !—the mair's the pity
 E'er on it he wared sic lays.

Of a' the ills poor Caledonia
 E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
 Brewed in hell's black Pandemonia,
 Whisky's ill will scaith her maist!

"Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace!
 Wha in neighbouring town or farm?
 Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
 Deadly strength was in his arm!

"Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,
 Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?
 Thousands had mair braws and siller,
 But were ony half sae fair?"

See them *now*—how changed wi' drinking!
 A' their youthfu' beauty gane!—
 Davered, doited, daized and blinking,
 Worn to perfect skin and bane!

In the cauld month o' November,
 (Claise, and cash, and credit out)
 Cowering o'er a dying ember,
 Wi' ilk face as white's a clout.

Bond and bill, and debts a' stopped,
 Ilka sheaf selt on the bent;
 Cattle, beds, and blankets roused
 Now to pay the laird his rent;

No anither night to lodge here!
 No a friend their cause to plead!
 He ta'en on to be a sodger,
 She, wi' weans, to beg her bread!

"Of a' the ills poor Caledonia
E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,
Brewed in hell's black Pandemonia,
Whisky's ill will scaith her maist!"

THE WAES O' WAR:

OR,

THE UPSHOT

OF THE

HISTORY OF WILL AND JEAN.

——“ Felices ter et amplius
Quos adversa docet Sors sapientiam.” BOETH.

Thrice happy pair,
Wha wit frae luckless Fortune lear!



PART I.

OH! that folk wad weel consider
What it is to tyne a—name,
What this world is a'thegither,
If bereft of honest fame!

Poortith ne'er can bring dishonour;
Hardships ne'er breed sorrow's smart,
If bright conscience tak upon her
To shed sunshine round the heart:

But wi' a' that wealth can borrow,
 Guilty shame will aye look down;
 What maun then shame, want, and sorrow,
 Wandering sad frae town to town!

Jeanie Miller, ance sae cheerie!
 Ance sae happy, good, and fair,
 Left by Will, next morning drearie
 Takes the road o' black despair!

Could the blast!—the day was sleeting;
 Pouch and purse without a plack!
 In ilk hand a bairnie greeting,
 And the third tied on her back.

Wan her face! and lean and haggard!
 Ance sae sonsy! ance sae sweet!
 What a change!—unhoused and beggared,
 Starving, without claise or meat!

Far frae ilk kent spot she wandered,
 Skulking like a guilty thief;
 Here and there, uncertain, daundered,
 Stupified wi' shame and grief.

But soon shame for bygane errors
 Fled o'er fast for ee to trace,
 Whan grim Death, wi' a' his terrors,
 Cam o'er ilk sweet bairnie's face!

Spent wi' toil, and cauld, and hunger,
 Baith down drapt! and down Jean sat!
 "Daized and doited" now nae langer;
 Thought—and felt—and bursting grat.

Gloaming fast wi' mirky shadow
 Crap o'er distant hill and plain;
 Darkened wood, and glen, and meadow,
 Adding fearfu' thoughts to pain!

Round and round, in wild distraction,
 Jeanie turned her tearfu' ee!
 Round and round for some protection!
 Face nor house she could na see!

Dark, and darker grew the night aye;
 Loud and sair the cauld winds thud!
 Jean now spied a sma bit lightie
 Blinking through a distant wood.

Up wi' frántic haste she started;
 Cauld, nor fear, she felt nae mair;
 Hope, for ae bright moment, darted
 Through the gloom o' dark despair!

Fast o'er fallowed lea she brattled;
 Deep she wade through bog and burn;
 Sair wi' steep and craig she battled,
 Till she reached the hop'd sojourn.

Proud, 'mang scenes of simple nature,
 Stately auld, a mansion stood
 On a bank, whase sylvan feature
 Smil'd out-o'er the roaring flood:

Simmer here, in varied beauty,
 Late her flowery mantle spread,
 Where auld chesnut, ake, and yew-tree,
 Mingling, lent their friendly shade:

Blasted now, wi' winter's ravage;
 A' their gaudy livery cast;
 Wood and glen, in wailings savage,
 Howl and murmur to the blast!

Darkness stalk'd wi' fancy's terror;—
 Mountains moved, and castles rocked!
 Jean, half dead wi' toil and horror,
 Reached the door, and loudly knocked.

“Wha thus rudely wakes the sleeping?”
 Cried a voice wi' angry grane;
 “Help! oh help!” quo' Jeanie, weeping,
 “Help my infants, or they're gane!”

“Nipt wi' cauld!—wi' hunger fainting!
 Baith lie speechless on the lea!
 Help!” quo' Jeanie, loud lamenting,
 “Help my lammies! or they'll die!”

“Wha thus travels cauld and hungry,
 Wi' young bairns sae late at e'en?
 Beggars!” cried the voice, mair angry,
 “Beggars! wi' their brats, I ween.”

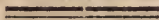
“Beggars now, alas! wha lately
 Helpt the beggar and the poor!”
 “Fye, gudeman!” cried ane discreetly,
 “Taunt nae poortith at our door.”

“Sic a night, and tale thegither,
 Plead for mair than anger's din:—
 Rise, Jock!” cried the pitying mither,
 “Rise! and let the wretched in.”

“ Beggar now, alas ! wha lately
 Helpt the beggar and the poor ? ”
 “ Enter ! ” quo’ the youth fu’ sweetly,
 While up flew the open door.

“ Beggar, or what else, sad mourner !
 Enter without fear or dread ;
 Here, thank God ! there’s aye a corner
 To defend the houseless head !

“ For your bairnies cease repining ;
 If in life, ye’ll see them soon.” —
 Aff he flew ; and brightly shining
 Through the dark clouds brak the moon.



PART II.

HERE, for ae night’s kind protection,
 Leave we Jean and weans a while,
 Tracing Will in ilk direction,
 Far frae Britain’s fostering isle !

Far frae scenes o’ softening pleasure,
 Love’s delights, and beauty’s charms !
 Far frae friends and social leisure,
 Plunged in murdering war’s alarms !

Is it nature, vice, or folly,
 Or ambition’s feverish brain,
 That sae aft wi’ melancholy
 Turns, sweet Peace ! thy joys to pain !

Strips thee of thy robes of ermin,
 (Emblems of thy spotless life)
 And in War's grim look alarmin,
 Arms thee with the murd'rer's knife?

A' thy gentle mind upharrows!
 Hate, revenge, and rage uprears!
 And for hope and joy (twin marrows),
 Leaves the mourner drowned in tears!

Willie Gairlace, without siller,
 Credit, claise, or ought beside,
 Leaves his ance-loved Jeanie Miller,
 And sweet bairns, to warld wide!

Leaves his native cozy dwelling,
 Sheltered haughs, and birken braes;
 Greenswaird hows, and dainty mealing,
 Ane his profit, pride, and praise!

Deckt wi' scarlet, sword, and musket,
 Drunk wi' dreams as fause as vain;
 Fleeced and flattered, roosed and buskit,
 Wow! but Will was wond'rous fain.

Rattling, roaring, swearing, drinking;
 How could thought her station keep?
 Drams and drumming (faes to thinking)
 Doz'd reflection fast asleep.

But in midst of toils and dangers,
 Wi' the cauld ground for his bed,
 Compass'd round wi' faes and strangers,
 Soon Will's dreams o' fancy fled.

Led to battle's blood-dy'd banners,
 Waving to the widow's moan!
 Will saw glory's boasted honours
 End in life's expiring groan!

Round Valenciennes' strong-waa'd city,
 Thick o'er Dunkirk's fatal plain,
 Will (tho' dauntless) saw wi' pity
 Britain's valiant sons lie slain!

Fir'd by Freedom's burning fever,
 Gallia struck death's slaughtering knell;
 Frae the Scheld to Rhine's deep river,
 Briton's fought—but Britons fell!

Fell unaided! though cemented
 By the faith of friendship's laws;—
 Fell unpity'd—unlamented!
 Bluiding in a thankless cause!*

In the thrang o' comrades deeing,
 Fighting foremost o' them a';
 Swith! Fate's winged ball cam fleeing,
 And took Willie's leg in twa;

Thrice frae aff the ground he started,
 Thrice to stand he strave in vain;
 Thrice, as fainting strength departed,
 Sigh'd—and sank 'mang heaps o' slain.—

Battle fast on battle raging,
 Wed our stalwart youths awa';
 Day by day fresh faes engaging,
 Forced the weary back to fa'!

* Alluding to the conduct of the Dutch.

Driv'n at last frae post to pillar,
 Left by friends wha ne'er proved true;
 Tricked by knaves, wha pouched our siller,
 What could worn-out valour do!

Myriads, dark like gathering thunder,
 Bursting, spread o'er land and sea;
 Left alane, alas! nae wonder
 Britain's sons were forc'd to flee!

Cross the Waal and Yssel frozen,
 Deep thro' bogs and drifted sna';
 Wounded—weak—and spent! our chosen
 Gallant men now faint and fa'!

On a cart wi' comrades bluiding,
 Stiff wi' gore, and cauld as clay;
 Without cover, bed or bedding,
 Five lang nights Will Gairlace lay!

In a sick-house, damp and narrow,
 (Left behint wi' mony mair)
 See Will next, in pain and sorrow,
 Wasting on a bed of care.

Wounds, and pain, and burning fever,
 Doctors cured wi' healing art;—
 Cured! alas!—but never! never!
 Cooled the fever at his heart!

For when a' were sound and sleeping,
 Still and on, baith ear and late,
 Will in briny grief lay steeping,
 Mourning o'er his hapless fate!

* Prussian fidelity.

A' his gowden prospects vanish'd!—
 A' his dreams o' warlike fame!
 A' his glittering phantoms banish'd!
 Will could think o' nought but—hame!

Think o' nought but rural quiet,
 Rural labour! rural ploys!
 Far frae carnage, blood, and riot,
 War, and a' its murd'ring joys.

PART III.

BACK to Britain's fertile garden
 Will's returned (exchanged for faes),
 Wi' ae leg, and no ae farden,
 Friend, or credit, meat, or claise.

Lang thro' county, burgh, and city,
 Crippling on a wooden leg,
 Gathering alms frae melting pity;
 See! poor Gairlace forc'd to beg!

Plac'd at length on Chelsea's bounty,
 Now to langer beg thinks shame;
 Dreams ance mair o' smiling plenty;—
 Dreams o' former joys, and hame!

Hame! and a' its fond attractions
 Fast to Will's warm bosom flee;
 While the thoughts o' dear connexions
 Swell his heart, and blind his ee.—

“ Monster ! wha could leave neglected
 Three sma’ infants and a wife,
 Naked—starving—unprotected !—
 Them, too, dearer ance than life !

“ Villain ! wha wi’ graceless folly
 Ruin’d her he ought to save !—
 Chang’d her joys to melancholy,
 Begg’ry, and,—perhaps, a grave !”

Starting !—wi’ remorse distracted,—
 Crush’d wi’ grief’s increasing load,
 Up he bang’d ; and, sair afflicted,
 Sad and silent took the road !

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin,
 Sometimes helpit, Will got forth ;
 On a cart, or in a waggon,
 Hirpling aye towards the north.

Tir’d ae e’ening, stepping hooly,
 Pondering on his thraward fate,
 In the bonny month o’ July,
 Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Saft the southlan breeze was blawing,
 Sweetly sugheid the green ake wood !
 Loud the din o’ streams fast fa’ing,
 Strak the ear wi’ thundering thud :

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleeting ;
 Linties chirped on ilka tree ;
 Frae the wast, the sun, near setting,
 Flamed on Roslin’s towers * sae hie !

* Roslin castle.

Roslin's towers! and braes sae bonny!
 Craigs and water! woods and glen!
 Roslin's banks! unpeered by ony,
 Save the muses' Hawthornden! *

Ilka sound and charm delighting;
 Will (though hardly fit to gang)
 Wandered on through scenes inviting,
 List'ning to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,
 On a fragrant strawberry steep,
 Esk's sweet streams to rest composing,
 Wearied nature drapt asleep.

"Soldier, rise!—the dews o' e'ening
 Gathering fa', wi' deadly scaith!—
 Wounded soldier! if complaining,
 Sleep nae here and catch your death.

"Traveller, waken!—night advancing
 Cleads wi' grey the neighbouring hill!
 Lambs nae mair on knows are dancing—
 A' the woods are mute and still!"

"What hae I," cried Willie, waking,
 "What hae I frae night to dree?—
 Morn, through clouds in splendour breaking,
 Lights nae bright'ning hope to me!

"House, nor hame, nor farm, nor steddin'
 Wife nor bairns hae I to see!
 House, nor hame! nor bed, nor bedding—
 What hae I frae night to dree?"

* The ancient seat of the celebrated William Drummond, who flourished in 1585.

“ Sair, alas ! and sad and many
 Are the ills poor mortals share !—
 Yet, tho’ hame nor bed ye hae nae,
 Yield nae, soldier, to despair !

“ What’s this life, sae wae and wearie,
 If Hope’s bright’ning beams should fail !—
 See !—tho’ night comes dark and eerie,
 Yon sma’ cot-light cheers the dale !

“ There, tho’ wealth and waste ne’er riot,
 Humbler joys their comforts shed,
 Labour—health—content and quiet !
 Mourner ! there ye’ll find a bed.

“ Wife ! ’tis true, wi’ bairnies smiling,
 There, alas ! ye needna seek—
 Yet there bairns, ilk wae beguiling,
 Paint wi’ smiles a mother’s cheek !

“ A’ her earthly pride and pleasure
 Left to cheer her widowed lot !
 A’ her warldly wealth and treasure
 To adorn her lanely cot !

“ Cheer, then, soldier ! ’midst affliction
 Bright’ning joys will aften shine ;
 Virtue aye claims Heaven’s protection—
 Trust to Providence divine !”

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PART IV.

SWEET as Rosebank's * woods and river
Cool whan simmer's sunbeams dart,
Came ilk word, and cooled the fever
That lang burned at Willie's heart.

Silent stept he on, poor fallow !
Listening to his guide before,
O'er green know, and flowery hallow,
Till they reached the cot-house door.

Laigh it was ; yet sweet, tho' humble !
Deckt wi' honeysuckle round ;
Clear below, Esk's waters rumble,
Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melville's towers, † sae white and stately,
Dim by gloamin glint to view ;
Through Lasswade's dark woods keek sweetly,
Skies sae red, and lift sae blue !

Entering now, in transport mingle
Mother fond, and happy wean,
Smiling round a canty ingle,
Bleazing on a clean hearth-stane.

“ Soldier, welcome !—come, be cheery !—
Here ye'se rest, and tak your bed—
Faint—waes me ! ye seem, and weary,
Pale's your cheek, sae lately red !”

* Rosebank, near Roslin; the author's place of nativity.

† Melville Castle, the seat of Lord Viscount Melville.

“ Changed I am,” sighed Willie till her;
 “ Changed, nae doubt, as changed can be!
 Yet, alas! does Jeanie Miller
 Nought o’ Willie Gairlace see?”

Hae ye markt the dews o’ morning
 Glittering in the sunny ray,
 Quickly fa’, when, without warning,
 Rough blasts came, and shook the spray?

Hae ye seen the bird fast fleeing
 Drap, whan pierced by death mair fleet?
 Then, see Jean, wi’ colour deeing
 Senseless drap at Willie’s feet!

After three lang years affliction,
 (A’ their waes now hushed to rest),
 Jean, ance mair, in fond affection,
 Clasps her Willie to her breast.

Tells him a’ her sad—sad sufferings!
 How she wandered, starving, poor,
 Gleaning pity’s scanty offerings
 Wi’ three bairns frae door to door!

How she served—and toiled—and fevered,
 Lost her health, and syne her bread;
 How that grief, whan scarce recovered,
 Took her brain, and turned her head!

How she wandered round the county
 Mony a live-lang night her lane!
 Till at last an angel’s bounty
 Brought her senses back again:

Gae her meat,—and claise,—and siller;
 Gae her bairnies wark and lear;
 Lastly, gae this cot-house till her,
 Wi' four sterling pounds a-year!

Willie, harkening, wiped his een aye;
 "Oh! what sins hae I to rue!
 But say, wha's this angel, Jeanie?"
 "Wha," quo' Jeanie, "but Buccleuch!"

"Here, supported, cheered, and cherished,
 Ninc blest months, I've lived, and mair;
 See these infants clad and nourished,
 Dried my tears; and tint despair;

"Sometimes serving, sometimes spinning,
 Light the lanesome hours gae round;
 Lightly, too, ilk quarter rinning
 Brings yon angel's helping pound!"

"Eight pounds mair," cried Willie fondly,
 "Eight pounds mair will do nae harm!
 And, O Jean! gin friends were friendly,
 Twal pounds soon might stock a farm.

"There, ance mair, to thrive by plewin,
 Freed frae a' that peace destroys,
 Idle waste, and drucken ruin!
 War, and a' its murdering joys!"

Thrice he kissed his lang-lost treasure!
 Thrice ilk bairn; but could na speak:
 Tears of love, and hope, and pleasure,
 Streamed in silence down his cheek!

* The Duchess of Buccleuch, the unwearied patroness and supporter of the afflicted and the poor.

JOHN DUBS AND THE LAIRD;

OR A

MILLION O' POTATOES.

[This tale was written by G. M'Indoe, a weaver in Glasgow, and published in a collection of his poems printed at Edinburgh in 1805. Although it cannot claim to rank with the elegant compositions of M'Neil or the nervous productions of Burns, yet it is not deficient either in plan or execution, and proves the author to possess talents for ridicule in no ordinary degree.—The artful wheedling of John the tenant, and the stupid simplicity of the laird, who is induced by John's gross flattery to agree to his proposed offer, are sketched with considerable ability.]

LAST Martinmas thro' rain and sleet,
 At Cumbernau'd the laird to meet,
 On his auld spavied beast,
 Out o'er the hirst, and cross the bent,
 To pay the bygane towmont's rent,
 John Dubs came hotchan east.

The laird sat noofan * o'er his glass ;
 Baith rum and brandy, naething less,
 Stood sparkling on the table ;—
 “ John, come awa : How's a' at hame ?
 Is Janet weel ? the mare't was lame,
 For wark is she now able ?

“ What feck o' stirks and milk cows hae ye ?
 Your ploughman Tam, is he still wi' ye ?
 Gude craps o' corn and bear,
 Pease, beans, potatoes, wheat, and rye,
 Plenty o' clover for the kye,
 I hope ye've had this year.”

“ I thank ye, sir,” quo' John, “ for speering,
 Tho' weel I wat scarce worth the shearing
 Was either corn or wheat :
 But saebins this is auld term-day
 The rent nae doubt ye'll gar us pay
 Whether or no' we hae't.”

John chirted out his hairy purse,
 Made frae the back o' some dead horse,
 As rough as ony spluchan ; †
 And, while he counted o'er the cash,
 The laird gar'd fill the stoup afresh,
 And in his sleeve was laughan.

John paid his rent, tho' wi' a grudge ;
 The laird let grab, and gied a fidge,—
 “ I hope ye'll never miss't ;
 Here's to you John ; I wish ye health ;
 May you and yours wi' wit and wealth
 O' warld's gear be blest :”—

* In an indolent posture.

† Tobacco pouch.

Syne routed up a glass for John,
 Who ne'er the less was thinking on
 A trap he had prepared,
 Upon the road; though cauld and wet,
 Nought troubled John but how to get
 Advantage-o' the laird.

To drive his sinfu' drift the sooner
 He maun begin wi'—"Please your honour;
 (Flattery wha can resist?)
 Ye hae a hunder' bows or twa
 O' London dons, I never saw
 Ony sac gude amaist:

"Your honour, sir (*and claw'd his head*)
 I'd like a few for next year's seed,
 If ye would let me hae them."
 "How mony want ye?" quo' the laird.
 John thought a wee, and fand his beard,
 "Two bows an ye could gi'e them."

"Two bows, nae doubt, I might could spare,
 But a' the crap was sold fern-year
 To honest Walter Bryce,
 At half a guinea every bow;
 Now, gin ye like, this year's to you
 I'll gi'e at the same price.

"But to disperse them a' in tait, *
 Thro' different han's, at different rates,
 Altho' the price were doubled,
 Two bows to this man, three to that,
 Four to a third—'deed John that's what
 I ne'er could wi' be troubled."

* Small quantities.

“ Weel, weel, we’se no insist,” quo’ John,
 (Lengthen’d his face and gied a groan,)
 “ It maks but little matter ;
 (A saint ye’d think, if ane’s alive,
 But faith how many beans make five
 Than John deil ane kens better.)

“ Your honour’s weel-being I wish,
 (We mauna throw awa the dish,
 Thinks he, tho’ Crummie fling,*)
 Lang may your usefu’ life be spar’d ;
 We subjects a’ had better far’d
 If ye had been the king :

“ For ne’er did mortal fill a throne
 Since that wise monarch Solomon,
 That could wi’ you compare
 For wisdom, sense, and honesty ;
 Your honour, muckle may ye hae,
 That muckle aye grow mair.”

In the laird’s neeve John ramm’d his mill,
 The laird ca’d in another gill,
 (Things now are looking up ;))
 Thinks John, “ I see he’s ta’en the bait,
 The fault’s my ain if now I let
 The precious moment slip.”

Close to the laird John draws his chair,
 Who unsuspecting, unaware
 What a’ this kindness meant ;
 “ Go sir,” quo’ John, “ I’m sure ye’ll never
 Refuse a tenant this sma’ favour.”—
 “ What is it John ye want?”

* A Scottish proverb.

(John oo'd and nicher'd like a stallion,)
 "Your dons, wer't but a single million,
 I'd be right happy o'er them."—
 "A million, John, ye're ay sae funny,
 A million canna be that mony;
 What will ye gi'e me for them?"

"Your honour, sir, (*hum ha*) I think
 (And rang the bell for pen and ink),
 They'll run about ten pecks."—
 "For twal pecks price, John, ye sall get them,
 They're counted gude by a' e'er ate them:"
 (John hirsel'd on his specks.)

"Your honour's will, a bargain be't;
 We'll put it upon black and white
 In case it be forgot;
 It's lang e'er I the taties need,
 And time gars things wear out o' head."
 The laird sign'd what John wrote.

Four months claps'd, seed-time drew on,
 To lift his bargain east gaes John;
 The laird look'd o'er the yate:
 "Good morrow, sir!"—"Weel, John, what now?"
 "Ha, sir, your honour filled me fou
 Amaist, last time we met:

"Frithat I mind, when right weel on,
 A million o' your dons," quo' John,
 (His auld gray head he scrunted):—
 "Aye, that's as true, ye're very right,
 Bring yont your Tam to-morrow night
 And we shall hae them counted."—

“ ‘Deed sir, (*hum ha*) ’twill tak some time
To count a million: I’se gae hame
 And bring Tam east to-morrow;
An’t answers you ’tween three and four,
Your lad and him can count them o’er.—
 Frae Janet I shall borrow

“ A shilling, aible * aughteen-pence,
To mak you some kind o’ a mense †
 For treating me sae weel
At Martinmas, in the head inn:—
Ingratitude’s a bigger sin.
 Than traffic wi’ the deil.”

Wi’ what John said the laird was pleas’d
Sae weel, his vera han’ he squeez’d,
 And clapped on his shouther;—
“ At your ain time, John; I’ll be glad
To see you here the morn:” and said
 He lik’d him as a brother.

Next day John and his ploughman Tam,
Whase face was like a bacon ham
 Which baith round, brown, and fat is,
Gaed yont; John’s han’ the laird he shook it;
To count, his man and Tam were yoket,
 Ten hunder’ thousand taties.

Wi’ neeves like grapes they to the guddle;
The laird maun condescend to fuddle
 John’s Janet’s aughteen-pence:
Heigh but this warld’s ill divided,
No ae drap where it’s far maist needed,—
 “ Mind self,” is right gude sense.

* Perhaps.

† Recompense.

They counted a' that afternoon,
 Five hours close wark; when they were done,
 Says Tam, "We'll hae them met;"
 They measur'd just eight score o' pecks;
 "This job, I doubt, the laird will vex,
 But forty thousand yet!"*

As day brake butter brake,—the laird
 And John came stepping thro' the yard:—
 "Weel lads how come ye on?
 Is this the million lying here?
 And are ye sure ye've counted fair?
 Wranged neither side," quo' John.

"The million! faith, it's nae sic thing;
 There's forty thousand aff the bing—
 Whilk measures just ten bows."—
 The laird would neither bin' nor baud,
 Stamped and rag'd like ane stark mad,—
 John calmly prim'd his nose:

"Ye needna be in sic a huff,
 Your rage I dinna care a snuff,
 (*Spits*) That I dinna car't;
 I want nae mair than what's my right"—
 "Gae," says the laird, "gae frae my sight."—
 Quo' John, "I'm no soon fear't."

A plea commenc'd, John gain'd the day;
 Poor soul the laird was forc'd to pay
 A hundred pounds and ten,
 E'er John would yield the grip he had;
 But feelingly the laird he bade
 Tak better care again.

* Four pecks of potatoes of an ordinary size, make a thousand.

My dear friend,
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst. and am
glad to hear from you. I am well and hope these few lines
will find you the same. I have not much news to write at
present.

I am very much interested in the
progress of the cause and hope to see
many more successes in the future. I am
glad to hear that you are still active in the
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POPULAR SCOTISH
BALLADS, TALES, AND SONGS.

PART III.—Songs.

THE OLD SCOTCH
BALADS, TALES, AND SONGS.

PART II.—SONGS.

PART III.—SONGS.

Humorous.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.*

[Supposed to have been written by James V. on one of his intrigues.]

THE pawky auld carl came o'er the lee,
 Wi' mony good e'ens and days to me,
 Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie
 Will ye lodge a silly poor man?
 The night was cauld, the carl was wat,
 And down ayont the ingle he sat,
 My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this country,
 How blyth and merry wad I be!
 And I wad never think lang.

* A wallet-man or tinker, who appears to have been formerly a jack-of-all-trades.

He grew canty, and she grew fain ;
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir slee twa together were say'ng,
 When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O ! quo' he, an ye were as black
 As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
 And awa wi' me thou shou'd gang.
 And O ! quo' she, an I were as white
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
 I'd clead me braw and lady-like,
 And awa wi' thee I would gang.

Between the twa was made a plot ;
 They raise a wee before the cock,
 And wilily they shot the lock,
 And fast to the bent are they gane.
 Upon the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure pat on her claise ;
 Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
 To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
 The strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her hands, cry'd, Waladay !
 For some of our gear will be gane.
 Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
 But nought was stown that could be mist,
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest !
 I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa, as we can learn,
 The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
 Gae butt the house, lass, and wauken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.

The servant gade where the daughter lay,
 The sheets were cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife can say,
 She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye find these traitors again;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
 The wearifu' gaberlunzie-man.
 Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit,
 The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;
 She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
 But aye she curs'd and she bann'd.

Mean time, far hind out o'er the lee,
 Fu' snug in a glen where nane could see,
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang:
 The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for aye, he gae her his aith.
 Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
 Ill-fardly wail she crook her mou,
 Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
 After the gaberlunzie-man.
 My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha' na learn'd the beggars' tongue,
 To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
 To carry the gaberlunzie on.

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry, and sing.



THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

[This song is also attributed to James V.]

THERE was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was bound,
 And he took up his quarters into a land'art town.

*And we'll gang nae mair a roving sae late into the night,
 And we'll gang nae mair a roving, let the moon shine
 ne'er sae bright.*

And we'll gang nae mair a roving.

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
 But in ahint the ha' door, or else afore the fire.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en, 'wi' good clean
 straw and hay,

And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Up raise the goodman's dochter, and for to bar the door,
 And there she saw the beggar standin' i' the floor.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,
 O hooly, hooly wi' me, sir, ye'll waken our goodman.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word he
spak,

Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Is there ony dogs into this town? maiden, tell me true.

And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my dow?

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

They'll rive a' my mealpocks, and do me meikle wrang.

O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor man?

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Then she took up the mealpocks, and flang them o'er
the wa',

The de'il gae wi' the mealpocks, my maidenhead and a'.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

I took ye for some gentleman, at least the laird of
Brodie:

O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor bodie?

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,
And four-and-twenty hunder merk to pay the nourice-
fee.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and
shrill,

And four-and-twenty-belted knights came skipping
o'er the hill.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang
them a'.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulder
 height,
 O aye for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.



THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.

IN Scotland there liv'd a humble beggar,
 He had neither house, nor hald, nor hame,
 But he was weel liked by ilka bodie,
 And they gae him sunkets to rax his wame.

A nivefow of meal, a handfow of groats,
 A cladd of bannock, or herring brie,
 Cauld parradge, or the lickings of plates,
 Wad make him as blyth as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,
 The feint a bit of pride had he,
 He wad a ta'en his a'ms in a bikker,
 Frae gentleman, or poor bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hang,
 In as good order as wallets could be:
 A lang kail-gooly hang down by his side,
 And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd warse,
 It happen'd sae that he did die;
 And wha do ye think was at his late-wake,
 But lads and lasses of a high degree.

Some were blyth, and some were sad,
 And some they play'd at Blind Harrie:
 But suddenly up-started the auld carle,
 I redd ye, good folks, tak tent o' me.

Up gat Kate that sat i' the nook,
 Vow kimmer, and how do ye?
 Up he gat, and ca'd her limmer,
 And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,
 E'en far frae the companie:
 But when they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,
 The feint a dead nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard,
 He dunted on the kist, the boards did flee:
 And when they were gaun to put him i' the yird,
 In fell the kist, and out lap he.

He cry'd, I'm cauld, I'm unco cauld;
 Fu' fast ran the fock, and fu' fast ran he:
 But he was first hame at his ain ingle side,
 And he helped to drink his ain dirgie.



THE CAULDRIFE WOOER.

THERE came a young man to my daddie's door,
 My daddie's door, my daddie's door,
 There came a young man to my daddie's door,
 Came seeking me to woo.

*And now but he was a braw young lad,
A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad,
And now but he was a braw young lad,
Came seeking me to woo.*

But I was baking when he came,
When he came, when he came ;
I took him in, and gae him a scone,
To thow his frozen mou'.
And now but, &c.

I set him in aside the bink,
I gae him bread and ale to drink,
But ne'er a blyth styme wad he blink,
Until his wame was fou.
And now but, &c.

Gae, get ye gone, ye cauldriife wooer,
Ye sour-looking, cauldriife wooer :
I straightway show'd him to the door,
Saying, Come nae mair to woo.
And now but, &c.

There lay a duck-dub before the door,
Before the door, before the door,
There lay a duck-dub before the door,
And there fell he I trow.
And now but, &c.

Out came the goodman, and high he shouted,
Out came the goodwife, and low she louted,
And a' the town neighbours were gather'd about it,
But there lay he, I trow.
And now but, &c.

Then out came I, and sneer'd, and smil'd,
 Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguil'd;
 Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyl'd,
 We'll hae nae mair o' you.
And now but, &c.

~~~~~

LASS GIN YE LO'E ME.

I HA'E laid a herring in sa't,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now?  
 I ha'e brew'd a forget o' ma't,  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I ha'e a calf will soon be a cow,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now?  
 I ha'e a pig will soon be a sow,  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.

I've a house on yonder moor,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now?  
 Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I ha'e a butt and I ha'e a benn,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now?  
 I ha'e three chickens and a fat hen,  
 And I canna come ony mair to woo.

I've a hen wi' a happity leg,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now?  
 Which ilka day lays me an egg,  
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.  
 I ha'e a kebbock upon my shelf,  
 Lass gin ye lo'e me tak me now!  
 I downa cat it a' myself,  
 And I winna come ony mair to woo.



## FEE HIM, FATHER, FEE HIM.

["This song, for genuine humour in the verses, and lively originality in the air, is unparalleled. I take it to be very old."—BURNS.]

Saw ye Johnnie cummin, quo' she,  
 Saw ye Johnnie cummin;  
 O saw ye Johnnie cummin, quo' she,  
 Saw ye Johnnie cummin;  
 Saw ye Johnnie cummin, quo' she,  
 Saw ye Johnnie cummin,  
 Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,  
 And his doggie rinnin, quo' she,  
 And his doggie rinnin?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
 Fee him, father, fee him;  
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
 Fee him, father, fee him;  
 For he is a gallant lad,  
 And a weel doin, quo' she;  
 And a' the wark about the house  
 Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,  
 Gaes wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him? quo' he,  
 What will I do wi' him?  
 He's ne'er a sark upon his back,  
 And I hae nane to gie him.  
 I hae twa sarks into my kist,  
 And ane o' them I'll gie him;  
 And for a merk of mair fee,  
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,  
 Dinna stand wi' him.

For well do I lo'e him, quo' she,  
 Well do I lo'e him;  
 For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,  
 Weel do I lo'e him.  
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,  
 Fee him, father, fee him;  
 He'll had the pleugh, thrash in the barn,  
 And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,  
 And crack wi' me at e'en.



### THE SHEPHERD'S SON.

THERE was a shepherd's son,  
 Kept sheep upon a hill,  
 He laid his pipe and crook aside,  
 And there he slept his fill.  
*Sing, fal deral, &c.*

He looked east, he looked west,  
 Then gave an under look,  
 And there he spy'd a lady fair,  
 Swimming in a brook.  
*Sing, fal deral, &c.*

He rais'd his head frae his green bed,  
 And then approach'd the maid;  
 Put on your claise, my dear, he says,  
 And be ye not afraid.  
*Sing, fal deral, &c.*

'Tis fitter for a lady fair  
 To sew her silken seam,  
 Than to get up in a May morning,  
 And strive against the stream.  
*Sing, fal deral, &c.*

If you'll not touch my mantle,  
 And let my claise alane,  
 Then I'll gi'e you as much money  
 As you can carry hame.  
*Sing, fal deral, &c.*

O! I'll not touch your mantle,  
 And I'll let your claise alane;  
 But I'll tak you out of the clear water,  
 My dear to be my ain.  
*Sing, fal deral, &c.*

And when she out of the water came,  
 He took her in his arms;  
 Put on your claise, my dear, he says,  
 And hide those lovely charms.  
*Sing, fal deral, &c.*

He mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
 Himself upon anither,  
 And all along the way they rode,  
 Like sister and like brither.  
*Sing, fal deral, &c.*

When she came to her father's yett,  
 She tirl'd at the pin;  
 And ready stood the porter there,  
 To let this fair maid in.  
*Sing, fal deral, &c.*

And when the gate was opened,  
 So nimbly she whipt in ;  
 Pough ! You're a fool without, she says,  
 And I'm a maid within.  
*Sing, fal deral, &c.*

Then fare ye weel, my modest boy,  
 I thank you for your care ;  
 But had you done what you should done,  
 I ne'er had left you there.  
*Sing, fal deral, &c.*

Oh ! I'll cast aff my hose and shoon,  
 And let my feet gae bare,  
 And gin I meet a bonny lass,  
 Hang me, if her I spare.  
*Sing, fal deral, &c.*

In that do as you please, she says,  
 But you shall never more  
 Have the same opportunity :  
 With that she shut the door.  
*Sing, fal deral, &c.*

There is a gude auld proverb,  
 I've often heard it told,  
 " He that would not, when he might,  
 He should not when he would."  
*Sing, fal deral, &c.*

## SCORNFU' NANSY.

NANSY's to the green-wood gane,  
 To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring,  
 And Willie he has followed her,  
 To gain her love by flatt'ring:  
 But a' that he cou'd say or do,  
 She geck'd and scorned at him;  
 And ay when he began to woo,  
 She bid him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,  
 My minny or my aunty?  
 With crowdy-mowdy they fed me,  
 Lang-kail and ranty-tanty:  
 With bannocks of good barley-meal,  
 Of thae there was right plenty,  
 With chapped stocks fu' butter'd well;  
 And was na that right dainty?

Although my father was nae laird,  
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,  
 He keepit ay a good kail-yard,  
 A ha' house and a pantry:  
 A good blue bonnet on his head,  
 An ourlay 'bout his craggy;  
 And ay until the day he dy'd,  
 He rade on good shanks naggy.

Now wae and wonder on your snout,  
 Wad ye hae bonny Nansy?  
 Wad ye compare ye'rsell to me,  
 A docken till a tansy?

I have a wooer of my ain,  
 They ca' him souple Sandy,  
 And well I wat his bonny mou'  
 Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Wow, Nansy ! what needs a' this din,  
 Do I not ken this Sandy ?  
 I'm sure the chief of a' his kin,  
 Was Rab the beggar randy :  
 His minny, Meg, upo' her back,  
 Bare baith him and his billy ;  
 Will ye compare a nasty pack  
 To me, your winsome Willy ?

My gutcher left a gude braid sword,  
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,  
 Yet ye may tak it on my word,  
 It is baith stout and trusty :  
 And if I can but get it drawn,  
 Which will be right uneasy,  
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,  
 That he shall get a-heezy.

Then Nansy turn'd her round about,  
 And said, Did Sandy hear ye,  
 Ye wadna miss to get a clout ;  
 I ken he disna fear ye :  
 Sae had ye'r tongue and say nae mair,  
 Set somewhere else your fancy ;  
 For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,  
 Ye never shall get Nansy.



# NAE DOMINIES FOR ME.

As I went forth to take the air,  
 Into an evening clear, laddie,  
 I met a brisk young handsome spark,  
 A new-made pulpitier, laddie:  
 An airy blade so brisk and bra',  
 Mine eyes did never see, laddie;  
 A long cravat at him did wag,  
 His hose girt 'boon the knee, laddie.

By-and-ouo'er this young man had,  
 A gallant douse black gown, laddie,  
 With cock'd up hat, and powder'd wig,  
 Black coat, and muffs fu' clean, laddie.  
 At length he did approach me nigh,  
 And bowing down full low, laddie;  
 He grasp'd me, as I did pass by,  
 And would not let me go, laddie.

Said I, Pray, friend, what do you mean?  
 Canst thou not let me be, laddie?  
 Says he, My heart, by Cupid's dart,  
 Is captive unto thee, lassie.  
 I'll rather chuse to thole grim death;  
 So cease and let me be, laddie.  
 For what? said he.—Good troth, said she,  
 Nae dominies for me, laddie.

Ministers' stipends are uncertain rents  
 For ladies' conjunct fee, laddie;  
 When books and gowns are all cry'd down,  
 Nae dominies for me, laddie.

But for your sake I'll fleece the flock,  
 Grow rich as I grow auld, lassie;  
 If I be spar'd, I'll be a laird,  
 And thou be Madam call'd, lassie.

But what if ye should chance to die,  
 Leave bairns ane or twa, laddie?  
 Naething would be reserv'd for them,  
 But hair-mould books to gnaw, laddie.  
 At this he angry was, I wat,  
 He gloom'd and look'd fu' hie, laddie;  
 When I perceived this, in haste  
 I left my dominie, laddie.

Then I went hame to my step-dame,  
 By this time it was late, laddie;  
 But she before had barr'd the door,  
 I blush'd and look'd fu' blate, laddie.  
 Thinks I, I must ly in the street,  
 Is there no room for me, laddie;  
 And is there neither plaid nor sheet  
 With my young dominie, laddie?

Then with a humble voice, I cry'd,  
 Pray open the door to me, laddie:  
 But he reply'd, I'm gone to bed,  
 So cease, and let me be, lassie.  
 The sooner that you let me in,  
 You'll be the more at ease, laddie;  
 And on the morrow I'll be gone,  
 Then marry whom you please, laddie.

And what if I should chance to die,  
 Leave bairns ane or twa, lassie,  
 Naething would be reserv'd for them,  
 But hair-mould books to gna', lassie.

Ministers' stipends are uncertain rents  
 For ladies' conjunct-fee, lassie;  
 When books and gowns are a' cry'd down,  
 Nae dominies for thee, lassie.

So fare you well, my charming maid,  
 This lesson learn of me, lassie,  
 At the next offer hold him fast  
 That first makes love to thee, lassie.  
 Then did I curse my doleful fate,  
 Gin this had been my lot, laddie,  
 For to have match'd with such as you,  
 A good-for-nothing sot, laddie.

Then I returned hame again,  
 And coming down the town, laddie,  
 By my good luck I chanc'd to meet  
 A gentleman dragoon, laddie:  
 And he took me by baith the hands,  
 'Twas help in time of need, laddie;  
 Fools on ceremonies stand,  
 At twa words we agreed, laddie.

He led me to his quarter-house,  
 Where we exchang'd a word, laddie;  
 We had nae use for black-gowns there,  
 We marry'd o'er the sword, laddie.  
 Martial drums is music fine,  
 Compar'd wi' tinkling bells, laddie;  
 Gold, red, and blue, is more divine  
 Than black, the hue of hell, laddie.

Kings, queens, and princes, crave the aid  
 Of the brave stout dragoons, laddie;  
 While dominies are much employ'd  
 'Bout whores and sackcloth gowns, laddie.

Awa' then wi' these whining lowns,  
 They look like let me be, laddie;  
 I've mair delight in roaring guns:  
 Nae dominies for me, laddie.



### THE WOWING OF JOK AND JYNNY.

[This song is preserved in the Bannatyne MS. and consequently was written previous to 1568.]

ROBEYN's Jok came to wow our Jynny,  
 On our feist-evin quhen we were fow;  
 Scho brankit fast and maid hir bony,  
 And said; Jok, come ye for to wow?  
 Scho burneist hir baith breist and brow,  
 And maid her cleir as ony klok;  
 Then spak hir dame, and said, I trow,  
 Ye come to wow our Jynny, Jok.

Jok said, Forsuth I zern full fane,  
 To luk my heid, and sit down by zow.  
 Than spak hir modir, and said agane,  
 My bairne hes tocher gud annwch to ge zow:  
 Te he! quoth Jynny, keik, keik, I se zow;  
 Muder, yone man maks zow a mok.  
 I schro the lyar, full leis me zow,  
 I come to wow zour Jynny, quoth Jok.

My berne, scho sayis, hes of hir awin,  
 Ane guss, ane gryce, ane cok, ane hen,  
 Ane calf, ane hog, ane futbraid sawin,  
 Ane kirn, ane pin, that ze weill ken,  
 Ane pig, ane pot, ane raip thair-ben,  
 Ane fork, ane flaik, ane reill, ane rok,  
 Dischis and dublaris nyne or ten;  
 Come ze to wow our Jynny, Jok?

Ane blanket, and ane wecht also,  
 Ane schule, ane scheit, and ane lang flail,  
 Ane ark, ane almry, and laidills two,  
 Ane milk-syth, with ane swyne-taill,  
 Ane rowsty quhittill to scheir the kaill,  
 Ane quheill, ane mell the beir to knok,  
 Ane coig, ane caird wantand ane naill:  
 Come ze to wow our Jynny, Jok?

Ane furme, ane furlet, ane pott, ane pek,  
 Ane tub, ane barrow, with ane quheilband,  
 Ane turs, ane troch, and ane meil-sek,  
 Ane spurtill braid, and ane elwand.  
 Jok tuk Jynny be the hand,  
 And cry'd, Ane feast! and slew ane cok,  
 And maid a brydell up alland:  
 Now haif I gottin your Jynny, quoth Jok.

Now, deme, I haif zour bairne mareit;  
 Suppois ye mak it nevir sa twche,  
 I latt zou wit schois nocht miskarrit,  
 It is weill kend gud haif I annwch:  
 Ane crukit gleyd fell our ane huch,  
 Ane spaid, ane speit, ane spur, ane sok,  
 Withouttin oxin I haif a pluche,  
 To gang togiddir Jynny and Jok.

I haif ane helter, and eik ane hek,  
 Ane cord, ane creill, and als an eradill,  
 Fyve fiddler of raggis to stuff ane jak,  
 Ane auld pannell of ane laid sadill,  
 Ane pepper polk maid of a paddell,  
 Ane spounge, ane spindill wantand ane nok,  
 Twa lusty lippis to lik ane laiddill,  
 To gang togidder Jynny and Jok.

Ane brechame, and twa brochis fyne,  
 Weill buklit with a brydill renze,  
 Ane sark maid of the Linkome twyne,  
 Ane gay grene cloke that will nocht stenze,  
 And zit for mister I will nocht fenze,  
 Fyve hundrith fleis now in a flok;  
 Call ze nocht that ane joly menze,  
 To gang togidder Jynny and Jok?

Ane trene truncheour, ane ramehorne spona,  
 Twa buttis of barkit blasnit ledder,  
 All graith that gains to kobbill schone,  
 Ane thrawcruk to twyne ane tedder,  
 Ane brydill, ane girth, and ane swyne bledder,  
 Ane maskene fatt, ane fetterit lok,  
 Ane scheip weill kepit fra ill wedder;  
 To gang togidder Jynny and Jok.

Tak thair for my parte of the feist;  
 It is weill knawin I am weill bodin;  
 Ze may nocht say my parte is leist.  
 The wyfe said, Speid, the kaill ar soddin,  
 And als the laverok is fust and loddin;  
 Quhen ze haif done tak hame the brok.  
 The rost was twche, sa wer thay bodin;  
 Syn gaid togidder Jynny and Jok.



# MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HARKEN, and I will tell ye how  
 Young Muirland Willie came to woo,  
 Though he could neither say nor do,  
 The truth I tell to you.  
 But ayē he cries, Whate'er betide,  
 Maggy I'se hae to be my bride.  
*With a fal dal, &c.*

On his gray yade as he did ride,  
 With durk and pistol by his side,  
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,  
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee,  
 Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,  
 Till he came to her daddy's door.  
*With a fal dal, &c.*

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,  
 I'm come your doghter's love to win,  
 I care na for making meikle din;  
 What answer gi'e ye me?  
 Now, wooer, quoth he, would ye light down,  
 I'll gi'e ye my doghter's love to win:  
*With a fal dal, &c.*

Now, wooer, sin ye are lighted down,  
 Where do you win, or in what town?  
 I think my doghter winna gloom,  
 On sic a lad as ye.  
 The wooer he stept up the house,  
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse.  
*With a fal dal, &c.*

I have three owsen in a pleugh,  
Twa gude ga'en yads, and gear enough;  
The place they ca' it Cadeneugh;

I scorn to tell a lie:

Besides, I hae frae the great laird,  
A peat-pat, and a lang-kail-yard.

*With a fal dal, &c.*

The maid pat on her kirtle brown,  
She was the brāwest in a' the town;  
I wat on him she did na gloom,

But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he stendit up in haste,  
And gript her hard about the waist;

*With a fal dal, &c.*

To win your love, maid, I'm come here;  
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear;  
And for mysell you need na fear,

Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his bannet, and spat in his chew,  
He dighted his gab, and he pri'e'd her mou'.

*With a fal dal, &c.*

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' law,  
She had na will to say him na,  
But to her daddy she left it a',

As they twa could agree.

The lover ga'e her the tither kiss;  
Syne ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this,

*With a fal dal, &c.*

Your doghter wad na say me na,  
As to yoursell she has left it a',  
As we could 'gree between us twa;  
Say, what'll ye gi'e me wi' her?

Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,  
 But sic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,  
*With a fal dal, &c.*

A kilnfu o' corn I'll gi'e to thee,  
 Three souns of sheep, twa good milk kye,  
 Ye's ha'e the wedding-dinner free:

Troth I dow do na mair.  
 Content, quo' he, a bargain be't;  
 I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't.  
*With a fal dal, &c.*

The bridal day it came to pass,  
 Wi' mony a blithsome lad and lass;  
 But sicken a day there never was,  
 Sic mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked hands,  
 Mess John ty'd up the marriage-bands.  
*With a fal dal, &c.*

And our bride's maidens were na few,  
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,  
 Frae tap to tae they were braw new,  
 And blinkit bonnïlie:

Their toys and mutches were sae clean,  
 They glanced in our ladses' een.  
*With a fal dal, &c.*

Sic hirdum dirdum, and sic din,  
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;  
 The minstrels they did never blin,  
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.

And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,  
 And ay their wames together met.  
*With a fal dal, &c.*

## MAGIE'S TOCHER.

THE meal was dear short syne,  
 We buckled us a' the gither;  
 And Maggie was in her prime,  
 When Willie made courtship till her.  
 Twa pistols charg'd beguess,  
 To gi'e the courting-shot,  
 And syne came ben the lass  
 Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.  
 He first speer'd at the guidman,  
 And syne at Giles the mither,  
 An ye wad gie's a bit land,  
 We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doughter ye shall hae,  
 I'll gi'e ye her by the hand;  
 But I'll part wi' my wife, by my fay,  
 Or I part wi' my land.  
 Your tocher it sall be good,  
 There's nane sall hae its maik,  
 The lass bound in her snood,  
 And Crummie wha kens her stake;  
 With an auld bedding o' claiths,  
 Was left me by my mither,  
 They're jet black o'er wi' fleas,  
 Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right weel, guidman,  
 But ye maun mend your hand,  
 And think o' modesty,  
 Gin ye'll not quat your land.

We are but young, ye ken,  
 And now we're gaun the gither,  
 A house is butt and ben,  
 And Crummie will want her fother:  
 The bairns are coming on,  
 And they'll cry, O their mither!  
 We have nouthar pat nor pan,  
 But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,  
 For that ye need nae fear,  
 Twa good stilts to the pleugh,  
 And ye yoursell maun steer:  
 Ye sall hae twa good pocks  
 That ance were of the tweel,  
 The tang to had the grots,  
 The tither to had the meal:  
 With an auld kist made of wands,  
 And that sall be your coffer,  
 Wi' aiken woody bands,  
 And that may had your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,  
 We hae but borrow'd gear,  
 The horse that I ride on  
 Is Sandy Wilson's mare:  
 The saddle's nane of my ain,  
 And thae's but borrow'd boots,  
 And when that I gae hame,  
 I maun tak to my koots;  
 The cloak is Geordy Watt's,  
 That gars me look sae crouse;  
 Come, fill us a cogue of swats,  
 We'll mak nae mair toom roose.

I like you weel, young lad,  
 For telling me sae plain,  
 I married when little I had  
 O' gear that was my ain:  
 But sin that things are sae,  
 The bride she maun come forth,  
 Tho' a' the gear she'll hae  
 It'll be but little worth.  
 A bargain it maun be,  
 Fy, cry on Giles the mither:  
 Content am I, quo' she,  
 E'en gar the hissie come hither.  
 The bride she gade till her bed.  
 The bridégroom he cam till her;  
 The fiddler crap in at the fit,  
 And they cuddl'd it a' the gither.



### THE BRIDAL O'T.

[By Mr Alex. Ross, late schoolmaster at Lochlee, and author of  
*The Fortunate Shepherdess.*]

Tune—*Lucy Campbell.*

THEY say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,  
 They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,  
 For he grows brawer ilka day,  
 I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.  
 For yesternight nae farder gane,  
 The back house at the side wa' o't,  
 He there wi' Meg was mirden seen,  
 I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.



An we had but a bridal o't,  
 An we had but a bridal o't,  
 We'd leave the rest unto gude luck  
 Altho' there should betide ill o't:  
 For bridal days are merry times,  
 And young folks like the coming o't,  
 And scribblers they bang up their rhymes,  
 And pipers they the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,  
 The lasses like a bridal o't,  
 Their brows maun be in rank and file  
 Altho' that they should guide ill o't:  
 The boddom o' the kist is then  
 Turn'd up unto the immost o't,  
 The end that held the keeks sae clean  
 Is now become the teemest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't,  
 The bangster at the threshing o't,  
 Afore it comes is fidgin fain  
 And ilka day's a clashing o't;  
 He'll sall his jerkin for a groat,  
 His linder for anither o't,  
 And e'er he want to clear his shot,  
 His sark'll pay the tither o't.

The pipers and the fiddlers o't,  
 The pipers and the fiddlers o't,  
 Can smell a bridal unco far,  
 And like to be the middlers o't:  
 Fan thick and threefald they convene  
 Ilk ane envies the tither o't,  
 And wishes nane but him alane  
 May ever see anither o't.

Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,  
 Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,  
 For dancing they gae to the green,  
 And aiblins to the beating o't:  
 He dances best that dances fast,  
 And louns at ilka reeing o't,  
 And claps his hands frae hough to hough,  
 And furls about the feesings o't.

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THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

[This song is in Watson's collection of Scotch poems, printed at Edinburgh in 1706.]

Fy let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liting there ;
 For Jocky's to be married to Maggy,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.
 And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
 And bannocks of barley-meal ;
 And there will be good sawt herring,
 To relish a cog of good ale.
*Fy let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liting there ;
 For Jocky's to be married to Maggy,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.*

And there will be Sawney the sutor,
 And Will wi' the meikle mou' ;
 And there will be Tam the blutter,
 With Andrew the tinkler, I trow ;

And there will be bow'd-legged Robie,
 With thumbless Katie's goodman;
 And there will blue-cheeked Dobie,
 And Lawrie the laird of the land.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
 And plucky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,
 Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
 That wins i' the how of the hill;
 And there will be Alaster Sibby,
 Wha in wi' black Bessy did mool,
 With snivelling Lilly and Tibby;
 The lass that stands aft on the stool.
Fy let us, &c.

And Madge that was buckl'd to Steenie,
 And coft him grey breeks to his a—e,
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd nae warse :
 And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
 And Kirsh with the lily-white leg,
 Wha gade to the south for manners,
 And bang'd up her wame in Mons-Meg.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
 And blinkin daft Barbara Maeleg,
 Wi' flea-lugged sharney-fac'd Lawrie,
 And shangy-mou'd halucket Meg :
 And there will be happer a—'d Nansy,
 And fairy-fac'd Florie by name,
 Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Girsy,
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie,
 With his glaikit wife Jeany Bell,
 And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel.
 The lads and lasses in pearlins,
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',
 On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
 That are baith sodden and raw.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brachan,
 With fouth of good gabbocks of skate,
 Powsowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
 And caller nowt-feet in a plate.
 And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whytens and speldings enew,
 With singit sheep-heads, and a haggies,
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
 And sowens, and farles, and baps,
 With swats, and well-scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps:
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
 With skink to sup till ye rive,
 And roasts to roast on a brander,
 Of flowks that were taken alive.

Fy let us, &c.

Scrypt haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangle,
 And a mill of good snishing to prie;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die:
*Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liltin' there,
 For Jocky's to be married to Maggy,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.*

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

*Woo'd and married and a',
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Was she nae very weel aff
 Was woo'd and married and a'.*

The bride came out o' the byre,
 And O as she dighted her cheeks,
 Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
 And has neither blankets nor sheets,
 Has neither blankets nor sheets,
 Nor scarce a coverlet too;
 The bride that has a' to borrow,
 Has e'en right meikle ado.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's father,
 As he came in frae the plough,
 O had your tongue, my doughter,
 And ye's get gear enough;
 The stirk that stands i' the tether,
 And our bra' basin'd yade,
 Will carry ye hame your corn,
 What wad ye be at, ye jade?
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither,
 What deil needs a' this pride!
 I had nae a plack in my pouch
 That night I was a bride;
 My gown was linsy-woolsy,
 And ne'er a sark ava;
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
 Mae than ane or twa.
Woo'd and married, &c.

What's the matter? quo' Willie,
 Tho' we be scant o' claise,
 We'll creep the nearer thegither,
 And we'll smore a' the fleas:
 Simmer is coming on,
 And we'll get teats of woo;
 And we'll get a lass o' our ain,
 And she'll spin claise enew.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's brither,
 As he came in wi' the kie;
 Poor Willie had ne'er a ta'en ye,
 Had he kent ye as weel as I;
 For you're baith proud and saucy,
 And no for a poor man's wife;
 Gin I canna get a better,
 Ise never tak ane i' my life.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's sister,
 As she came in frae the byre,
 O gin I were but married,
 It's a' that I desire:
 But we poor fo'k maun live single,
 And do the best we can;
 I dinna care what I should want,
 If I could get but a man.
Woo'd and married, &c.

PATIE'S WEDDING.

As Patie came up frae the glen,
 Driving his wethers before him,
 He met bonnie Meg ganging hame,
 Her beauty was like for to smore him.
 O dinna ye ken, bonnie Meg,
 That you and I's gaen to be married;
 I rather had broken my leg
 Before sic a bargain miscarried.

Na, Patie,—O wha's tell'd you that?
 I think that of news they've been scanty,
 That I should be married so soon,
 Or yet should hae been sae flanty:
 I winna be married the year,
 Suppose I were courted by twenty;
 Sae, Patie, ye need nae mair speer,
 For weel a wat I dinna want ye.

Now, Meggie, what maks ye sae swear,
 Is't cause that I hae na a maillin,
 The lad that has plenty o' gear,
 Need ne'er want a half or a haill ane:
 My dad has a gude gray mare,
 And yours has twa cows and a filly;
 And that will be plenty o' gear,
 Sae, Maggie, be no sae ill-willy.

Indeed, Patie, I dinna ken,
 But first ye maun speer at my daddy;
 You're as well born as Ben,
 And I canna say but I'm ready:

There's plenty o' yarn in clues,
 To make me a coat and a jimpy,
 And plaiden enough to be trews,
 Gif ye get it, I shanna scrimp ye.

Now fair fa' ye, my bonny Meg,
 I'se let a wee smacky fa' on you ;
 May my neck be as lang 'as my leg,
 If I be an ill husband unto you ;
 Sae gang your way hame e'now,
 Make ready gin this day fifteen days,
 And tell your father the news,
 That I'll be his son in great kindness.

It was nae lang after that,
 Wha came to our bigging but Patie,
 Weel drest in a braw new coat,
 And wow but he thought himself pretty ;
 His bannet was little frae new,
 In it was a loop and a slitty
 To tie in a ribbon sae blue,
 To bab at the neck o' his coaty.

Then Patie came in wi' a stend,
 Said, Peace be here to the bigging !
 You're welcome, quo' William, come ben,
 Or I wish it may rive frae the rigging :
 Now draw in your chair and sit down,
 And tell's a' your news in a hurry ;
 And haste ye, Meg, and be done,
 And hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quoth Patie, My news is nae thrang,
 Yestreen I was wi' his Honour ;
 I've ta'en three riggs of bra' land,
 And hae bound mysel under a bonour ;

And now my errand to you
 Is for Meggy to help me to labour;
 I think you maun gie's the best cow,
 Because that our haddin's but sober.

Well, now for to help you through,
 I'll be at the cost of the bridal;
 I'se cut the craig of the ewe
 That had amaist died of the side-ill,
 And that'll be plenty of bree,
 Sae lang as our well is nae reisted,
 To all the good neighbours and we,
 And I think we'll no be that ill feasted.

Quoth Patie, O that'll do well,
 And I'll gie you your brose in the morning,
 O' kail that was made yestreen,
 For I like them best in the forenoon.
 Sae Tam the piper did play,
 And ilka ane danc'd that was willing,
 And a' the lave they ranked through,
 And they held the stoupy ay filling.

The auld wives sat and they chew'd,
 And when that the carles grew nappy,
 They danc'd as weel as they dow'd,
 Wi' a crack o' their thumbs and a kappie.
 The lad that wore the white band,
 I think they cau'd him Jamie Mather;
 And he took the bride by the hand,
 And cry'd to play up Maggie Lauder.

HEY, JENNY, COME DOWN TO JOCK.

JOCKY he came here to woo,
 On ae feast-day when we were fu' ;
 And Jenny pat on her best array,
 When she heard Jocky was come that way.

Jenny she gaed up the stair,
 Sae privily to change her smock ;
 And ay sae loud as her mother did rair,
 Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

Jenny she came down the stair,
 And she came bobbin and bakin ben ;
 Her stays they were lac'd, and her waist it was jimp,
 And a bra' new-made manco gown.

Jocky took her by the hand,
 O Jenny, can ye fancy me ?
 My father is dead, and he's left me some land,
 And bra' houses twa or three ;

And I will gi'e them a' to thee.
 A haith, quo' Jenny, I fear you mock !
 Then foul fa' me gin I scorn thee ;
 If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.

Jenny lookit, and syne she leugh,
 Ye first maun get my mither's consent.
 A weel, goodwife, and what say ye ?
 Quo' she, Jocky, I'm weel content.

Jenny to her mither did say,
 O mither, fetch us some good meat;
 A piece o' the butter was kirk'd the day,
 That Jocky and I thegither may eat.

Jocky unto Jenny did say,
 Jenny, my dear, I want nae meat;
 It was nae for meat that I came here,
 But a' for the love of you, Jenny, my dear.

Then Jocky and Jenny were led to their bed,
 And Jocky he lay neist the stock,
 And five or six times ere break of day,
 He ask'd at Jenny how she lik'd Jock.

Quo' Jenny, dear Jock, you gi'e me content,
 I bless my mither for gi'eing consent:
 And on the next morning, before the first cock,
 Our Jenny did cry, I dearly love Jock.

Jenny she gaed up the gait,
 Wi' a green gown as side as her smock;
 And ay sae loud as her mither did rair,
 Vow, sirs, has nae Jenny got Jock!



THE RINAWA' BRIDE.

A LADDIE and a lassie
 Dwelt in the south countrie,
 And they hae cassen their claise thegither,
 And married they wad be.
 The bridal day was set,
 On Tiseday for to be;
 Then hey play up the rinawa' bride,
 For she has ta'en the gee.

The bridegroom hugg'd and kiss'd her,
 And press'd her to Mess John;
 But she's run awa', and left him
 To face the priest alone.
 From town to town they sought her,
 But found she cou'd na be:
Then hey play up, &c.

Her father and her mither
 Ran after her wi' speed,
 And ay they ran until they came
 Unto the water of Tweed;
 And when they came to Kelso town,
 They gart the clap gae thro',
 Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle,
 The face o't lin'd-up wi' blue;

The face o't lin'd up wi' blue,
 And the tail lin'd up wi' green,
 Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle,
 Shou'd been married on Tiseday te'en?
 With red stockings on her legs,
 Twa coal-black blinkin' een;
 Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle,
 Shou'd been married on Tiseday te'en?

When that she was a-wanting,
 And could not be found at all,
 The bridegroom screech'd and tore himsel',
 Crying, his joy and only all;
 Since she has gone and left me,
 Alas! for her I must die!
Then hey play up, &c.

Now wally fu' fa' the silly bridegroom,
 He was as saft as butter;

For had she play'd the like to me,
 I had nae sae easily quit her ;
 I'd gi'en her a tune o' my hoboy,
 And set my fancy free ;
 And syne play'd up our rinawa' bride,
 And luttan her tak the gee.

If he had but allow'd her
 To've come to hersel' again,
 He needed not to have ru'd her,
 To ease him of his pain :
 For if that he had been easy,
 She'd been more keener than he :
Then hey play up, &c.

She had nae run a mile or twa,
 When she began to consider,
 The ang'ring of her father dear,
 The displeasing o' her mither,
 The slighting of the silly bridegroom,
 The best o' a' the three ;
Then hey play up, &c.

The bride's best maid was grieved
 To hear the bridegroom cry ;
 And so merrily as she cheer'd him,
 What think ye of you and I ?
 Let's join our hands right frankly,
 And wedded we will be ;
 And let Meg Dorts go belt hersel',
 Since she has ta'en the gee.

So, soon Mess John was sent for
 To tie up the marriage-bands ;
 When the saucy bride she heard it,
 She screech'd and clapp'd her hands :

But the bridegroom mock'd and jeer'd her,
 Saying, You've come too late for me;
 Go tell your father and mother
 How I can cure the gee.



CLOUT THE CALDRON.

[This song is supposed to have been composed on an amour of one of the Kenmure family in the Cavalier times. The air was such a favourite with the second Bishop Chisholm of Dunblane, that he used to say, that if he were going to be hanged, nothing would sooth his mind so much by the way as to hear it played.]

HAVE you any pots or pans,
 Or any broken chandlers?
 I am a tinker to my trade,
 And newly come from Flanders,
 As scant of siller as of grace,
 Disbanded we've a bad run;
 Gar tell the lady of the place,
 I'm come to clout her caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
 I'll do't to your contentment,
 And dinna care a single flie
 For any man's resentment;
 For, lady fair, though I appear
 To ev'ry ane a tinker,
 Yet, to yoursel, I'm bauld to tell,
 I am a gentle jinker.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love Jupiter into a swan
 Turn'd for his lovely Leda ;
 He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
 To carry aff Europa.
 Then may not I, as well as he,
 To cheat your Argos blinker,
 And win your love, like mighty Jove,
 Thus hide me in a tinker.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
 But this fine plot you'll fail in,
 For there is neither pot nor pan
 Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
 Then bind your budget on your back,
 And nails up in your apron,
 For I've a tinker under tack
 That's us'd to clout my caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

I HAD A HORSE.

[“ This story was founded on fact. A John Hunter, ancestor to a very respectable farming family who live in a place in the parish, I think, of Galston, called Barr-mill, was the luckless hero that ‘ had a horse and had nae mair.’—For some little youthful follies he found it necessary to make a retreat to the West Highlands, where ‘ he fee’d himself to a *Highland laird*,’ for that is the expression of all the oral editions of the song I ever heard.—The present Mr Hunter, who told me the anecdote, is the great-grandchild to our hero.”—BURNS.]

I HAD a horse, and I had nae mair,
 I gat him frae my daddy ;
 My purse was light, and my heart was sair,
 But my wit it was fu’ ready.

And sae I thought upon a wile,
 Outwittens o' my daddy,
 To fee mysell to a Lawland laird,
 Who had a bonny lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
 Madam, be not offended,
 I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
 And care nae tho' ye kend it:
 For I get little frae the laird,
 And far less frae my daddy,
 And I would blythly be the man
 Would strive to please my lady.

She read my letter, and she leuch,
 Ye need na been sae blate, man;
 You might hae come to me yoursell,
 And tald me o' your state, man:
 You might hae come to me yoursell,
 Outwittens o' your daddy,
 And made John Goukston o' the laird,
 And kiss'd his bonny lady.

Then she pat siller in my purse,
 We drank wine in a cogie;
 She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
 And wow but I was vogie:
 But I gat ne'er sae sair a fleg
 Since I came frae my daddy,
 The laird came rap, rap, to the yett,
 When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me below a chair,
 And happ'd me wi' a plaidie;
 But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
 And wish'd me wi' my daddy.

The laird went out, he saw nae me,
 I went when I was ready:
 I promis'd, but I ne'er gaed back,
 To see his bonny lady.

MY JO JANET.

SWEET sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye come by the Bass then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a keeking-glass then.
 Keek into the draw-well,
 Janet, Janet;
 And there ye'll see your bonny sell,
 My jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
 What if I should fa' in, sir,
 Syne a' my kin will say and swear,
 I drown'd mysell for sin, sir.
 Had the better by the brae,
 Janet, Janet;
 Had the better by the brae,
 My jo Janet.

Good sir, for your courtesie,
 Coming through Aberdeen then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pair of sheen then.
 Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 Janet, Janet;
 Ae pair may gain you ha'f a year,
 My jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
 And skipping like a mawking,
 If they should see my clouted sheen,
 Of me they will be taiking.
 Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
 Janet, Janet;
 Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
 My jo Janet.

Kind sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye gae to the cross then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pacing-horse then.
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 Janet, Janet;
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 My jo Janet.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
 The rock o't winna stand, sir,
 To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
 Employs aft my hand, sir.
 Make the best o't that ye can,
 Janet, Janet;
 But like it never wale a man,
 My jo Janet.



WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN?

[By Burns.]

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?

Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!

Bad luck on the pennie, &c.

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;
He's deyl't and he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen,
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him do a' that I can;
He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie' upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.



TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

[This must have been a popular song in the beginning of the seventeenth century, one stanza of it being quoted in *Othello*, in the scene where Iago entices Cassio to drink with him.]

IN winter when the rain-rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, with his blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill:
Then Bell, my wife, wha loves nae strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up, goodman, save Cromie's life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is a usefu' cow,
 And she is come of a good kyne;
 Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
 And I am laith that she should tyne;
 Get up, goodman, it is fu' time,
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a good gray cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now its scanty worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty year;
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die:
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half a crown;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule;
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hurklen in the ase?
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
 Since we did ane anither ken;
 And we have had between us twa
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten;
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be;
 And if you'd prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
 But she wad guide me, if she can;
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman:
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.



GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

IT fell about the Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was then,
 When our goodwife got puddings to make,
 And she's boil'd them in the pan.

The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
 And blew into the floor;
 Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
 Gae out and bar the door.

My hand is in my hussy'f-skap,
 Goodman, as ye may see,
 An it should nae be barr'd this hundred year,
 It's no be barr'd for me.

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure,
 That the first word whae'er shou'd speak,
 Shou'd rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
 At twelve o'clock at night,
 And they could neither see house nor hall,
 Nor coal, nor candle light.

Now, whether is this a rich man's house?
 Or whether is't a poor?
 But never a word wad ane o' them speak,
 For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
 And then they ate the black;
 Tho' muckle thought the goodwife to hersel,
 Yet ne'er a word she spake.

Then said the one unto the other,
 Here, man, tak ye my knife,
 Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
 And I'll kiss the goodwife.

But there's nae water in the house,
 And what shall we do than?
 What ails ye at the pudding-bree
 That boils into the pan?

O up then started our goodman,
 An angry man was he,
 Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
 And scad me wi' pudding-bree?

Then up and started our goodwife,
 Gied three skips on the floor,
 Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word,
 Get up and bar the door.



THE AULD GOODMAN.

LATE in an evening forth I went,
 A little before the sun gade down,
 And there I chanc'd, by accident,
 To light on a battle new begun.
 A man and his wife was fa'en in a strife,
 I canna weel tell you how it began;
 But ay she wail'd her wretched life,
 And cry'd ever, Alake my auld goodman!

HE.—Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
 The country kens where he was born,
 Was but a silly poor vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn;
 For he did spend and make an end
 Of gear that his forefathers wan,
 He gart the poor stand frae the door;
 Sae tell nae me of thy auld goodman.

SHE.—My heart, alake, is like to break,
 When I think on my winsome John;
 His blinken ee, and gait sae free,
 Was naething like thee, thou dozen'd drone.
 His rosy face, and flaxen hair,
 And a skin as white as ony swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely withal,
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

HE.—Why dost thou 'pleen? I thee maintain,
 For meal and maut thou disna want;
 But thy wild bees I canna please,
 Now when our gear 'gins to grow scant:
 Of household-stuff thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
 Of siclike ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.—Yes, I may tell, and fret mysell,
 To think on those blyth days I had,
 When he and I together lay
 In arms into a well-made bed:
 But now I sigh, and may be sad,
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
 Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep,
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night sae dark,
 And gane was a' the light of day:
 The carl was fear'd to miss-his mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay;
 Then up he gat, and ran away,
 I trow the wife the day she wan,
 And ay the o'erword o' the fray
 Was ever, Alake my auld goodman!



THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE, O!

[By BURNS.]

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout;
 The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O!
 The fien-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife,
 He was but a paidlin body, O!

He paidles out, and he paidles in,
 And he paidles late and early, O!
 This seven lang years I hae lain by his side,
 And he is but a fusionless carlie, O!

O had your tongue my feirrie auld wife,
 O had your tongue now Nansie, O:
 I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
 Ye wad na been sae donsie, O.
 I've seen the day ye butter'd my bröse,
 And cuddled me late and early, O;
 But downa do's come o'er me now,
 And, Oh, I find it sairly, O!



SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

[By BURNS.]

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
 Willie was a wabster gude,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony boddie;
 He had a wife was dour an' din,
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mither:
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour;
 Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
 A whiskin beard about her mou',
 Her nose and chin they threaten ith'er:
Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
 Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther:
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a washin';
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion:
 Her walie nieves' like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan water:
Sic a wife, &c.



MY WIFE'S TA'EN THE GEE.

A FRIEND of mine came here yestreen,
 And he wou'd hae me down,
 To drink a bottle of ale wi' him
 In the niest burrows-town:
 But, O! indeed it was, sir,
 Sae far the war for me,
 For lang or e'er that I came hame,
 My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,
 The truth I tell to you,
 That lang or e'er midnight came,
 We were a' roaring fou.

My wife sits at the fire-side,
 And the tear blinds ay her e'ee,
 The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
 But sit and tak the gee.

In the morning soon, when I came down,
 The ne'er a word she spake;
 But mony a sad and sour look,
 And ay her head she'd shake.
 My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
 To look sae sour on me?
 I'll never do the like again,
 If you'll ne'er tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she flang
 Her arms about my neck;
 And twenty kisses in a crack,
 And, poor wee thing, she grat.
 If you'll ne'er do the like again,
 But bide at hame wi' me,
 I'll lay my life I'se be the wife
 That's never tak the gee.



MY WIFE'S A WANTON WEE THING.

My wife's a wanton wee thing,
 My wife's a wanton wee thing,
 My wife's a wanton wee thing,
 She winna be guided by me.
 She play'd the loon or she was married,
 She play'd the loon or she was married,
 She play'd the loon or she was married,
 She'll do it again or she die.

She sell'd her coat and she drank it,
 She sell'd her coat and she drank it,
 She row'd hersell in a blanket,

She winna be guided for me.
 She mind't na when I forbade her,
 She mind't na when I forbade her,
 I took a rung and I claw'd her,
 And a braw gude bairn was she.



DRAP OF CAPPIE, O.

THERE lived a wife in our gate-end,
 She lo'ed a drap of cappie, O,
 And all the gear that e'er she gat,
 She slipt it in her gabbie, O.

Upon a frosty winter's night,
 The wife had got a drappie, O,
 And she had p——'d her coats sae well,
 She could not find the pattie, O.

But she's awa to her goodman,
 They ca'd him Tammie Lammie, O,
 Gae ben and fetch the cave to me,
 That I may get a drammie, O.

Tammie was an honest man,
 Himsel he took a drappie, O,
 It was nae weel out-o'er his craig,
 Till she was on his tappie, O.

She paid him weel, baith back and side,
 And sair she creish'd his backie, O,
 And made his skin baith blue and black,
 And gar'd his shoulders crackie, O.

Then he's awa' to the malt-barn,
 And he has ta'en a pockie, O,
 He put her in, baith head and tail,
 And cast her o'er his backie, O.

The carling spurn'd wi' head and feet,
 The carle he was sae aukie, O,
 To ilka wa' that he came by.
 He gar'd her head play knackie, O.

Goodman, I think you'll murder me,
 My brains you out will knockie, O:
 He gi'd her ay the other hitch,
 Lie still, you devil's buckie, O.

Goodman, I'm like to make my burn,
 O let me out, good Tammie, O;
 Then he set her upon a stane,
 And bade her p—h a dammie, O.

Then Tammie took her aff the stane,
 And put her in the pockie, O,
 And when she did begin to spurn,
 He lent her ay a knockie, O.

Away he went to the mill-dam,
 And there ga'e her a duckie, O,
 And ilka chiel that had a stick,
 Play'd thump upon her backie, O.

And when he took her hame again,
 He did hing up the pockie, O,
 At her bed-side, as I heard say,
 Upon a little knagie, O.

And ilka day that she up-rose,
 In naething but her smockie, O.
 Sae soon as she look'd o'er the bed,
 She might behold the pockie, O.

Now all ye men, baith far and near,
 That have a drunken tutie, O,
 Duck ye your wives in time of year,
 And I'll lend yeu the pockie, O.

The wife did live for nineteen years;
 And was fu' frank and cuthie, O,
 And ever since she got the duck,
 She never had the drouthie, O.

At last the carling chanc'd to die,
 And Tammie did her bury, O,
 And, for the public benefit,
 He has gar'd print the curie, O.

And this he did her motto make:—
 “Here lies an honest luckie, O,
 Who never left the drinking trade,
 Until she got a duckie, O.”

DRUKEN WIFE O' GALLOWAY.

Down in yon meadow a couple did tarie,
 The goodwife she drank naething but sack and canary;
 The goodman complain'd to her friends right airly,
O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank Crommy, and syne she drank Garié,
 And syne she drank my bonny grey marie,
 That carried me thro' a' the dubs and the lairie.
O! gin, &c.

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,
 And syne she drank her bonny new gown;
 She drank her sark that cover'd her rarely.
O! gin, &c.'

Wad she drink her ain things, I wad na care,
 But she drinks my claihs I canna weel spare;
 When I'm wi' my gossips, it angers me sairly.
O! gin, &c.

My Sunday's coat she's laid it a wad,
 'The best blue bonnet e'er was on my head;
 At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barchly.
O! gin, &c.

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,
 Wi' her neighbour's wife she has laid them in pawn;
 My bane-headed staff that I loo'd so dearly.
O! gin, &c.

I never was for wrangling nor strife,
Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,
For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parley.

O! gin, &c.

When there's ony money, she maun keep the purse;
If I seek but a bawbie, she'll scold and she'll curse;
She lives like a queen, I scrimped and sparely.

O! gin, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow,
But when she sits down, she gets hersel fu',
And when she is fu' she is unco camstairie.

O! gin, &c.

When she comes to the street, she roars and she rants,
Has no fear of her neighbours, nor minds the house
wants;

She rants up some fool sang, like, "Up your heart,
Charlie."

O! gin, &c.

When she comes hame she lays on the lads,
The lassès she ca's them baith b——s and jades,
And ca's mysell ay an auld cuckold carlie.

O! gin, &c.

TODLEN HAME.

[This is an old song; it was considered by Burns as "perhaps the first bottle song that ever was composed."]

WHEN I have a saxpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town:
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;
O! poverty parts good company.

*Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Cou'd na my love come todlen hame?*

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if that her tippenny chance to be sma',
We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.

*Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.*

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?

*Todlen butt and todlen ben,
Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.*

Leeze me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your
mou';

When sober, sae sour, ye'll fight with a flee,
That 'tis a blyth sight to the bairns and me,

*When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.*

THE WEE WIFEIKIE.

[This very excellent song is said to be the composition of the learned Dr Alexander Geddes, well known in the literary world for his translation of the Bible into English, and other works.]

THERE was a wee bit wifeikie, was comin frae the fair,
 Had got a little drappikie, that bred her meikle care ;
 It gaed' about the wifie's heart, and she began to spew,
 Oh ! quo' the wee wifeikie, I wish I binna fou.
I wish I binna fou, quo' she, I wish I binna fou,
Oh ! quo' the wee wifeikie, I wish I binna fou.

If Johnnie find me barley-sick, I'm sure he'll claw my
 skin ;
 But I'll lye down and tak a nap before that I gae in.
 Sitting at the dyke-side, and taking o' her nap,
 By came a packman wi' a little pack,
Wi' a little pack, quo' she, wi' a little pack,
By came a packman wi' a little pack.

He's clippit a' her gowden locks sae bonnie and sae
 lang ;
 He's ta'en her purse and a' her placks, and fast awa
 he ran.
 And when the wifie waken'd her head was like a bee,
 Oh ! quo' the wee wifeikie, this is nae me,
This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
Somebody has been selling me, and this is nae me.

I met with kindly company, and birl'd my babee!
And still, if this be Bessikie, three placks remain wi'
me;

But I will look the pursie nooks, see gin the cunzie
be;—

There's neither purse nor plack about me!—this is
nae me.

This is nae me, &c.

But I have a little housekie, but and a kindly man;
A dog, they ca' him Doussekie, if this be me he'll
faun,

And Johnnie, he'll come to the door, and kindly wel-
come gie,

And a' the bairns on the floor will dance if this be me.

This is nae me, &c.

The night was late, and dang out weet, and oh but it
was dark,

The doggie heard a body's foot, and he began to bark.

Oh when she heard the doggie bark, and kenning it
was he,

Oh well ken ye, Doussie, quo' she, this is nae me.

This is nae me, &c.

When Johnnie heard his Bessie's word, fast to the
door he ran;

Is that you, Bessikie?—Wow na, man!

Be kind to the bairns, and weel mat ye be;

And farewell, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me!

This is nae me, &c.

John ran to the minister, his hair stood a' on end,

I've gotten sic a fright, sir, I fear I'll never mend;

My wife's come hame without a head, crying out most
 piteously,
 Oh farewell, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me!
This is nae me, &c.

The tale you tell, the parson said, is wonderful to me;
 How that a wife without a head could speak, or hear,
 or see!
 But things that happen hereabout, so strangely alter'd
 be,
 That I could almost wi' Bessie say, 'tis neither you
 nor she.
Neither you nor she, quo' he, neither you nor she,
Wow na, Johnnie man, 'tis neither you nor she.

Now Johnnie he came hame again, and oh! but he
 was fain,
 To see his little Bessikie come to hersell again.
 He got her sitting on a stool with Tibbek on her knee,
 Oh! come awa, Johnnie, quo' she, come awa to me,
 For I've got a nap wi' Tibbekie, and this is now me.
This is now me, quo' she, this is now me,
I've got a nap wi' Tibbekie, and this is now me.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

[At a meeting of his brother excisemen in Dumfries, Burns being
 called upon for a song, handed these verses extempore to the
 president, written on the back of a letter.]

THE Deil cam fiddling thro' the town;
 And danc'd awa wi' the exciseman;
 And ilka wife cry'd, Auld Mahoun,
 We wish you luck o' the prize, man.

*The Deil's awa, the Deil's awa,
The Deil's awa wi' the exciseman,
He's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' the exciseman.*

We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony thanks to the muckle black Deil
That danc'd awa wi' the exciseman.
The Deil's awa, &c.

There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,
But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',
Was—the Deil's awa wi' the exciseman.
The Deil's awa, &c.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

Tune—Clout the Caldron.

HERSELL pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwel-prig,* man;
An' mony alterations seen
Amang te Lawland Whig, man.
Fal, lal, &c.

First when her to the Lawlands came,
Nainsell was driving cows, man:
There was nae laws about him's nersc,
About the preeks or trews, man.
Fal, lal, &c.

* The battle of Bothwell-bridge was fought on the 22d July 1679, in which the Covenanters, under General Hamilton, were totally defeated by the royal army commanded by the Duke of Monmouth.

Nainsell did wear the philabeg,
 The plaid prick't on her shou'der;
 The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,
 The pistol sharg'd wi' powder.
Fal, lal, &c.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
 Wherewith her nerse be lockit,
 O hon! that e'er she saw the day!
 For a' her loughs be prokit.
Fal, lal, &c.

Every t'ing in te Highlands now
 Pe turn't to alteration;
 The sodger dwall at our toor-sheek,
 And tat's te great vexation.
Fal, lal, &c.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
 An' laws pring on te cadger:
 Nainsell wad durk him for her deeds,
 But oh! she fears te sodger.
Fal, lal, &c.

Anither law cam after that,
 Me never saw te like, man,
 They mak a lang road on te crund,
 And ca' him Turnimspike, man.
Fal, lal, &c.

An' wow! she pe a ponny road,
 Like Louden corn-rigs, man,
 Where twa carts may gang on her,
 An' no preak ithers legs, man.
Fal, lal, &c.

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,
 In troth she'll no pe sheaper,
 For nought put gaen upo' the crund,
 And they gi'e me a paper.
Fal, lal, &c.

They tak te horse t'en py te head,
 And t'ere they mak' him stand, man:
 Me tell tem me hae seen te day
 Tey had nae sic command, man.
Fal, lal, &c.

Nae doubts, Nainsell maun tra her purse,
 And pay them what hims like, man:
 I'll see a shugement on his toor,
 T'at filthy Turninispikē, man!
Fal, lal, &c.

But I'll awa to te Highland hills,
 Where te'il a anē dare turn her,
 And no come near her Turninispikē,
 Unless it pe to puru her.
Fal, lal, &c.

TULLOCHGORUM.

[Written by the late Rev. John Skinner, sixty-four years Episcopal clergyman at Longside, Aberdeenshire. "He was passing the day," says Burns, "at the town of [Ellon] in a friend's house, whose name was Montgomery. Mrs. Montgomery observing, *en passant*, that the beautiful reel of Tullochgorum wanted words, she begged them of Mr Skinner, who gratified her wishes, and the wishes of every lover of Scottish song, in this most excellent ballad."]

COME gie's a sang, Montgomery cry'd,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies't for folks to chide

For what was done before them :

Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their Whig-mig-morum ;

Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
And cheerful sing alang wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

O Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps a spite,
In conscience I abhor him :

For blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
Blythe and cheerie, blythe and cheerie,
Blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
; And make a happy quorum ;

For blythe and cheerie we'll be a'
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance till we be liké to fa'
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wad na gie our ain Strathspeys

For half a hunder score o' them ;
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum ;

They're dowf and dowie at the best,
 Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
 They canna' please a Scottish taste
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly worms their minds oppress
 Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
 And sullen sots themsells distress

 Wi' keeping up decorum:
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Sour and sulky shall we sit
 Like old philosophorum!

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 Nor ever try to shake a fit

 To th' reel o' Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings ay attend
 Each honest, open-hearted friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,

 And a' that's good watch o'er him;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 Peace and plenty be his lot;

 And dainties a great store o' them;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious spot,
 And may he never want a groat,
 That's fond o' Tullochgorum!

But for the sullen frumpish fool,
 That loves to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And discontent devour him;

May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 Dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And nane say, wae's me for him!
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,
 Whae'er he be that winna dance
 The reel o' Tullochgorum.

MAGGY LAUDER.

WHA wad na be in love
 Wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And speer'd what wa'st they ca'd her;
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,
 Begone, ye hallanshaker,
 Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,
 My name is Maggy Lauder.

Maggy, quoth he, and by my bags,
 I'm fidgeing fain to see you:
 Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
 In troth I winna steer thee:
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter;
 The lasses loup as they were daft,
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae ye your bags,
 Or is your drone in order?
 If you be Rob, I've heard of you;
 Live you upo' the border?

The lasses a', baith far and near,
 Have heard of Rob the Ranter;
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
 Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted:
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
 For brawly cou'd she frisk it:
 Weel done, quoth he: Play up, quoth she:
 Weel bob'd, quoth Rob the Ranter;
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
 When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg,
 Your cheeks are like the crimson;
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
 Since we lost Habby Simpson.
 I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter;
 Gin you should come to Enster fair,
 Speer ye for Maggy Lauder.

DUNCAN DAVISON.

[This song is marked with the letter Z. in Johnson's *Musical Museum*, as being an old song with corrections or additions.]

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
 And she held o'er the moor to spin;
 There was a lad that follow'd her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison;
 The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh,
 Her favour Duncan cou'd na win;
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
 And ay she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly scoor,
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,
 Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
 And ay she set the wheel between;
 But Duncan swore a haly aith,
 That Meg should be a bride the morn,
 Then Meg took up her spinnin graith,
 And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

O! we will big a wee, wee house,
 And we will live like king and queen,
 Sae blythe and merry's we will be,
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
 A man may drink and no be drunk,
 A man may fight, and no be slain;
 A man may kiss a bonny lass,
 And ay be welcome back again.

THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE.

[In Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* this song is marked with the letter Q. as an old song with additions.]

THERE was a wife won'd in a glen,
 And she had dochters nine or ten,
 That sought the house baith butt and ben
 To find their mam a snishing.*
The auld wife ayont the fire,
The auld wife aniest the fire,
The auld wife aboon the fire,
She died for lack of snishing.

* Snishing, in its literal meaning, is snuff made of tobacco; but in this song it means sometimes contentment, a husband, love, money, &c.

Her mill into some hole had fawn,
 What recks, quoth she, let it be gawn,
 For I maun hae a young goodman,
 Shall furnish me with snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,
 Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
 And if you with a yonker wald,
 He'll waste away your snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,
 O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,
 Besides ha'f blind, ye hae the gout,
 Your mill can had nae snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Ye lie, ye limmers, cries auld mump,
 For I hae baith a tooth and stump,
 And will nae langer live in dump,
 By wanting of my snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pauky slut,
 Mother, if you can crack a nut,
 Then we will a' consent to it,
 That you shall have a snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to that,
 And they a pistol-bullet gat;
 She powerfully began to crack,
 To won hersell a snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,
 And 'tween her gums sae squeeze and row't,
 While frae her jaws the slaver flow'd,
 And ay she curst poor stumpy.
The auld wife, &c.

At last she ga'e a desperate squeeze,
 Which brak the lang tooth by the neeze,
 And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
 But she tint hopes of snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

She of the task began to tire,
 And frae her dochters did retire,
 Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
 And died for lack of snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

Ye auld wives, notice well this truth,
 As soon as ye're past mark of mouth,
 Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
 And leave aff thoughts of snishing:
*Else, like this wife ayont the fire,
 Your bairns against you will conspire;
 Nor will you get, unless ye hire,
 A young man with your snishing.*



THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

[By the Rev. JOHN SKINNER.]

WERE I but able to rehearse,
 My ewie's praise in proper verse,
 I'd sound it forth as loud and fierce
 As ever piper's drōne could blaw;

The ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Wha had kent her might hae sworn
 Sic a ewe was never born,
 Hereabout nor far awa',
Sic a ewe was never born,
 Hereabout nor far awa'.

I never needed tar nor keil
 To mark her upo' hip or heel,
 Her crookit horn did as weel
 To ken her by amo' them a';
 She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
 But keepit ay her ain jog-trot,
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
 Was never sweir to lead nor ca',
Baith to the fauld and to the cot, &c.

Could nor hunger never dang her,
 Wind nor wet could never wrang her,
 Anes she lay an ouk and langer
 Furth aneath a wreath o' snaw:
 Whan ith'er ewie's lap the dyke,
 And eat the kail for a' the tyke,
 My ewie never play'd the like,
 But tye'd about the barn wa';
My ewie never play'd the like, &c.

A better or a thriftier beast,
 Nae honest man could weel hae wist,
 For silly thing she never mist,
 To hae ilk' year a lamb or twa';
 The first she had I gae to Jock,
 To be to him a kind o' stock,
 And now the laddie has a flock
 O' mair nor thirty head ava';
And now the laddie has a flock, &c.

I lookit aye at even' for her,
 Lest mishanter shou'd come o'er her,
 Or the fowmart might devour her,
 Gin the beastie bade awa';
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Well deserv'd baith girse and corn,
 Sic a ewe was never born,
 Hereabout nor far awa'.
Sic a ewe was never born, &c.

Yet last ouk, for a' my keeping,
 (Wha can speak it without greeting?)
 A villain cam when I was sleeping,
 Sta' my ewie, horn and a':
 I sought her sair upo' the morn,
 And down aneath a buss o' thorn
 I got my ewie's crookit horn,
 But my ewie was awa'.
I got my ewie's crookit horn, &c.

O! gin I had the loun that did it,
 Sworn I have as well as said it,
 Tho' a' the warld should forbid it,
 I wad gie his neck a thra':
 I never met wi' sic a turn
 As this sin ever I was born,
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Silly ewie stown awa',
My ewie wi' the crookit horn, &c.

O! had she died o' crook or cauld,
 As ewies do when they grow auld,
 It wad na been, by mony fauld,
 Sae sair a heart to nane o's a';

For a' the claith that we hae worn,
 Frae her and her's sae aften shorn,
 The loss o' her we cou'd hae born,
 Had fair strae-death ta'en her awa'.
The loss o' her we cou'd hae born, &c.

But thus, poor thing, to lose her life,
 Aneath a bleedy villain's knife,
 I'm really fley't that our guidwife
 Will never win aboon't ava':
 O! a' ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
 Call your muses up and mourn,
 Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Stown frae's, and fellt and a'!
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn, &c.



JOHN O' BADENYON.

[Written by the Rev. JOHN SKINNER, about 1763, when Messrs. Wilkes, Horne, &c, were making a noise about liberty.]

WHEN first I cam to be a man
 Of twenty years or so,
 I thought myself a handsome youth,
 And fain the world would know;
 In best attire I stept abroad,
 With spirits brisk and gay,
 And here and there and every where
 Was like a morn in May;
 No care I had nor fear of want,
 But rambled up and down,
 And for a beau I might have past
 In country or in town;

I still was pleas'd where'er I went,
 And when I was alone,
 I tun'd my pipe and pleas'd myself.
 Wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime
 A mistress I must find,
 For love, I heard, gave one an air
 And ev'n improv'd the mind:
 On Phillis fair above the rest
 Kind fortune fixt my eyes,
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
 And she became my choice;
 To Cupid now with hearty prayer
 I offer'd many a vow;
 And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
 As other lovers do;
 But, when at last I breath'd my flame,
 I found her cold as stone;
 I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd
 With foolish hopes and vain;
 To friendship's part I steer'd my course,
 And laugh'd at lovers' pain;
 A friend I got by lucky chance,
 'Twas something like divine,
 An honest friend's a precious gift,
 And such a gift was mine;
 And now whatever might betide
 A happy man was I,
 In any strait I knew to whom
 I freely might apply;

A strait soon came: my friend I try'd;
 He heard, and spurn'd my moan;
 I hy'd me home, and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

Methought I should be wiser next
 And would a patriot turn,
 Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes
 And cry up Parson Horne.
 Their manly spirit I admir'd,
 And prais'd their noble zeal,
 Who had with flaming tongue and pen
 Maintain'd the public weal;
 But ere a month or two had past,
 I found myself betray'd,
 'Twas self and party after all,
 For a' the stir they made;
 At last I saw the factious knaves
 Insult the very throne,
 I curs'd them a', and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon,

What next to do I mus'd a while,
 Still hoping to succeed,
 I pitch'd on books for company,
 And gravely try'd to read:
 I bought and borrowed every where,
 And study'd night and day,
 Nor mist what dean or doctor wrote
 That happen'd in my way:
 Philosophy I now esteem'd
 The ornament of youth,
 And carefully through many a page
 I hunted after truth.

A thousand various schemes I try'd,
 And yet was pleas'd with none,
 I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

And now ye youngsters every where,
 That wish to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor fondly hope
 For happiness below ;
 What you may fancy pleasure here,
 Is but an empty name,
 And girls, and friends, and books, and so,
 You'll find them all the same ;
 Then be advised and warning take
 From such a man as me ;
 I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
 Nor one of high degree ;
 You'll meet displeasure every where ;
 Then do as I have done,
 Ev'n tune your pipe and please yourselves
 With John o' Badenyon.

PART III.—SONGS.

Love.

FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

[The first verse is old, the others are from RAMSAY'S beautiful
ode *To the Ph—*.]

GIN ye meet a bonny lassie
Gi'e her a kiss and let her gae,
But if ye meet a dirty hussy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay you twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delyte,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte,
 On you, if she kep ony skaith.

Haith, ye're ill bred, she'll smiling say;
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook:
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide hersell in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
 Where lies the happiness you want,
 And plainly tell you to your face,
 Nineteen nay-says are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kiss:
 Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
 As taiken of a future bliss.

These bennisons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the gods indulgent grant;
 Then, surly carles, wish't, forbear
 To plague us wi' your whining cant.



KATHARINE OGIE.

[About 1680, this song was sung by Mr Abell at his concert in Stationers Hall, London.—RITSON.]

As walking forth to view the plain,
 Upon a morning early,
 While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
 From flowers which grow so rarely:

I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
 She shin'd though it was fogie:
 I ask'd her name: Sweet sir, she said,
 My name is Katharine Ogic.

I stood a while, and did admire
 To see a nymph so stately;
 So brisk an air there did appear,
 In a country maid so neatly:
 Such natural sweetness she display'd,
 Like a lillie in a bogie;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this same Katharine Ogic.

Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee;
 Though thou art drest in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee:
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
 Far excels any clownish rogie;
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 My charming Katharine Ogic.

O were I but a shepherd swain!
 To feed my flock beside thee,
 At boughting time to leave the plain,
 In milking to abide thee;
 I'd think myself a happier man,
 With Kate, my club, and dogie,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I but Katharine Ogic.

Than I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 And statesmen's dangerous stations;
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations;

Might I caress and still possess
 This lass, of whom I'm vogie;
 For these are toys, and still look less
 Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works of nature:
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and fogie;
 Pity my case, ye powers above!
 Else I die for Katharine Ogie.



THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

[Written by RAMSAY while residing at Loudon Castle with the then Earl. One forenoon, riding, or walking out together, his Lordship and Allan passed a sweet romantic spot on Irvine water, still called "Patie's Mill," where a bonnie lass was "tedding hay," bareheaded on the green. My Lord observed to Allan, that it would be a fine theme for a song. Ramsay took the hint, and, lingering behind, he composed the first sketch of it, which he produced at dinner.—BURNS.]

THE lass of Patie's mill,
 So bonny, blyth and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 She stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay,
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her cen.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand.
 Through all my spirits ran
 An extasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride;
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I all that wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains* fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Patie's mill,
 Should share the same with me.

* Thirty-three miles south-west of Edinburgh, where the Right Honourable the Earl of Hopetoun's mines of gold and lead are.—
 RAMSAY.

O'ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHIER.

[“ This is the composition of Jean Glover, a girl who was not only a , but also , and in one or other character has visited most of the in the west. She was born I believe in Kilmarnock,—I took the song down from her singing as she was strolling through the country with a slight-of-hand —BURNS.]

COMIN thro' the craigs o' Kyle,
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie,
 Keeping a' her yowes thegither,
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 O'er the moor amang the heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie,
 Keeping a' her yowes thegither.

Says I, My dearie where is thy hame,
 In moor or dale pray tell me whether?
 She said, I tent the fleecy flocks
 That feed amang the blooming heather.
 O'er the moor, &c.

We laid us down upon a bank,
 Sac warm and sunny was the weather,
 She left her flocks at large to rove
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather.
 O'er the moor, &c.

While thus we lay, she sang a sang,
 Till echo rang a mile and farther,
 And ay the burden o' the sang
 Was o'er the moor amang the heather.
 O'er the moor, &c.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne,
 I could na think on any ither:
 By sea and sky she shall be mine!
 The bonnie lass amang the heather.
O'er the moor, &c.



THE LAMMIE.

[By H. MACNEILL, Esq.]

WHAR hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy?
 Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy?
 I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,
 Meadow green and mountain grey,
 Courting o' this young thing
 Just come frae her mammy.

And whar gat ye that young thing,
 My boy Tammy?
 I gat her down in yonder how,
 Smiling on a broomy know,
 Herding ae wee lamb and ewe
 For her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
 My boy Tammy?
 I prais'd her een, so lovely blue,
 Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou;—
 I pree'd it aft as ye may trou!—
 She said, she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,
 My young, my smiling lammie!

I hae a house, it cost me dear,
 I've walth o' plenishen and gear;
 Ye'se get it a' wer't ten times mair,
 Gin ye will leave your mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—
 I maun nae leave my mammy;
 She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claise;
 She's been my comfort a' my days:—
 My father's death brought mony waes—
 I canna leave my mammy.

We'll tak her hame and mak her fain,
 My ain kind-hearted lammie;
 We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,
 We'll be her comfort a' her days.
 The wee thing gies her hand, and says,
 There! gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk with thee,
 My boy Tammy?
 She has been to the kirk wi' me,
 And the tear was in her ee,—
 But O! she's but a young thing;
 Just come frae her mammy.



MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING.

[By RAMSAY.]

Tune—*The wawking of the fauld.*

My Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay;

My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm nae very auld,
 Yet well I like to meet her at
 The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld;
 But she gars a' my spirits glow,
 At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld;
 And naething gi'es me sic delight,
 As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae softly,
 When on my pipe I play;
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings sae softly,
 And in her sangs are tauld,
 With innocence, the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld.

CORN RIGS ARE BONNY.

[By RAMSAY.]

My Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.
 His shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's stately in his wa'king;
 The shining of his een surprise;
 'Tis heaven to hear him ta'king.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a-glowing.
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
 "O corn rigs are bonny."

Let maidens of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting;
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chastely should be granting;
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle air or late
 Where corn rigs are bonny.

TWEED-SIDE.

[These verses are the old words to this tune, and are said to have been composed by a Lord Yester.]

WHEN Maggy and I were acquaint,
 I carried my noddle fu' hie;
 Nae lintwhite on all the gay plain,
 Nor gowdspink sac bonny as she.
 I whistled, I pip'd, and I sang,
 I woo'd, but I came nae great speed;
 Therefore I maun wander abroad,
 And lay my banes over the Tweed.

To Maggy my love I did tell,
 Saut tears did my passion express;
 Alas! for I lo'ed her o'er well,
 And the women lo'e sic a man less.
 Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
 Her pride had my ruin decreed,
 Therefore I will wander abroad,
 And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

TWEED-SIDE.

[Written about 1731 by Robert Crawford of Auchinames, who was unfortunately drowned coming from France. The Mary to whom the lines are addressed, says the learned author of *Marmion*, was a Miss Mary Lilius Scott of the Harden family.]

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed.

No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,
 Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not 'tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

[The first stanza is supposed to be part of the original song, which, it is to be regretted, RAMSAY altered, substituting his own verses in its stead, it being highly probable that the present song is much inferior to the old one which was founded on the following story:—"The celebrated Bessie Bell and Mary Gray are buried near Lyndoch.* The common tradition is, that the father of the former was laird of Kinvaid, in the neighbourhood of Lyndoch, and the father of the latter laird of Lyndoch; that these two young ladies were both very handsome, and a most intimate friendship subsisted between them; that while Miss Bell was on a visit to Miss Gray, the plague broke out in the year 1666, in order to avoid which, they built themselves a bower, about three quarters of a mile west from Lyndoch-house, in a very retired and romantic place, called Burn-bracs, on the side of Brauchie-burn. Here they lived for some time, but the plague raging with great fury, they caught the infection, it is said, from a young gentleman, who was in love with them both, and here they died. The burial place lies about half a mile west from the present house of Lyndoch." *Muses Threnodie*, p. 19, Perth, 1774.]

O BESSY BELL and Mary Gray,
 They are twa bonny lasses,
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae,
 And theeked it o'er wi' rashes.
 Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er could alter;
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap;
 'She smiles like a May morning,
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning:

* The seat of that gallant officer, Lord Lyndoch.

White is her neck, saft is her hand,
 Her waist and feet's fu' genty;
 With ilka grace she can command;
 Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a craw,
 Her een like diamonds glances;
 She's ay sae clean, redd up, and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances:
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is;
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
 O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco sair oppress us;
 Our fancies jee between you twae,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses:
 Waes me! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH
 KATY.

[By RAMSAY.]

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,
 Coming down the street, my jo?
 My mistress in her tartan screen,
 Fu' bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.

My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
 That never wish'd a lover ill,
 Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
 Let's tak' a wauk up to the Hill.

O Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinsome town a while?
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the simmer's gaw'n to smile:
 The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
 The bleeting lambs, and whistling hind,
 In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad your mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
 Does bend his morning draught of dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flowers to busk your brow:
 We'll pu' the daisies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog;
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A canny, saft, and flow'ry den,
 Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r:
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the cauler shade remove,
 There will I lock thee in my arms,
 And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

KATY'S ANSWER.

My mither's ay glowran o'er me,
 Though she did the same before me;
 I canna get leave
 To look to my loove,
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take your offer,
 Sweet sir, but I'll tine my tocher,
 Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
 And wyte your poor Kate,
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For, though my father has plenty
 Of siller, and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco sweer
 To twin wi' his gear,
 And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion;
 Brag weel o' your land,
 And there's my leal hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.



HIGHLAND LADDIE.

[By RAMSAY.]

THE Lawland lads think they are fine;
 But O, they're vain and idly gaudy!
 How much unlike that gracefu' mein,
 And manly looks of my Highland laddie

*O my bonny Highland laddie,
 My handsome charming Highland laddie!
 May Heaven still guard, and love reward
 Our Lawland lass, and her Highland laddie!*

If I were free at will to chuse,
 To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,
 I'd tak young Donald without trews,
 With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in burrows-town,
 In a' his airs, with art made ready,
 Compar'd to him he's but a clown;
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland kin and daddy,
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
 He'll screen me, with his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
 May please a Lawland laird and lady;
 But I can kiss, and be as glad,
 Behind a bush in's Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his Lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidie.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his luvè prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heaven preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

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### THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

THE Lawland maids gang trig and fine,  
 But aft they're sour and unco saucy ;  
 Sae proud, they never can be kind  
 Like my good-humour'd Highland lassie.  
*O my bonny Highland lassie,*  
*My hearty smiling Highland lassie ;*  
*May never care make thee less fair,*  
*But bloom of youth still bless my lassie !*

Than ony lass in burrows-town,  
 Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie,  
 I'd take my Katy but a gown,  
 Bare-footed in her little coatie.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

Beneath the brier, or brecken bush,  
 Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie ;  
 Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,  
 My flighteren heart gangs pittie pattie.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

O'er highest hethery hills I'll stén,  
 With cockit gun and ratches tenty,  
 To drive the deer out of their den,  
 To feast my lass on dishes dainty.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

There'e nane shall dare by deed or word,  
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,  
 While I can wield my trusty sword,  
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

The mountains clad with purple bloom,  
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure  
 To range with me ; let great fowk gloom,  
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.  
*O my bonny, &c.*



### THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

[Written by Mr DUDGEON, a respectable farmer's son in Berwickshire.—BURNS.]

Up amang yon cliffy rocks,  
 Sweetly rings the rising echo,  
 To the maid that tends the goats,  
 Lilting o'er her native notes.  
 Hark, she sings, Young Sandy's kind,  
 And he's promis'd ay to lo'e me ;  
 Here's a brotch, I ne'er shall tin'd,  
 'Till he's fairly married to me ;  
 Drive away, ye drone time,  
 And bring about our bridal day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,  
 Aften does he blaw the whistle,  
 In a strain sae saftly sweet,  
 Lammies list'ning dare nae bleat ;

He's as fleet's the mountain roc,  
 Hardy as the Highland heather,  
 Wading thro' the winter snow,  
 Keeping ay his flock together ;  
 But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,  
 He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

Brawly he can dance and sing  
 Canty glee or Highland cronach ;  
 Nane can ever match his fling  
 At a reel or round a ring ;  
 Wightly can he wield a rung,  
 In a brawl he's ay the bangster :  
 A' his praise can ne'er be sung  
 By the langest winded sangster.  
 Sangs that sing o' Sandy  
 Come short, tho' they were e'er sac lang.



### ROSLIN CASTLE.

[By Mr RICHARD HEWIT, whom the celebrated Dr Blacklock kept for some years as an amanuensis. The air was composed by Mr Oswald, a music-seller in London, who about the year 1750 published a large collection of Scotch tunes, under the title of *The Caledonian Pocket Companion*.]

'Twas in that season of the year,  
 When all things gay and sweet appear,  
 That Colin with the morning ray,  
 Arose and sung his rural lay.  
 Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,  
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung ;  
 While Roslin Castle heard the swain,  
 And echo'd back the chearful strain.



Awake, sweet muse! the breathing spring  
 With rapture warms; awake and sing!  
 Awake and join the vocal throng,  
 Who hail the morning with a song;  
 To Nanny raise the chearful lay,  
 O! bid her haste and come away;  
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
 And add new graces to the morn!

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray  
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;  
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng;  
 And love inspires the melting song:  
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise;  
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;  
 And love my rising bosom warms,  
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O! come, my love! thy Colin's lay  
 With rapture calls, O come away!  
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine  
 Around that modest brow of thine;  
 O! hither haste, and with thee bring  
 That beauty blooming like the spring,  
 Those graces that divinely shine,  
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine!



### JOCKEY WAS THE BLYTHEST LAD.

[This song is marked with the letter Z. in Johnson's *Musical Museum*, as being an old song with corrections or additions.]

YOUNG Jockey was the blythest lad  
 In a' our town, or here awa';  
 Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,  
 Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'.

He roos'd my een sae bonnie blue,  
 He roos'd my waist sae genty sma';  
 And ay my heart came to my mou',  
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,  
 Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and sna';  
 And o'er the lee I leuk fu' fain,  
 When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.  
 An' ay the night comes round again,  
 When in his arms he taks me a';  
 An' ay he vows he'll be my ain  
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.



### THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

[By BURNS. "The heroine of this song," says Dr Currie, "was Miss J——, of Lochmaban. This lady, now Mrs R——, after residing some time in Liverpool, is settled with her husband in New-York, North America."—BURNS'S *Works*, vol. iv. 299.]

I GAED a waefu' gate, yestreen,  
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;  
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,  
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.  
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;  
 Her lips, like roses wat wi' dew,  
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white—  
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,  
 She charm'd my soul I wiist na how;  
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound,  
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed;  
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow:  
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead  
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

[By BURNS.]

Tune—*Onagh's water-fall*.

SÆ flaxen were her ringlets,  
 Her eye-brows óf a darker hue,  
 Bewitchingly o'er-arehing  
 Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.  
 Her smiling sae wyling,  
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe;  
 What pleasure, what treasure,  
 Unto these rosy lips to grow:  
 Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,  
 When first her bonnie face I saw,  
 An' ay my Chloris' dearest charm,  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;  
 Her pretty ancle is a spy  
 Betraying fair proportion,  
 Wad make a saint forget the sky.  
 Sae warming, sae charming,  
 Her fau'tless form and gracefu' air;  
 Ilk feature—auld Nature  
 Declar'd that she could do nae mair:  
 Her's are the willing chains o' love,  
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law;  
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,  
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,  
 And gaudy shew at sunny noon ;  
 Gie me the lonely valley,  
 The dewy eve, and rising moon  
 Fair beaming, and streaming,  
 Her silver light the boughs amang ;  
 While falling, recalling,  
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang :  
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove  
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,  
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,  
 And say thou lo'es me best of a'.



### THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

[By BURNS.]

Tune—*This is no my ain house.*

*O THIS is no my ain lassie,  
 Fair tho' the lassie be ;  
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,  
 Kind love is in her e'e.*

I see a form, I see a face,  
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :  
 It wants to me the witching grace,  
 The kind love that's in her e'e.  
*O this is no, &c.*

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,  
 And lang has had my heart in thrall ;  
 And ay it charms my very saul,  
 The kind love that's in her e'e.  
*O this is no, &c.*

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,  
 To steal a blink, by a' unseen,  
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,  
 When kind love is in the e'e.

*O this is no, &c.*

It may escape the courtly sparks,  
 It may escape the learned clerks;  
 But weel the watching lover marks  
 The kind love that's in her e'e.

*O this is no, &c.*



## O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

[By BURNS. "The heroine of this song," says Dr Currie, "Mrs O. (formerly Miss L. J.) died lately (1799) at Lisbon. This most accomplished and most lovely woman was worthy of this beautiful strain of sensibility. The song is written in the character of her husband."—BURNS'S *Works*, vol. iv. 342.]

O WAT ye wha's in yon town,  
 Ye see the e'enin sun upon,  
 The fairest dame's in yon town,  
 That e'enin sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,  
 She wanders by yon spreading tree:  
 How blest ye flowers that round her blaw,  
 Ye catch the glances o' her e'e.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,  
 And welcome in the blooming year,  
 And doubly welcome be the spring,  
 The season to my Lucy dear.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,  
 And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;  
 But my delight in yon town,  
 And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms  
 O' Paradise could yield me joy;  
 But gie me Lucy in my arms,  
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,  
 Tho' raging winter rent the air;  
 And she a lovely little flower,  
 That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,  
 Yon sinkin sun's gane down upon;  
 A fairer than's in yon town,  
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,  
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear;  
 I careless quit aught else below,  
 But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,  
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,  
 And she—as fairest is her form!  
 She has the truest kindest heart.



## JESSIE THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

[BY TANNY HILL.]

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomon,  
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene;



While lanely I stray on a calm simmer gloamin'  
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.  
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom!  
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;  
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,  
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.  
*Is lovely young Jessie, &c.*

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonnie,  
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;  
 Accurs'd be the villain, divested o' feeling,  
 Wou'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dum-  
 blane.  
 Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,  
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calder-wood glen;  
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless an' winning,  
 Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.  
*Is charming young Jessie, &c.*

How lost were my days, till I met wi' my Jessie,  
 The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;  
 I ne'er saw a nymph I could call my dear lassie,  
 Till charm'd wi' young Jessie the flower o' Dumblane.  
 Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,  
 Amid'st it's profusion I'd languish in pain,  
 An' reckon as naething the height o' it's splendour,  
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.  
*If wanting sweet Jessie, &c.*



# MY NANNIE, O.

[By BURNS.]

Tune—*My Nannie, O.*

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,  
 'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,

The wintry sun the day has clos'd,  
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill;  
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;  
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,  
An' owre the hill to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young;  
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:  
May ill befa' the flattering tongue  
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;  
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,  
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
An' few there be that ken me, O;  
But what care I how few they be,  
I'm welcome ay to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,  
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;  
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,  
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view  
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;  
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,  
An' has'nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,  
I'll tak' what Heav'n will sen' me, O;  
Nae ither care in life have I,  
But live an' love my Nannie, O.

## DUMBARTON DRUMS.

DUMBARTON's drums beat bonny, O,  
 When they mind me of my dear Johnny, O,  
     How happy am I,  
     When my soldier is by,  
 While he kisses and blesses his Annie, O!  
 'Tis a soldier alone can delight me, O,  
 For his graceful looks do invite me, O:  
     While guarded in his arms,  
     I'll fear no war's alarms,  
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me, O.

My love is a handsome laddie, O,  
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy, O:  
     Tho' commissions are dear,  
     Yet I'll buy him one this year;  
 For he shall serve no longer a cadle, O.  
 A soldier has honour and bravery, O,  
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O:  
     He minds no other thing  
     But the ladies or the king;  
 For every other care is but slav'ry, O.

Then I'll be a captain's lady, O;  
 Farewell all my friends, and my daddy, O;  
     I'll wait no more at home,  
     But I'll follow with the drum,  
 And whenc'er that beats I'll be ready, O.  
 Dumbarton's drums sound bonny, O,  
 They are sprightly like my dear Johnny, O:  
     How happy shall I be,  
     When on my soldier's knee,  
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie, O!

## THE SOGER LADDIE.

[The first verse of this is old ; the rest is by RAMSAY.—BURNS.]

My soger laddie is over the sea,  
And he will bring gold and money to me ;  
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady,  
My blessings gang wi' my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,  
And can as a soger and lover behave ;  
True to his country ; to love he is steady ;  
There's few to compare with my soger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels ! frae death in alarms,  
Return him with laurels to my longing arms,  
Syne frae all my care ye'll presently free me,  
When back to my wishes my soger ye gie me.

O ! soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,  
As quickly they must, if he get his due :  
For in noble actions his courage is ready,  
Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.



## O'ER BOGIE.

[By RAMSAY.]

*I will awa wi' my love,  
I will awa wi' her,  
Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,  
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.*

If I can get but her consent,  
 I dinna care a strae  
 Though ilka ane be discontent,  
 Awa wi' her I'll gae.  
*I will awa, &c.*

For now she's mistress of my heart,  
 And wordy of my hand,  
 And well I wat we shanna part  
 For siller or for land.  
 Let rakes delight to swear and drink,  
 And beaus admire fine lace;  
 But my chief pleasure is to blink  
 On Betty's bonnie face.  
*I will awa, &c.*

There a' the beauties do combine,  
 Of colour, traits, and air;  
 The saul that sparkles in her een  
 Maks her a jewel rare;  
 Her flowing wit gives shining life  
 To a' her other charms;  
 How blest I'll be when she's my wife,  
 And lock'd up in my arms!  
*I will awa, &c.*

There blythly will I rant and sing,  
 While o'er her sweets I range,  
 I'll cry, Your humble servant, king,  
 Shame fa' them that wad change.  
 A kiss of Betty and a smile,  
 Albeit ye wad lay down.  
 The right ye hae to Britain's isle,  
 And offer me your crown.  
*I will awa, &c.*

## KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

ROBIN is my only jo,  
 Robin has the art to lo'e,  
 So to his suit I mean to bow,  
     Because I ken he lo'es me.  
 Happy, happy was the show'r,  
 That led me to his birken bow'r,  
 Where first of love I fand the pow'r,  
     And kend that Robin lo'ed me.

They speak of napkins, speak of rings,  
 Speak of gloves and kissing strings,  
 And name a thousand bonny things,  
     And ca' them signs he lo'es me.  
 But I'd prefer a smack of Rob,  
 Sporting on the velvet fog,  
 To gifts as lang's a plaiden wob,  
     Because I ken he lo'es me.

He's tall and sonsy, frank, and free,  
 Lo'ed by a', and dear to me,  
 Wi' him I'd live; wi' him I'd die,  
     Because my Robin lo'es me.  
 My titty Mary said to me,  
 Our courtship but a jōke wad be,  
 And I, or lang, be made to see,  
     That Robin did na lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been  
 Me and my honest Rob between,  
 And in his wooing, O so keen  
     Kind Robin is that lo'es me.



Then fly, ye lazy hours, away,  
 And hasten on the happy day,  
 When, Join your hands, Mess John shall say,  
 And mak him mine that lo'es me.

Till then, let ev'ry chance unite,  
 To weigh our love, and fix delight,  
 And I'll look down on such wi' spite,  
 Who doubt that Robin lo'es me.  
 O hey, Robin, quo' she,  
 O hey, Robin, quo' she,  
 O hey, Robin, quo' she,  
 Kind Robin lo'es me.



### SANDY O'ER THE LEE.

I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee,  
 I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee;  
 I winna hae the dominie, for gude he canna be,  
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lee,  
*For he's aye a kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me,*  
*He's aye a kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me.*

I winna hae the minister for a' his godly looks,  
 Nor yet will I the lawyer hae, for a' his wily crooks:  
 I winna hae the ploughman lad, nor yet will I the  
 miller,  
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, without ae penny siller.  
*For he's aye a kissing, kissing, &c.*

I winna hae the soger lad, for he gangs to the war,  
 I winna hae the sailor lad, because he smells of tar;  
 I winna hae the lord nor laird, for a' their meikle gear,  
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the moor.  
*For he's aye a kissing, kissing, &c.*

## LASS WITH A LUMP OF LAND.

[By RAMSAT.]

GIE me a lass with a lump of land,  
 And we for life shall gang thegither,  
 Tho' daft or wise, I'll ne'er demand,  
 Or black or fair, it maksna whether.  
 I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,  
 And blood alane is no worth a shilling.  
 But she that's rich, her market's made,  
 For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gie me a lass with a lump of land,  
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;  
 Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,  
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.  
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,  
 I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle;  
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,  
 They'se never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,  
 And siller and gowd's a sweet complexion;  
 But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,  
 Have tint the art of gaining affection;  
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,  
 And castles and rigs, and muirs and meadows,  
 And naething can catch our modern sparks,  
 But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

## HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

[BY BURNS.]

Tune—*Balinamona ora.*

Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,  
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms:  
 O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,  
 O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

*Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey for a lass  
 wi' a tocher,*

*Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher; the nice yellow  
 guineas for me.*

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,  
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows;  
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,  
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.

*Then hey, &c.*

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,  
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy when possess;  
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,  
 The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.

*Then hey, &c.*

## COUNTRY LASSIE.

[BY BURNS.]

IN simmer when the hay was mawn,  
 And corn wav'd green in ilka field,  
 While claver blooms white o'er the lea,  
 And roses blaw in ilka field;

Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel,  
 Says, I'll be wed, come o't what will:  
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,  
 O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

It's ye hae wooers mony ane,  
 And lassie ye're but young ye ken:  
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale  
 A routhie butt, a routhie ben:  
 There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,  
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;  
 Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,  
 It's plenty beets the luvver's fire.

For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,  
 I dinna care a single flee;  
 He lo'es sae well his craps and kye,  
 He has nae luvve to spare for me:  
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,  
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:  
 Ae blink o' him I wad nae gie  
 For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;  
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair:  
 But ay fu' han't is fechtin best,  
 A hungry care's an unco care:  
 But some will spend, and some will spare,  
 And wilfu' folk maun hae their will;  
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,  
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.

O gear will buy me rigs o' land,  
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye;  
 But the tender heart o' leesome luvve,  
 The gowd and siller canna buy:

We may be poor,—Robie and I,  
 Light is the burden luvè lays on;  
 Content and luvè brings peace and joy,  
 What mair hae queens upon a throne?

TAM GLEN.

[BY BURNS.]

Tune—*The mucking o' Geordie's byre.*

MY heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie,  
 Some counsel unto me come len',  
 To anger them a' is a pity,  
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,  
 In poortith I might mak a fen';  
 What care I in riches to wallow,  
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Drumeller,  
 "Gude day to you," brute! he comes ben;  
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,  
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,  
 And bids me beware o' young men;  
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,  
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
 He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten:  
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,  
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,  
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten ;  
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,  
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin  
 My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken ;  
 His likeness cam up the house staukin,  
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry ;  
 I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,  
 Gif ye will advise me to marry  
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen,



### GALLA WATER.

[The old words.]

BRAW, braw lads of Galla water,  
 O ! braw lads of Galla water ;  
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,  
 And follow my love thro' the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,  
 Sae bonnie blue her een, my dearie ;  
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',  
 I aften kiss her till I'm wearie.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,  
 O'er yon moss among the heather,  
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,  
 And follow my love thro' the water.



Down amang the broom, the broom,  
 Down amang the broom, my dearie ;  
 The lassie lost her silken snood,  
 That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.

~~~~~

GALLA WATER.

[BY BURNS.]

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 Ye wander thro' the blooming heather ;
 But Yarrow braes, nor Ettric shaws,
 Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I loe him better ;
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonny lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
 And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher ;
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest warld's treasure !

~~~~~

ETTRICK BANKS.

ON Ettrick banks, in a summer's night,  
 At gloaming when the sheep drave hame,

I met my lassie braw and tight,  
 Come wading, barefoot, a' her lane:  
 My heart grew light; I ran, I flang  
 My arms about her lily neck,  
 And kiss'd and clap'd her there fou lang,  
 My words they were na mony feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye go  
 To the Highland hills, the Erse to learn?  
 I'll baith gie thee a cow and ewe,  
 When ye come to the Brig of Earn.  
 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,  
 And herrings at the Broomy-Law,  
 Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,  
 There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,  
 When winter-frosts, and snaw begin,  
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,  
 At night when ye sit down to spin,  
 I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring;  
 And thus the weary night we'll end,  
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring.  
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,  
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,  
 I'll meet my lass amang the broom,  
 And lead you to my summer shield.  
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,  
 That mak the kindly hearts their sport,  
 We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,  
 And gar the longest day seem short.

## THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

[The old words.]

THE yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,  
 Cries, Milk the ewes, lassie, let nane of them gae:  
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,  
 The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.  
*And ay she milked, &c.*

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,  
 The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in;  
 They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die,  
 O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me.  
*They winna bught in, &c.*

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny come ben,  
 The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn;  
 Tho' butter, and cheese, and a' shou'd sour,  
 I'll crack and kiss wi' my love ae haff hour;  
 It's ae haff hour, and we's e'en mak it three,  
 For the yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.



## THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

[By RAMSAY.]

IN April when primroses paint the sweet plain,  
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;  
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go  
 To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees  
 grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn;  
 He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,  
 That sylvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya be fair,  
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;  
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly cou'd sing;  
 Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;  
 But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,  
 And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

'That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,  
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;  
 Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,  
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.



### ewe-bughts MARION.

[In Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany* this song is marked with the letter Q. as an old song with additions.]

WILL ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,  
 And wear in the sheep wi' me?  
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,  
 But nae half sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,  
 And the blyth blinks in her e'e;  
 And fain wad I marry Marion,  
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,  
 And silk on your white hauss-bane;  
 Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,  
 At c'en when I come hame!

There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,  
 Wha gape, and glowr with their e'e,  
 At kirk when they see my Marion;  
 But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,  
 A cow and a brawny quey,  
 I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,  
 Just on her bridal day;

And ye's get a green sey apron,  
 And waistcoat of the London brown,  
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,  
 Whene'er ye gang to the town!

I'm young and stout, my Marion;  
 Nane dances like me on the green;  
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean:

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,  
 And kyrtle of the cramasie;  
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,  
 I shall come west and see ye.

## CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

[Was first published in Johnson's *Musical Museum*, to which it was sent by BURNS, who added some stanzas, and altered others. The poet got it taken down from the singing of a clergyman, a Mr Clunie.]

*Ca' the ewes to the knowes,  
Ca' them whare the heather grows,  
Ca' them whare the burnie rows,  
My bonnie dearie.*

As I gaed down the water side  
There I met my shepherd lad,  
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,  
And he ca'd me his dearie.  
*Ca' the ewes, &c.*

Will ye gang down the water side,  
And see the waves sae sweetly glide  
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,  
The moon it shines fu' clearly.  
*Ca' the ewes, &c.*

I was bred up at nae sic school,  
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,  
And a' the day to sit in dool,  
And naebody to see me.  
*Ca' the ewes, &c.*

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,  
Caul-leather shoon upon your feet,  
And in my arms ye's lie and sleep,  
And ye sall be my dearie.  
*Ca' the ewes, &c.*



If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,  
 I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,  
 And ye may row me in your plaid,  
 And I sall be your dearie,  
*Ca' the ewes, &c.*

While waters wimple to the sea,  
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie ;  
 Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,  
 Ye sall be my dearie.  
*Ca' the ewes, &c.*



### DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

[This song is signed C. in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, and is ascribed to Colonel GEORGE CRAWFORD, by the late Mr Ramsay of Ochertyre.]

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,  
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;  
 When Mary was complete fifteen,  
 And love laugh'd in her e'e ;  
 Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move  
 To speak her mind thus free,  
 Gang down the burn, Davie, love,  
 And I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,  
 That dwelt on this burn side,  
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
 Just meet to be a bride ;  
 Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,  
 Her een were bonnie blue ;  
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,  
 What tender tales they said!  
 His cheek to her's he aft did lay,  
 And with her bosom play'd;  
 Till baith at length impatient grown,  
 To be mair fully blest,  
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down;  
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess was harmless play,  
 And naething sure unmeet;  
 For ganging hame, I heard them say,  
 They lik'd a wawk sae sweet;  
 And that they aften should return  
 Sic pleasure to renew.  
 Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,  
 And ay shall follow you.

### THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

UPON a simmer afternoon,  
 A wee before the sun gade down,  
 My lassie, in a braw new gown,  
 Cam o'er the hills to Gowrie.  
 The rose-bud, ting'd with morning show'r,  
 Blooms fresh within the sunny bow'r;  
 But Katie was the fairest flower  
 That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

Nae thought had I to do her wrang,  
 But round her waist my arms I flang,  
 And said, My dearie, will ye gang,  
 To see the Carse o' Gowrie?

I'll tak ye to my father's ha',  
 In yon green fields beside the shaw;  
 I'll mak you lady o' them a',  
 The brawest wife in Gowrie.

A silken gown o' siller grey,  
 My mither coft last new-year's day,  
 And buskit me frae tap to tae,  
 To keep me out o' Gowrie.  
 Daft Will, short syne, cam courting Nell,  
 And wan the lass, but what befel,  
 Or whare she's gane, she kens hersel,  
 She staid na lang in Gowrie.

Sic thoughts, dear Katie, ill combine  
 Wi' beauty rare, and wit like thine;  
 Except yoursel, my bonny quean,  
 I care for nought in Gowrie.  
 Since first I saw you in the sheal,  
 To you my heart's been true and leal;  
 The darkest night I fear nae de'il,  
 - Warlock, or witch, in Gowrie.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,  
 The blush upon her cheeks soon spread;  
 She whisper'd modestly, and said,  
 O Pate, I'll stay in Gowrie!  
 The auld folks soon gae their consent,  
 Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,  
 Wha ty'd them to their heart's content,  
 And now she's Lady Gowrie.

## LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

[By BURNS.]

Tune—*Rothemurche's rant.*

*LASSIE wi' the lint-white locks,  
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,  
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,  
Wilt thou be my dearie O!*

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,  
And a' is young and sweet like thee;  
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,  
And say thou'lt be my dearie O?  
*Lassie wi', &c.*

And when the welcome simmer-shower  
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,  
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower  
At sultry noon, my dearie O.  
*Lassie wi', &c.*

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,  
The weary shearer's hameward way;  
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,  
And talk o' love, my dearie O.  
*Lassie wi', &c.*

And when the howling wintry blast,  
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;  
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,  
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.  
*Lassie wi', &c.*

## THE GRAY COCK.

O SAW ye my father, or saw ye my mither,  
 Or saw ye my true love John?  
 I saw not your father, I saw not your mither,  
 But I saw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,  
 And the bells they ring, ding dong;  
 He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,  
 But he will be here ere long.

The surly auld carl did naething but snarl,  
 And Johnny's face it grew red;  
 Yet, tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,  
 Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,  
 And gently tirl'd the pin;  
 The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,  
 And she open'd, and let him in.

And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast,  
 And is my Johnny true!  
 I have nae to time tell, but sae lang's I like mysell,  
 Sae lang shall I like you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny gray cock,  
 And crawl when it is day;  
 Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,  
 And your wings of the silver gray.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,  
 For he crew an hour o'er soon ;  
 The lassie thought it day, when she sent her love away,  
 And it was but a blink of the moon.



### LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

[The old words.]

O LASSIE are ye sleepin yet,  
 Or are ye waukin, I wad wit,  
 For luvè has bound me hand and fit,  
 And I wad fain be in, jo.

*O let me in this ae night,*

*This ae, ae, ae night,*

*O let me in this ae night,*

*And I'll no come back again, jo.*

The morn it is the term-day,  
 I maun awa, I canna stay ;  
 O pity me before I gae,  
 And-rise and let me in, jo.  
*O let me in, &c.*

The night it is baith cauld and weet,  
 The morn it will be snaw and sleet,  
 My shoon are frozen to my feet  
 In standing here my lane, jo.  
*O let me in, &c.*

I am the laird o' Windy-wa's,  
 I cam na here without a cause,  
 And I hae gotten mony fa's-  
 In comin thro' the plain, jo.  
*O let me in, &c.*



My father's walking in the street,  
 My mither the chamber keys does keep;  
 My chamber door does chirp and cheep,  
 I daur na let you in, jo.

*O gae your ways this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae night,  
 O gae your ways this ae night,  
 For I daur na let you in; jo.*

But I'll come stealing saftly in,  
 And cannily mak little din;  
 My fitstep-tread there's nane can ken  
 For the sughin wind and rain, jo.  
*O let me in, &c.*

Cast up the door unto the weet,  
 Cast aff your shoon frae aff your feet,  
 Syne to my chamber ye may creep,  
 But ye maun na do't again, jo.  
*O leeze me on this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae night,  
 The joys we've had this ae night,  
 Your chamber wa's within, jo!*



# LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

[By BURNS.]

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet,  
 Or art thou wakin, I would wit,  
 For love has bound me hand and foot,  
 And I would fain be in, jo.  
*O let me in this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae night;  
 For pity's sake this ae night;  
 O rise and let me in, jo.*

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,  
 Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;  
 Tak pity on my weary feet,  
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.  
*O let me in, &c.*

The bitter blast that round me blaws,  
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;  
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause  
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.  
*O let me in, &c.*

## HER ANSWER.

O tell na me o' wind and rain,  
 Upbraid na me wi' could disdain!  
 Gae back the gait ye cam again,  
 I winna let you in, jo.  
*I tell you now this ae night,  
 This ae, ae, ae night,  
 And ance for a' this ae night,  
 I winna let you in, jo.*

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,  
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,  
 Is nocht to what poor she endures  
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.  
*I tell you now, &c.*

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,  
 Now trodden like the vilest weed:  
 Let simple maid the lesson read,  
 The weird may be her ain, jo.  
*I tell you now, &c.*

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,  
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;  
 Let witless, trusting, woman say  
 How aft. her fate's the same, jo.  
*I tell you now, &c.*

~~~~~  
 RIGS O' BARLEY.

[By BURNS.]

Tune—*Corn rigs are bonnie.*

IT was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie ;
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 Till 'tween the late and early,
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
 To see me thro' the barley.
*Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
 An' corn rigs are bonnie :
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.*

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly ;
 I set her down wi' right good will,
 Amang the rigs o' barley :
 I ken'd her heart was a' my ain ;
 I lov'd her most sincerely ;
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again
 Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, &c.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
 Her heart was beating rarely :
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Amang the rigs o' barley !
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly !
 She ay shall bless that happy night,
 Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, &c.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
 I hae been merry drinkin ;
 I hae been joyfu' gath'ring gear ;
 I hae been happy thinkin :
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Amang the rigs o' barley.
Corn rigs, &c.



ANNA.

[By BURNS.]

Tune—*Banks of Banna.*

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
 A place where body saw na' ;
 Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
 The gowden locks of Anna.
 The hungry Jew in wilderness
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,
 Was naething to my hinny bliss
 Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs tak the east and west,
 Frae Indus to Savannah!
 Gie me within my straining grasp,
 The melting form of Anna.
 There I'll despise imperial charms,
 An Empress or Sultana,
 While dying raptures in her arms
 I give and take with Anna.

Awa thou flaunting god of day!
 Awa thou pale Diana!
 Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray
 When I'm to meet my Anna.
 Come, in thy raven plumage, night,
 Sun, moon, and stars, withdrawn a';
 And bring an angel pen to write
 My transports wi' my Anna!



POLWART ON THE GREEN.

[By RAMSAY.]

AT Polwart on the green,
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lasses do convene
 To dance about the thorn;
 A kindly welcome you shall meet,
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad complete,
 The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say Na,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem cauldér than the sna',
 While inwardly they bleeze;

But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee ;
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That lang's nae to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
 Amang the new-mawn hay,
 With sangs and dancing keen,
 We'll pass the heartsome day.
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
 To tak a part of mine.



THE BONNY BRUCKET LASSIE.

[The two first lines of this song are all of it that is old. The rest of the song was written by JAMES TYTLER, editor of the second edition of the celebrated *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and well known in Edinburgh by the name of Balloon Tytler, from having ascended from Comely Garden in a fire balloon, constructed after the plan of Montgolfier. For an account of this very eccentric character, see CROMEK'S *Reliques of Burns*, 8vo. p. 306.]

THE bonny brucket lassie,
 She's blue beneath the een ;
 She was the fairest lassie
 That danc'd on the green.
 A lad he loo'd her dearly,
 She did his love return ;
 But he his vows has broken,
 And left her for to mourn.

My shape, she says, was handsome,
 My face was fair and clean,
 But now I'm bonny brucket,
 And blue beneath the een :
 My eyes were bright and sparkling,
 Before that they turn'd blue ;
 But now they're dull with weeping,
 And a', my love, for you.

My person it was comely,
 My shape they said was neat ;
 But now I am quite changed,
 My stays they winna meet.
 A' night I slept soundly,
 My mind was never sad ;
 But now my rest is broken,
 Wi' thinking o' my lad.

O could I live in darkness,
 Or hide me in the sea,
 Since my love is unfaithful,
 And has forsaken me !
 No other love I suffer'd
 Within my breast to dwell ;
 In nought I have offended
 But loving him too well.

Her lover heard her mourning,
 As by he chanc'd to pass ;
 And press'd unto his bosom
 The lovely brucket lass.
 My dear, he said, cease grieving,
 Since that your love's so true,
 My bonny brucket lassie,
 I'll faithful prove to you.

ALLOA HOUSE.

[The air of this song was composed by Mr OSWALD, a music-seller in London.]

THE spring-time returns, and clothes the green plains,
 And Alloa shines more cheerful and gay ;
 The lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring swains,
 Sing merrily round me wherever I stray :
 But Sandy nae mair returns to my view ;
 Nae spring-time me cheers, nae music can charm ;
 He's gane ! and, I fear me, for ever : adieu !
 Adieu every pleasure this bosom can warm !

O Alloa house ! how much art thou chang'd !
 How silent, how dull to me is each grove !
 Alane I here wander where ance we both rang'd,
 Alas ! where to please me my Sandy ance strove !
 Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you tauld,
 Here list'ned too fond whenever you sung ;
 Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd could ?
 Or, foolish, believ'd a false flattering tongue ?

So spoke the fair maid, when sorrow's keen pain,
 And shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress ;
 For fate, at that moment, brought back her dear swain,
 Who heard, and with rapture his Nelly address :
 My Nelly ! my fair, I come ; O my love !
 Nae power shall thee tear again from my arms,
 And Nelly ! nae mair thy fond shepherd reprove,
 Who knows thy fair worth, and adores a' thy charms.

She heard ; and new joy shot thro' her saft frame ;
 And will you, my love ! be true ? she replied :
 And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same ?
 Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride ?

O Nelly ! I live to find thee still kind :
 Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true :
 Then adieu to a' sorrow ; what soul is so blind,
 As not to live happy for ever with you ?



THE SILKEN SNOODED LASSIE.

[The first and second verses of this song are the same with the last and second verses of the old song of Galla Water, of which it was probably intended by some good-natured poet to be the continuation.]

COMING through the broom at e'en,
 And coming through the broom sae dreary,
 The lassie lost her silken snood,
 Which cost her many a blurt and blear-eye.

Fair her hair, and brent her brow,
 And bonny blue her een when near ye ;
 The mair I priv'd her bonny mou',
 The mair I wish'd her for my deary.

The broom was lang, the lassie gay,
 And O but I was unco cheary ;
 The snood was tint, a well-a-day !
 For mirth was turn'd to blurt and blear-eye.

I prest her hand, she sigh'd, I woo'd,
 And spear'd, What gars ye sob, my deary ?
 Quoth she, I've lost my silken snood,
 And never mair can look sae cheary.

I said, Ne'er mind the silken snood,
 Nae langer mourn, nor look sae dreary;
 I'll buy you ane that's twice as good,
 If you'll consent to be my deary.

Quoth she, If you will aye be mine,
 Nae mair the snood shall make me dreary:
 I vow'd, I seal'd, and bless the time
 That in the broom I met my deary.



MY AIN KIND DEARY O.

[Mostly composed by FERGUSSON, in one of his merry humours,
 from an old song beginning, "I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig."
 —BURNS.]

WILL ye gang o'er the lee-rig,
 My ain kind deary O,
 And cuddle there sae kindly,
 Wi' me, my kind deary O.

At thorny dike, and birken tree,
 We'll daff, and ne'er be weary O;
 They'll scug ill een frae you and me,
 Mine ain kind deary O.

Nae herds wi' kent, or colly there,
 Shall ever come to fear ye O;
 But lavrocks whistling in the air,
 Shall woo, like me, their deary O.

While others herd their lambs and ewes,
 And toil for warld's gear, my jo,
 Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
 Wi' you, my kind deary O!

GLOOMY WINTER.

[BY TANNY HILL.]

GLOOMY winter's now awa,
 Saft the western breezes blaw;
 'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw
 The mavis sings fu' cheerie O.
 Sweet the crow-flower's early bell
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
 Blooming like thy bonnie sell,
 My young, my artless dearie O.
 Come, my lassie, let us stray
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
 Blythely spend the gowden day,
 'Midst joys that never weary O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
 Lavrocks fan the snaw-white clouds,
 Siller saughs wi' downy buds
 Adorn the bank sae briery O.
 Round the silvan fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry brackens fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheery O.
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

LIZA BAILLIE.

My bonny Liza Baillie,
 I'll row you in my plaidie,
 If you will gang along wi' me
 And be a Highland lady.!

If I wad gang along wi' you,
 They wadna ca' me wise, sir,
 For I can neither card nor spin,
 Nor yet can I speak Erse, sir.

My bonny Liza Baillie,
 Your minny canna want you ;
 Sae let the trooper gang his lane,
 And carry his ain portmanteau.

But she's cast aff her bonny shoon,
 Made o' the Spanish leather,
 And she's put on her Highland progues
 To skip among the heather.

And she's cast aff her bonny gown,
 A' wrought wi' gowd and satin,
 And she's put on a tartan plaid,
 To sport among the braken.

She wadna hae a Lawland laird,
 Nor be an English lady ;
 But she's awa wi' Duncan Grahame,
 He's row'd her in his plaidie.

HAD AWA FRAE ME, DONALD.

O come awa, come awa,
 Come awa wi' me, Jenny;
 Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane
 Whase smiles ance ravish'd me, Jenny;
 If you'll be kind, you'll never find
 That aught sall alter me, Jenny;
 For you're the mistress of my mind,
 Whate'er you think of me, Jenny.

First when your sweets enslav'd my heart,
 You seem'd to favour me, Jenny;
 But now, alas! you act a part
 That speaks inconstancy, Jenny;
 Inconstancy is sic a vice,
 'Tis not befitting thee, Jenny;
 It suits not wi' your virtue nice
 To carry sae to me, Jenny,

HER ANSWER.

O had awa, had awa,
 Had awa frae me, Donald;
 Your heart is made o'er big for ane,
 It is not meet for me, Donald.
 Some fickle mistress you may find,
 Will change as aft as thee, Donald;
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,
 And nae less kind to thee, Donald.

But I've a heart that's naething such,
 'Tis fill'd with honesty, Donald;
 I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much,
 I hate all levity, Donald.

Therefore nae mair with art pretend
 Your heart is chained to mine, Donald,
 For words of falsehood ill defend
 A roving love like thine, Donald.

First when you courted, I must own
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald;
 Apparent worth, and fair renown,
 Made me believe you true, Donald.
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The man esteem'd by me, Donald;
 But now, the mask fall'n aff, I scorn
 To ware a thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever, had awa,
 Had awa frae me, Donald;
 Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, Donald;
 For I'll reserve mysell for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, Donald;
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er lo'e man, nor thee, Donald.

DONALD.

Then I'm thy man, and false report
 Has only tald a lie, Jenny;
 To try thy truth, and make us sport,
 The tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.

JENNY.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
 Then come awa to me Donald;
 I'm weel content ne'er to repent
 That I hae smil'd on thee, Donald.

THE MILL, MILL O.

[The original, or at least a song evidently prior to this one of RAMSAY'S, is still extant. It begins,—

“ The mill, mill O, and the kill, kill O,
And the coggin o' Peggy's wheel O,” &c.

BURNS.]

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid,
Was sleeping sound and still O;
A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
Around her wi' good will O:
Her bosom I prest; but sunk in her rest,
She stirr'd na my joy to spill O:
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
T' employ my courage and skill O,
Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa,
For the wind blew fair on the bill O.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraising fame
Tald me with a voice right shrill O,
My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
Nor kend wha had done her the ill O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
I ferlying speir'd how she fell O.
Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,
Sweet sir, gin I can tell O.
Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
And bade a' her fears expel O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
Wha had done her the deed mysel O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
 Beneath the shellin-hill O,
 If I did offence, I'se make ye amends
 Before I leave Peggy's mill O.
 O the mill, mill O, and the kill, kill O,
 And the coggin of the wheel O:
 The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
 And round with a sodger reel O.

THE SODGER'S RETURN.

[By BURNS.]

Air—*The Mill, Mill o.*

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawin,
 And gentle peace returning,
 Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 And mony a widow mourning:
 I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder:
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander.
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 I thought upon the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
 Where early life I sported ;
 I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted :
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
 Down by her mother's dwelling !
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
 O ! happy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom !
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 And fain would be thy lodger ;
 I've serv'd my king and country lang,
 Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier was than ever ;
 Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never :
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it,
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
 Syne pale like ony lily ;
 She sank within my arms and cried,
 Art thou my ain dear Willie ?
 By Him who made yon sun and sky—
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man ; and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted !
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
 Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen plenish'd fairly ;
 And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor ;
 But glory is the sodger's prize,
 The sodger's wealth is honour ;
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger,
 Remember he's his country's stay
 In day and hour of danger.



MY JOHNIIE.

Tune—*Johnny's gray brecks.*

JENNY's heart was frank and free,
 And woocers she had mony, yet
 Her sang was aye, Of a' I see,
 Commend me to my Johnnie yet.
 For, air and late, he has sic gate
 To mak a body cheary, that
 I wish to be, before I die,
 His ain kind deary yet.

Now Jenny's face was fu' o' grace,
 Her shape was sma' and genty-like,
 And few or nane in a' the place
 Had gowd and gear mair plenty yet ;.

Tho' war's alarms, and Johnie's charms,
 Had gart her aft look eerie, yet
 She sung wi' glee, I hope to be
 My Johnie's ain kind deary yet:

What tho' he's now gaen far awa,
 Where guns and cannons rattle, yet
 Unless my Johnie chance to fa'
 In some uncanny battle, yet
 Till he return, his breast will burn
 Wi' love that will confound me yet,
 For I hope to see, before I die,
 His bairns a' dance around me yet.

~~~~~  
 BONNY CHRISTY.

[By RAMSAY.]

How sweetly smells the simmer green!  
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry;  
 Painting and order please our cen,  
 And claret makes us merry:  
 But finest colours, fruits, and flowers,  
 And wine, tho' I be thirsty,  
 Lose a' their charms, and weaker powers,  
 Compar'd with those of Christy.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,  
 Nō nat'ral beauty wanting,  
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark,  
 And birds in concert chanting!  
 But if my Christy tunes her voice,  
 I'm rapt in admiration;  
 My thoughts with ecstasies rejoice,  
 And drap the haill creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,  
 I take the happy omen,  
 And aften mint to make advance,  
 Hoping she'll prove a woman:  
 But, dubious of my ain desert,  
 My sentiments I smother;  
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,  
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,  
 His Christy did o'erhear him;  
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,  
 But e'er he wist drew near him;  
 She spake her favour with a look,  
 Which left nae room to doubt her;  
 He wisely this white minute took,  
 And flang his arms about her.

My Christy!—witness, bonny stream,  
 Sic joys frae tears arising,  
 I wish this mayna be a dream;  
 O love the maist surprising!  
 Time was too precious now for tauk;  
 This point of a' his wishes  
 He wadna with set speeches bauk,  
 But war'd it a' on kisses.



### THE COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE.

[The first half stanza is old; the rest of the song is RAMSAY'S.]

THE collier has a daughter,  
 And O she's wond'rous bonny;  
 A laird he was that sought her,  
 Rich baith in lands and money:

The tutors watch'd the motion  
 Of this young honest lover ;  
 But love is like the ocean,  
 Wha can its depth discover !

He had the art to please ye,  
 And was by a' respected ;  
 His airs sat round him easy,  
 Genteel, but unaffected.  
 The collier's bonny lassie,  
 Fair as the new-blown lillie,  
 Ay sweet, and never saucy,  
 Secur'd the heart of Willie.

He lov'd beyond expression  
 The charms that were about her,  
 And panted for possession ;  
 His life was dull without her.  
 After mature resolving,  
 Close to his breast he held her,  
 In softest flames dissolving,  
 He tenderly thus tell'd her :

My bonny collier's daughter,  
 Let naething discompose ye,  
 'Tis no your scanty tocher  
 Shall ever gar me lose ye ;  
 For I have gear in plenty,  
 And love says, 'tis my duty  
 To ware what Heaven has lent me,  
 Upon your wit and beauty.

## O WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

[Composed by BURNS out of compliment to Mrs B.]

Tune—*My love is lost to me.*

O WERE I on Parnassus' hill !  
 Or had of Helicon my fill ;  
 That I might catch poetic skill,  
     To sing how dear I love thee.  
 But Nith maun be my muse's well,  
 My muse maun be thy bonnie sell ;  
 On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,  
     And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay,  
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,  
 I coudna sing, I coudna say,  
     How much, how dear I love thee.  
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,  
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,  
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish e'en—  
     By heaven and earth I love thee !

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,  
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame ;  
 And ay I muse and sing thy name,  
     I only live to love thee.  
 Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,  
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,  
 Till my last weary sand was run ;  
     Till then—and then I love thee.

## LOCH EROCH SIDE.

As I came by Loch Eroch side,  
 The lofty hills surveying,  
 The water clear, the heather blooms,  
 Their fragrance sweet conveying,  
 I met, unsought, my lovely maid,  
 I found her like May morning ;  
 With graces sweet, and charms so rare,  
 Her person all adorning.

How kind her looks, how blest was I,  
 While in my arms I press'd her !  
 And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,  
 As fondly I caress'd her.  
 She said, If that your heart be true,  
 If constantly you'll love me,  
 I heed not cares, nor fortune's frowns ;  
 Nor ought but death shall move me.

But faithful, loving, true, and kind,  
 For ever you shall find me ;  
 And of our meeting here so sweet,  
 Loch Eroch side will mind me.  
 Enraptur'd then, My lovely lass !  
 I cry'd, no more we'll tarry ;  
 We'll leave the fair Loch Eroch side,  
 For lovers soon should marry.



## I LOE NA A LADDIE BUT ANE.

Tune—*Happy Dick Dawson.*

I LOE nae a laddie but ane,  
 He locs na a lassie but me ;

He's willing to make me his ain,  
 An' his ain I am willing to be.  
 He coft me a rokley o' blue,  
 A pair o' mittens o' green,  
 And his price was a kiss o' mou;  
 An' I paid him the debt yestreen.

My mither's ay makin' a phraze,  
 That I'm lucky young to be wed;  
 But lang ere she countit my days,  
 O' me she was brought to bed:  
 Sae mither, just settle your tongue,  
 An' dinna be flytin' sae bauld,  
 For we can do the thing when we're young,  
 That we canna do weel when we're auld,



### I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

[The chorus is old; the rest is BURNS's.]

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,  
 Wi' unco folk I weary, sir,  
 And lying in a man's bed,  
 I'm fley'd it make me irie, sir.  
*I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,  
 I'm o'er young to marry yet,  
 I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin  
 To tak me frae my mammy yet.*

Hallowmass is come and gane,  
 The nights are lang in winter, sir;  
 And you an' I in ae bed,  
 In trowth, I dare na venture, sir.  
*I'm o'er young, &c.*



Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind  
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir;  
 But if ye come this gate again,  
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.  
*I'm o'er young, &c.*



### FOR THE LOVE OF JEAN.

[In the *Tea-Table Miscellany* this song is marked with the letter Z. as being an old song.]

JOCKY said to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't?  
 Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my tocher good,  
 For my tocher good, I winna marry thee.  
 E'en's ye like, quo' Johny, ye may let it be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,  
 I hae seven good owsen ganging in a pleugh,  
 Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee,  
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn, and a byre,  
 A stack afore the door, I'll make a rantin fire,  
 I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be,  
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,  
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;  
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,  
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

## THE MILLER.

O MERRY may the maid be  
 That marries the miller,  
 For foul day, and fair day,  
 He's ay bringing till her ;  
 He's ay a penny in his purse,  
 For dinner and for supper ;  
 And, gin she please, a good fat cheese,  
 And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,  
 I speir'd what was his calling ;  
 Fair maid, says he, O come and see,  
 Ye're welcome to my dwelling :  
 Though I was shy, yet I cou'd spy  
 The truth of what he told me,  
 And that his house was warm and couth,  
 And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,  
 And in the kist was plenty  
 Of good hard cakes, his mither bakes,  
 And bannocks were na scanty ;  
 A good fat sow, a sleeky cow  
 Was standing in the byre ;  
 Whilst lazy puss with mealy mouse,  
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,  
 And bids me tak the miller ;  
 For foul day, and fair day,  
 He's ay bringing till her :

For meal and malt she does na want,  
Nor ony thing that's dainty;  
And now and then a keckling hen  
To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain  
Blaws o'er the house and byre,  
He sits beside a clean hearth-stane  
Before a rousing fire;  
With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,  
Which rows him o'er fu' nappy:  
Who'd be a king?—a petty thing,  
When a miller lives so happy.

### THE BRAW WOOER.

[BY BURNS.]

Tune—*The Lothian lassic.*

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,  
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;  
I said there was naething I hated like men,  
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,  
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black een,  
And vow'd for my love he was dying;  
I said he might die when he liked for Jean,  
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,  
The Lord forgie me for lying!

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,  
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:  
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,  
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,  
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,  
 The deil tak his taste to gae near her!  
 He up the lang loan to my black cōusin Bess,  
 Guess ye how, the-jad! I could bear her, could  
 bear her,  
 Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,  
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,  
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,  
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,  
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,  
 Least neebors might say I was saucy;  
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,  
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin,  
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet,  
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,  
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for Gudesake! I wad be his wife,  
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:  
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,  
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,  
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

## WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

[BY BURNS.]

*O WHISTLE and I'll come to you, my lad,  
 O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad :  
 Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,  
 Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad.*

But warily tent, when you come to court me,  
 And come nae unless the back-yett be a-jee ;  
 Syne up the back-stile and let naebody see,  
 And come as ye were na comin to me.  
 And come, &c.

*O whistle, &c.*

At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,  
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd not a flie ;  
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin at me.  
 Yet look, &c.

*O whistle, &c.*

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
 And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;  
 But court nae anither, tho' jokin ye be,  
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.  
 For fear, &c.

*O whistle, &c.*



## FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

[The old words.]

*F*OR the sake of somebody,  
     *For the sake of somebody ;*  
*I could wake a winter night,*  
     *For the sake of somebody.*

I am gawn to seek a wife,  
 I am gawn to buy a plaidy;  
 I have three stane of woo,  
 Carlin, is thy daughter ready?  
*For the sake, &c.*

Betty, lassy; say't thyself,  
 Tho' thy dame be ill to shoo,  
 First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,  
 Let her flyte and syne come too:  
 What signifies a mither's gloom,  
 When love in kisses come in play?  
 Shou'd we wither in our bloom,  
 And in simmer mak nae hay?  
*For the sake, &c.*

SHE.—Bonny lad, I carena by,  
 Tho' I try my luck with thee,  
 Since ye are content to tye  
 The ha'f-mark bridal band with me;  
 I'll slip hame and wash my feet,  
 And steal on linens fair and clean,  
 Syne at the trysting-place we'll meet,  
 To do but what my daræ has done.  
*For the sake, &c.*

HE.—Now my lovely Betty gives  
 Consent in sic a heartsome gate;  
 It me frae a' my care relieves,  
 And doubts that gart me aft look blate:  
 Then let us gang and get the grace,  
 For they that have an appetite  
 Should eat;—and lovers should embrace;  
 If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.  
*For the sake, &c.*

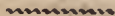


## FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY.

[BY BURNS.]

MY heart is sair I dare na tell,  
 My heart is sair for somebody;  
 I could wake a winter night  
 For the sake o' somebody.  
 Oh-hon! for somebody!  
 Oh-hey! for somebody!  
 I could range the world around,  
 For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,  
 O sweetly smile on somebody!  
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,  
 And send me safe my somebody.  
 Oh-hon! for somebody!  
 Oh-hey! for somebody!  
 I wad do—what wad I not,  
 For the sake o' somebody?



## I LOVE MY JEAN.

[By BURNS.]

Tune—*Miss Admiral Gordon's strathspey.*

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
 I dearly like the west,  
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
 The lassie I lo'e best:

There wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
 And mony a hill between;  
 But day and night my fancy's flight  
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
 I see her sweet and fair:  
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
 I hear her charm the air:  
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs  
 By fountain, shaw, or green,  
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
 But minds me o' my Jean.



### THE POSIE.

[By BURNS.]

O LUVE will venture in where it daur na weel be seen,  
 O luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been;  
 But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae  
 green,  
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,  
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,  
 For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without  
 a peer;  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,  
 For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou;  
 The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue,  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,  
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there ;  
 The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,  
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,  
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak  
 away ;  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,  
 And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae  
 clear ;  
 The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,  
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luvie,  
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,  
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er  
 remove,  
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.



### HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

[By RAMSAY. The heroine was daughter of John Hay, Earl or Marquis of Tweeddale, and late Countess-dowager of Roxburgh. She died at Broomlands, near Kelso, some time between the years 1720 and 1740.—BURNS.]

By smooth-winding Tay a swain was reclining,  
 Aft cry'd he, Oh hey ! maun I still live pining  
 Myself thus awa, and dare na discover  
 To my bonny Hay, that I am her lover ?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stronger ;  
 If she's not my bride, my days are nae longer ;  
 Then I'll tak a heart, and try at a venture,  
 May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,  
 When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good-mor-  
 row ;  
 The swaird of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,  
 Looks wither'd and dead when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdure invites her,  
 The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter ;  
 'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a-flowing,  
 Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded ;  
 Struck 'dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded ;  
 I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to caress ye,  
 For a' my desire is Hay's bonny lassie.



### SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.

Saw ye nae my Peggy,  
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,  
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,  
     Coming o'er the lee?  
 Sure a finer creature  
 Ne'er was form'd by nature,  
 So complete each feature,  
     So divine is she.

O, how Peggy charms me!

Every look still warms me;

Every thought alarms me,

Lest she love nae me.

Peggy doth discover

Nought but charms all over;

Nature bids me love her;

That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,

To become a rover?

No, I'll ne'er give over,

'Till I happy be.

For since love inspires me,

As her beauty fires me,

And her absence tires me,

Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,

Fate seems to detain her;

Cou'd I but obtain her,

Happy wou'd I be.

I'll ly down before her,

Bless, sigh, and adore her,

With faint looks implore her,

'Till she pity me.

---

### SWEET SUSAN.

Tune—*Leader-haugh*s.

THE morn was fair, saft was the air,

All nature's sweets were springing;

The buds did bow with silver dew,

Ten thousand birds were singing;

When on the bent, with blythe content,  
 Young Jamie sang his marrow,  
 Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grass  
 On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where ev'ry grace  
 In heavenly beauty's planted:  
 Her smiling cen, and comely mein,  
 That nae perfection wanted.  
 I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,  
 But bless my bonny marrow;  
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,  
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share  
 Of ev'ry charm enchanting,  
 Each good turns ill, and soon will kill  
 Poor me, if love be wanting.  
 O bonny lass! have but the grace  
 To think ere ye gae furdur,  
 Your joys maun flit, if ye commit  
 The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,  
 And day and night affright ye;  
 But if ye're kind, with joyful mind,  
 I'll study to delight ye.  
 Our years around with love thus crown'd,  
 From all things joy shall borrow;  
 Thus none shall be more blest than we  
 On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O sweetest Sue! 'tis only you  
 Can make life worth my wishes,  
 If equal love your mind can move  
 To grant this best of blisses.



Thou art my sun, and thy least frown  
 Would blast me in the blossom :  
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,  
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.



# WERT THOU BUT MINE AIN THING.

*WERT thou but mine ain thing,*  
*I would love thee, I would love thee ;*  
*Wert thou but mine ain thing,*  
*How dearly would I love thee.*

As round the elm th' enamour'd vine  
 Delights with wanton arms to twine,  
 So I'd encircle thee in mine,  
 And show how much I love thee.  
*Wert thou but, &c.*

This earth my paradise should be,  
 I'd grasp a heav'n of joys in thee,  
 For thou art all thy sex to me,  
 So fondly do I love thee.  
*Wert thou but, &c.*

Should thunder roar its loud alarms,  
 Amidst the clash of hostile arms,  
 I'd softly sink among thy charms,  
 And only live to love thee.  
*Wert thou but, &c.*

Let Fortune drive me far away,  
 Or make me fall to foes a prey,  
 My flame for thee shall ne'er decay,  
 And dying I would love thee.  
*Wert thou but, &c.*

Tho' I were number'd with the dead,  
 My soul should hover round thy head:  
 I may be turn'd a silent shade,  
 But cannot cease to love thee.  
*Wert thou but, &c.*



### BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

How blythe, ilk morn, was I to see  
 My swain come o'er the hill:  
 He skipt the burn, and flew to me;  
 I met him wi' good will.  
*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,  
 The broom of Cowdenknows;  
 I wish I were with my dear swain,  
 With his pipe and my ewes.*

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,  
 While his flock near me lay;  
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,  
 And cheer'd me a' the day.  
*O the broom, &c.*

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,  
 The birds stood list'ning by;  
 Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,  
 Charm'd with his melody.  
*O the broom, &c.*

While thus we spent our time, by turns  
 Betwixt our flocks and play,  
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,  
 Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.  
*O the broom, &c.*

Hard fate! that I should banish'd be,  
 Gang heavily and mourn,  
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain  
 That ever yet was born.  
*O the broom, &c.*

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;  
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be?  
 He staw my heart; cou'd I refuse  
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?  
*O the broom, &c.*

My doggie, and my little kit  
 That held my wee soup whey,  
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,  
 May now ly useless by.  
*O the broom, &c.*

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,  
 Farewell a' pleasures there;  
 Ye gods restore me to my swain,  
 Is a' I crave, or care.  
*O the broom, &c.*



### CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD:

[By BURNS, who composed the song on a passion which a Mr Gillespie, a particular friend of his, had for a Miss Lorimer, afterwards a Mrs Whelpdale.—The young lady was born at Craigie-burn wood. The chorus is part of an old ballad.]

*BEYOND thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,  
 And O to be lying beyond thee,  
 O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep,  
 That's laid in the bed beyond thee.*

Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood,  
 And blythely awakens the morrow;  
 But the pride of the spring in the Cragie-burn wood,  
 Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.  
*Beyond thee, &c.*

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,  
 I hear the wild birds singing;  
 But pleasure they hae nane for me,  
 While care my heart is wringing.  
*Beyond thee, &c.*

I canna tell, I maun na tell,  
 I dare na for your anger;  
 But secret love will break my heart,  
 If I conceal it langer.  
*Beyond thee, &c.*

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,  
 I see thee sweet and bonnie,  
 But oh, what will my torments be,  
 If thou refuse thy Johnie!  
*Beyond thee, &c.*

To see thee in anither's arms,  
 In love to lie and languish,  
 'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,  
 My heart wad burst wi' anguish.  
*Beyond thee, &c.*

But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,  
 Say, thou lo'es nane before me;  
 And a' my days o' life to come  
 I'll gratefully adore thee.  
*Beyond thee, &c.*

## MY DEARY, IF THOU DIE.

[By Mr ROBERT CRAWFORD of Auchinames.]

LOVE never more shall give me pain,  
 My fancy's fix'd on thee ;  
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,  
 My Peggy, if thou die.  
 Thy beauties did such pleasure give,  
 Thy love's so true to me ;  
 Without thee I shall never live,  
 My deary, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,  
 How shall I lonely stray !  
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,  
 In sighs the silent day.  
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,  
 Nor such perfection see :  
 Then I'll renounce all womankind,  
 My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart  
 With Cupid's raving rage,  
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,  
 Must all the world engage.  
 'Twas this that, like the morning sun,  
 Gave joy and life to me ;  
 And when its destined day is done,  
 With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,  
 And in such pleasures share ;  
 You who its faithful flames approve,  
 With pity view the fair.

Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,  
 Those charms so dear to me;  
 Oh! never rob me from those arms:  
 I'm lost if Peggy die.



### THE HIGHLAND LASSIE, O.

[Written by BURNS when a very young man. It breathes his unalterable attachment to a young woman, the first object of his love, but whose premature death at once dissipated his dreams of pleasure, and cast a gloom upon his mind, which hung upon it for several years. Their last interview was calculated to make a deep and lasting impression on youthful sensitive minds. The lovers met on the banks of Ayr to bid each other farewell, the young woman being to proceed to the West Highlands to arrange matters with her friends for their intended union. They stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in its limpid stream, and holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted, but never met again. This interesting female, faithful to her promise, crossed the sea at Greenock on her return, where she had scarcely landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, of which she died in a few days, and before her admirer even heard of her illness.—It is in reference to this melancholy occurrence that Burns composed his *Highland Mary*, and the elegy *To Mary in Heaven*.]

NÆ gentle the dames, tho' e'er sae fair,  
 Shall ever be my muse's care;  
 Their titles a' are empty show;  
 Gie me my Highland lassie, O.  
     *Within the glen sae bushy, O,*  
     *Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,*  
     *I set me down wi' right good will,*  
     *To sing my Highland lassie, O.*



O were yon hills and vallies mine,  
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine!  
 The world then the love should know  
 I bear my Highland lassie, O.

*Within the glen, &c.*

But fickle fortune frowns on me,  
 And I maun cross the raging sea:  
 But while my crimson currents flow  
 I'll love my Highland lassie, O.

*Within the glen, &c.*

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,  
 I know her heart will never change,  
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow,  
 My faithful Highland lassie, O.

*Within the glen, &c.*

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,  
 For her I'll trace a distant shore,  
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw,  
 Around my Highland lassie, O.

*Within the glen, &c.*

She has my heart, she has my hand,  
 By sacred truth and honour's band!  
 Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,  
 I'm thine my Highland lassie, O.

*Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!*

*Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!*

*To other lands I now must go*

*To sing my Highland lassie, O!*

## MY BONNIE MARY.

[The first half stanza is old ; the rest is Burns's.]

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,  
 And fill it in a silver tassie ;  
 That I may drink before I go,  
 A service to my bonnie lassie ;  
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith ;  
 Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry ;  
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,  
 And I maun lea'e my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the bann'ers fly,  
 The glittering spears are ranked ready ;  
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
 The battle closes thick and bloody ;  
 But 'tis not the roar o' sea or shore  
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry ;  
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,  
 'Tis leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

## LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

O LOGIE o' Buchan, O Logie the laird,  
 They ha'e ta'en awa Jamie that delv'd in the yard,  
 Wha play'd on the pipe an' the viol sae sma' ;  
 They ha'e ta'en awa Jamie the flower o' them a'.  
*He said, Think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa',*  
*He said, Think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa' ;*  
*For the simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',*  
*And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.*

O Sandy has owsen, and siller, and kye,  
 A house and a haddin, and a' things forbye,  
 But I wad hae Jamie wi's bonnet in's hand,  
 Before I'd hae Sandy wi' houses and land.

*He said, &c.*

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,  
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;  
 But daddy and minny, altho' that they be,  
 There's nane o' them a' like my Jamie to me.

*He said, &c.*

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,  
 And think on the laddie that loo'd me sae weel;  
 He had but a sixpence, he brak it in twa,  
 And he gied me the ha'f o't when he gaed awa'.

*Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',  
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa';  
 Sinmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',  
 And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.*



## LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

My daddy is a canker'd carle,  
 He'll nae twine wi' his gear;  
 My minny she's a scalding wife,  
 Hads a' the house a-steer:

*But let them say, or let them do,*

*It's a' ane to me;*

*For he's low down, he's in the broom,*

*That's waiting on me:*

*Waiting on me, my love,*

*He's waiting on me,*

*For he's low down, he's in the broom,*

*That's waiting on me.*

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,  
 And sair she lightlies me ;  
 But weel ken I it's a' envy,  
 For ne'er a jo has she.  
*But let them say, &c.*

My cousin Kate was sair beguil'd  
 Wi' Johnnie i' the glen ;  
 And ay sinsyne she cries, Beware  
 Of false deluding men.  
*But let them say, &c.*

Gleed Sandy he came wast ae night,  
 And speer'd when I saw Pate ;  
 And ay sinsyne the neighbours round  
 They jeer me air and late.  
*But let them say, &c.*



## O FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

[By BURNS.]

Tune—*The Moudiewort.*

*AN O, for ane and twenty, Tam !  
 An hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam !  
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,  
 An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.*

They snool me sair, and haud me down,  
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam !  
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',  
 And then comes ane and twenty, Tam.  
*An O, for ane, &c.*

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,  
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam;  
 At kith or kin I need na spier,  
 An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.  
*An O, for ane, &c.*

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,  
 Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;  
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,  
 I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam!  
*An O, for ane, &c.*

### THE BONIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.

[By BURNS.]

O how can I be blythe and glad,  
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,  
 When the bonie lad that I lo'e best  
 Is o'er the hills and far awa?

Its no the frosty winter wind,  
 Its no the driving drift and snaw;  
 But ay the tear comes in my e'e,  
 To think on him that's far awa.

My father pat me frae his door,  
 My friends they hae disown'd me a';  
 But I hae ane will tak my part,  
 The bonie lad that's far awa.

A pair o' gloves he gave to me,  
 And silken snoods he gave me twa;  
 And I will wear them for his sake,  
 The bonie lad that's far awa.

The weary winter soon will pass,  
 And spring will clead the birken-shaw;  
 And my sweet babie will be born,  
 And he'll come hame that's far awa.



# WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT I WAD DIE.

[By Lady GRISSEL BAILLIE, eldest daughter of Patrick first Earl of Marchmont, and wife to George Baillie of Jerviswood, Esq. whose widow she died on the 6th December 1746.]

THERE was anes a may, and she loo'd na men,  
 She biggit her bonny bow'r down in yon glen;  
 But now she cries dool! and a well a-day!  
 Come down the green gate, and come here away.  
*But now she cries, &c.*

When bonny young Johny came o'er the sea,  
 He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;  
 He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things;  
 And were na my heart light I wad die.  
*He hecht me, &c.*

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,  
 Because I was twice as bonny as she;  
 She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,  
 That were na my heart light I wad die.  
*She rais'd, &c.*

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,  
 The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;  
 She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,  
 Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.  
*She main'd, &c.*



His kin was for aye of a higher degree,  
 Said, What had he to do with the like of me?  
 Albeit I was bonny, I was na for Johny;  
 And were na my heart light I wad die.  
*Albeit I was, &c.*

They said, I had neither cow nor caff;  
 Nor dribbles of drink rins throw the draff,  
 Nor pickles of meal rins throw the mill-eye;  
 And were na my heart light I wad die.  
*Nor pickles of, &c.*

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,  
 She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee;  
 And then she ran in and made a loud din,  
 Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.  
*And then she, &c.*

His bonnet stood ay fou round on his brow;  
 His auld ane look'd ay as well as some's new:  
 But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,  
 And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.  
*But now he, &c.*

And now he gaes dandering about the dykes,  
 And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:  
 The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his eye,  
 And were na my heart light I wad die.  
*The live-lang, &c.*

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,  
 We shou'd hae been galloping down on yon green;  
 And linking it on the lily-white lee;  
 And wow gin I were but young for thee!  
*And linking, &c.*

## THE SILLER CROWN.

AND ye sall walk in silk attire,  
 And siller hae to spare,  
 Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,  
 Nor think o' Donald mair.  
 Oh! wha wad buy a silken gown,  
 Wi' a poor broken heart?  
 Or what's to me a siller crown,  
 Gin frae my love I part?

The mind whase every wish is pure,  
 Far dearer is to me;  
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith,  
 I'll lay me down and die:  
 For I hae pledged my virgin troth  
 Brave Donald's fate to share;  
 And he has gi'en to me his heart,  
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,  
 He, gratefu', took the gift;  
 Cou'd I but think to seek it back,  
 It wou'd be war than thift.  
 For langest life can ne'er repay  
 The love he bears to me;  
 And ere I'm forced to break my troth,  
 I'll lay me down and die.

~~~~~  
SWEET ANNIE.

SWEET Annie frae the sea-beech came,
 Where Jocky speel'd the vessel's side;
 Ah! wha can keep their heart at bame,
 When Jocky's tost aboon the tide?

Far aff to distant realms he gangs,
 Yet I'll be true as he has been;
 And when ilk lass about him thrangs,
 He'll think on Annie, his faithful ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
 Wi' gowd in hand he tempted me;
 He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
 And made a brag of what he'd gi'e:
 What tho' my Jocky's far awa,
 Tost up and down the awsome main,
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair;
 And fairly cast your pipe away,
 My Jocky wad be troubled sair,
 To see his friend his love betray:
 For a' your songs and verse are vain,
 While Jocky's notes do faithful flow;
 My heart to him shall true remain,
 I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Bla' soft, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
 And gar your waves be calm and still;
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill!
 What tho' my Jocky's far away,
 Yet he will braw in siller shine:
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jocky may again be mine.

FAREWELL TO LOCHABER.

[By RAMSAY.]

Tune—*Lochaber no more.*

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I have many days been ;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir ;
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind ;
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pain'd ;
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd ;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse ;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be !
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

A RED RED ROSE.

[BY BURNS.]

O my luvè's like a red red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June :
 O my luvè's like the melodie
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luvè am I :
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun :
 I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luvè !
 And fare thee weel a-while !
 And I will come again, my luvè,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.



SAE MERRY AS WE HAE BEEN.

A LASS that was laden with care
 Sat heavily under yon thorn ;
 I listen'd a while for to hear,
 When thus she began for to mourn :

Whene'er my dear shepherd was there,
 The birds did melodiously sing,
 And cold nipping winter did wear
 A face that resembled the spring.
*Sae merry as we twa hae been,
 Sae merry as we twa hae been ;
 My heart it is like for to break,
 When I think on the days we have seen.*

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
 He gently pressing my hand,
 I view'd the wide world in its pride,
 And laugh'd at the pomp of command !
 My dear, he would oft to me say,
 What makes you hard-hearted to me ?
 Oh ! why do you thus turn away
 From him who is dying for thee ?
Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my sight,
 Perhaps a deceiver may prove ;
 Which makes me lament day and night,
 That ever I granted my love.
 At eve when the rest of the folk
 Were merrily seated to spin,
 I set myself under an oak,
 And heavily sighed for him.
Sae merry, &c.



HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

[The old words.]

HERE awa, there awa, here awa, Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, here awa hame ;
 Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,
 Now I have gotten my Willie again.

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
 Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame,
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie;
 Here awa, there awa, here awa hame,
 Come, love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
 Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.



WANDERING WILLIE.

[By BURNS.]

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e,
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie;
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers;
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!
 Wauken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,
 Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main!
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

LOGAN BRAES.

By Logan's streams that run sae deep,
 Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,—
 Herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,
 Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
 But wae's my heart these days are gane,
 And I wi' grief may herd alane,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me, and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he,
 Atween the preachings meet wi' me ;
 Meet wi' me, or when its mirk,
 Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
 Well may I sing these days are gane,
 Frae kirk or fair I come alane ;
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me, and Logan braes.



THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

[By Mr JOHN HOME, author of the tragedy of *Douglas*.]

Tune—*Langolee*.

'T WAS summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
 And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree,
 At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,
 I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
 Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river ;
 Thy banks' purest streams shall be dear to me ever ;
 For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
 Of Sandy, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
 To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he;
 And, ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
 He's gone, helpless youth! o'er the rude roaring billows;
 The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows;
 And left me to stray 'mongst the once-loved willows,
 The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore him;
 Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;
 And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er
 him,
 He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
 The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying;
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing;
 While I with my Sandy am carelessly straying,
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.



THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

[By TANNY HILL.]

Tune—Bonny Dundee.

KEEN blows the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
 The auld wa's and turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;
 How changed sin the days that I met wi' my lover
 Among the green bushes by Stanley-green shaw!
 The wild flow'r o' simmer was springing sae bonny;
 The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
 But far to the camp they hae march'd aff my Johnie;
 And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythsome and cheerie ;
 Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw :
 Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie ;
 Now naething is seen but the wide spreading snaw.
 The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
 They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they
 flee ;
 They chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my
 Johnie ;
 'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud as it skiffs the bleak mountain,
 And shakes the dark furs on its stey rocky brae,
 While down the deep glen bawls the sna'-flooded
 fountain,
 That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
 'Tis no the loud roar o' the wint'ry wind swelling ;
 'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tear i' my e'e ;
 For O gin I saw but my bonnie Scots callan,
 The dark days o' winter were simmer to me.



THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

My love has built a bonny ship, and set her on the sea,
 With sevenscore good mariners to bear her company ;
 There's threescore is sunk, and threescore dead at sea,
 And the Lowlands of Holland has twin'd my love and
 me.

My love he built another ship, and set her on the main,
 And nane but twenty mariners for to bring her hame ;
 But the weary wind began to rise, and the sea began
 to rout,
 My love then and his bonny ship turn'd withershins
 about.

There shall neither coif come on my head, nor comb
 come in my hair,
 There shall neither coal nor candle light shine in my
 bower mair;
 Nor will I love another one, until the day I die:
 For I never lov'd a love but one, and he's drown'd in
 the sea.

O had your tongue, my daughter dear, be still and be
 content;
 There are mair lads in Galloway, ye need nae sair la-
 ment.
 O! there is nane in Galloway, there's nane at a' for me:
 For I never lov'd a love but ane, and he's drown'd in
 the sea.



AULD ROBIN GRAY.

[Written by Lady ANN LINDSAY, daughter to the late Earl of
 Balcarras.]

Tune—*The Bridegroom greets.*

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld and the kye at hame,
 And a' the weary warld to rest are gane;
 The waes of my heart fa' in show'rs frae my e'e,
 While my gudeman lyes sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and he sought me for his
 bride,
 But saving a crown, he had naething beside;
 To mak' that crown a pound, my Jamie gade to sea,
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He ha'd na been awa a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stoun
away ;

My father brak' his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father coudna work, and my mother coudna spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna win ;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me.

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back ;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck :
The ship it was a wreck, why didna Jenny die ?
And why do I live to say, Wae's me ?

My father argued sair, tho' my mother didna speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break ;
So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully ae night at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I coudna think it he,
Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away :
I wish I were dead ! but I'm no like to die ;
And why do I live to say, Wae's me ?

I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin ;
I darena think on Jamie, for that would be a sin ;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto be.

MARY'S DREAM.

[Written by Mr ALEX. LOWE, who lived for some time at Airds in Galloway, from whence he went to North America. The Mary alluded to is supposed to be Miss Mary Macghie, daughter of the proprietor of Airds.—BURNS.]

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tow'r and tree.
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low a voice was heard,
Say, Mary, weep no more for me!

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to ask who there might be?
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale and hollow eye:
O Mary, dear! cold is my clay;
It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We toss'd upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I at rest,
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

O maiden, dear ! thyself prepare,
 We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 Where love is free from doubt and care,
 And thou and I shall part no more.
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled ;
 No more of Sandy could she see ;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 Sweet Mary, weep no more for me !



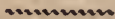
THE WAEFU' HEART.

Gin living worth cou'd win my heart,
 You wou'd na speak in vain,
 But in the darksome grave it's laid,
 Never to rise again.
 My waefu' heart lies low wi' his
 Whose heart was only mine ;
 And oh ! what a heart was that to lose,
 But I maun no repine.

Yet oh ! gin Heav'n in mercy soon
 Wou'd grant the boon I crave,
 And tak this life, now naething worth
 Sin Jamie's in his grave.
 And see ! his gentle spirit come
 To show me on my way,
 Surprised, nae doubt, I still am here,
 Sair wond'ring at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear ;
 And oh ! wi' what gude will
 I follow, wharsoe'er ye lead,
 Ye canna lead to ill.

She said, and soon a deadly pale
 Her faded cheek possest;
 Her waefu' heart forgot to beat;
 Her sorrows sunk to rest.



HIGHLAND MARY.

[By BURNS, in remembrance of his last interview with Mary Campbell. *Vide supra*, p. 251.]

Tune—*Katharine Ogie*.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!
 There simmer first unfold her robes,
 And there the langest tarry:
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
 As underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder;

But Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
 And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance,
 That dwalt on me sae kindly!
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core,
 Shall live my Highland Mary.



MY MARY, DEAR DEPARTED SHADE.

[This sublime elegy was composed by BURNS, under great agitation of mind, on the anniversary of the death of his beloved Mary Campbell. *Vide supra*, p. 251.]

Tune—*Captain Cook's death, &c.*

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
 To live one day of parting love!

Eternity cannot efface
 Those records dear of transports past ;
 Thy image at our last embrace,
 Ah, little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild-woods thick'ning green ;
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene :
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care ;
 Time but th' impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear :
 My Mary, dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?



MAUN I STILL ON MENIE DOAT.

[By BURNS. The chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman of Edinburgh, a particular friend of the bard's.]

Tune—*Johnny's gray-brecks.*

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

*And maun I still on Menie doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be!*

*In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
 And maun I still, &c.*

*The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks.
 And maun I still, &c.*

*The wanton coot the water skims,
 Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
 The stately swan majestic swims,
 And ev'ry thing is blést but I.
 And maun I still, &c.*

*The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap;
 And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
 Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
 I meet him on the dewy hill.
 And maun I still, &c.*

*And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
 A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
 And maun I still, &c.*

Come winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree;
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
 When nature all is sad like me!
And maun I still, &c.



JESSY.

[This song was written by BURNS in the summer of 1796, when he was descending rapidly to the grave, and is the last finished offspring of his muse.]

Tune—Here's a health to them that's awa, hiney.

*HERE's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!*

Altho' thou maun never be mine,
 Altho' even hope is denied;
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
 But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
 For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
 I guess by the love rolling e'e;
 But why urge the tender confession
 'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

[This song is BURNS's, with the exception of the chorus, which he picked up from an old woman in Dumblane.]

Tune—*Highlander's Lament.*

MY Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strade he on the plain,
 But now he's banish'd far away,
 I'll never see him back again.
O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
 I wander dowie up the glen;
 I set me down and greet my fill,
 And ay I wish him back again.
O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain!
 Then I might see the joyful sight,
 My Highland Harry back again.
O for him, &c.



THE WHITE COCKADE.

MY love was born in Aberdeen,
 The boniest lad that e'er was seen,
 But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,
 He takes the field wi' his white cockade.

*O he's a ranting, roving lad,
 He is a brisk an' a bonny lad,
 Betide what may, I will be wed,
 And follow the boy wi' the white cockade.*

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
 My gude gray mare, and hawkit cow,
 To buy mysel a tartan plaid,
 To follow the boy wi' the white cockade.
O he's a ranting, &c.



MY DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE, O.

Air—Morncen I Gaberland.

BLYTHE was the time when he fee'd wi' my father, O,
 Happy war the days when we herded thegither, O,
 Sweet war the hours when he row't me in his plaidie, O,
 An' vow't to be mine, my dear Highland laddie, O;
 But ah, waes me! wi' their sodg'ring sae gaudy, O,
 The laird's wys't away my braw Highland laddie, O;
 Misty are the glens, and the dark hills sae cloudy, O,
 That ay seem't sae blythe wi' my dear Highland
 laddie, O.

The blae-berry banks now are lonesome and dreary, O,
 Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae clearly, O,
 Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O,
 The wild-melting strains o' my dear Highland laddie, O.
 Oh! love is like the morning, sae gladsome and
 bonny, O,
 Till winds fa' a-storming, and clouds low'r sae rainy, O:
 As nature in winter droops withering sae sadly, O,
 Sae lang may I mourn for my dear Highland laddie, O.

He's pu'd me the crawberry ripe frae the scroggie
 glen,
 He's pu'd me the strawberry ripe frae the foggy fen,
 He's pu'd me the rowan frae the wild steep sae gaudy, O,
 Sae loving and kind was my dear Highland laddie, O.
 Farewell my ewes, and farewell my dogie, O,
 Farewell Glenfiach, my mammy, and my daddy, O,
 Farewell ye mountains, sae cheerless and clondy, O,
 Where aft I have been wi' my dear Highland laddie, O.

YOUNG ALLAN.

[By RICHARD GALL, a young man of promising genius. He was bred to the printing profession, which consequently engrossed much of his time and attention; his leisure hours he devoted to the cultivation of his mind, which he improved considerably, but the bent of his inclination was directed to Scottish poetry, in which, we are assured by those who have inspected his unpublished poems, he would probably have attained to no ordinary celebrity, had not an abscess broke out in this breast, that cut him off in May 1801, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He was the friend and correspondent of Burns, and lived in terms of the greatest intimacy with M'Neill, to whom he addressed an epistle, prefixed to the works of that ingenious poet.]

THE sun in the west fa's to rest in the e'enin';
 Ilk morn blinks cheerfu' upon the green lee;
 But, ah! on the pillow o' sorrow ay leanin',
 Nae mornin' nae e'enin' brings pleasure to me.
 O! waefu' the parting, when, smiling at danger,
 Young Allan left Scotia to meet wi' the fae;
 Could, could now he lies in a land amang strangers,
 Frae friends, and frae Helen for ever away.

As the aik on the mountain resists the blast rairin',
 Sae did he the brunt o' the battle sustain,
 Till treach'ry arrested his courage sae darin',
 And laid him pale, lifeless upon the drear plain.
 Could winter the flower divests o' its cleidin',
 In simmer again it blooms bonny to see;
 But naething, alas! can e'er hale my heart bleidin',
 Drear winter remaining for ever wi' me.



MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O.

[By RICHARD GALL.]

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
 My only jo and dearie, O;
 Thy neck is like the siller dew
 Upon the bank sae brierie, O:
 Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
 O sweet's the twinkle o' thine e'e!
 Nae joy, nae pleasure blinks on me,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
 Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O,
 Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
 Nae care to mak it eerie, O:
 But little kens the sangster sweet
 Aught o' the care I hae to meet,
 That gars my restless bosom beat,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
 And youth was blinkin bonny, O,
 Aft we wad daff the lee lang day,
 Our joys fu' sweet and mony, O.

Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,
 And round about the thorny tree,
 Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O,
 A wish that thou wert ever mine,
 And never mair to leave me, O!
 Then I wad daut thee night and day,
 Nae ither warl'ly care wad hae,
 Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

MY ANNA.

[By RICHARD GALL.]

How sweet is the scene at the dawning o' morning!
 How fair ilka object that lives in the view!
 Dame Nature the valley and hillock adorning;
 The primrose and blue-bells yet wet wi' the dew.
 How sweet in the morning o' life is my Anna!
 Her smile like the sun-beam that glents o'er the lee!
 To wander and leave her, dear lassie, I canna,
 Frae love and frae beauty I never can flee.

O! lang hae I lo'ed her, and lo'e her fu' dearly,
 And aft hae I preed o' her bonny sweet mou';
 And aft hae I read, in her e'e blinkin' clearly,
 A language that bade me be constant and true!
 Then others may doat on their fond warl'ly treasure,
 For pelf, silly pelf, they may brave the rude sea;
 To love my sweet lassie be mine the dear pleasure,
 Wi' her let me live, and wi' her let me die!

THE WEE THING.

[By H. MACNEILL, Esq.]

Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye mine ain thing?
 Saw ye my true love down by yon lee;
 Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming?
 Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-tree?

Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;
 Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling ee;
 Red, red her ripe lips! And sweeter than roses:—
 Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?

I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
 Nor saw I your true love down by yon lee;
 But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,
 Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-tree.

Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;
 Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling ee;
 Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:
 Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me!

It was nae my wee thing; it was nae my ain thing,
 It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
 Proud is her leel heart! modest her nature!
 She never loo'd ony till ance she loo'd me.

Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary:
 Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee:—
 Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,
 Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee!

It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
 It was then your true love I met by the tree:
 Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
 Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling ee!—
 Ye's rue sair, this morning, your boasts and your scorn-
 ing:
 ' Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.

Awa wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling.—
 Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee:
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling ee!

Is it my wee thing! is it mine ain thing!
 Is it my true love here that I see!
 O Jamie, forgie me; your heart's constant to me;
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!



THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

[By MR ROBERT CRAWFORD of Auchinames.]

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
 Though thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas! she ne'er believes me:
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her;
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her:

I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender ;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
 The fields we then frequented ;
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember ;
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?
 Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me :
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion nae mair tender ;
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.



FOR THE LACK OF GOLD.

[By the late Dr AUSTIN, physician in Edinburgh, on the marriage of Jean, daughter of John Drummond of Megginich, Esq. to James Duke of Atholl, on whose death she married General Lord Adam Gordon, whose widow she died at Edinburgh about 1800.]

FOR he lack of gold she's left me, O,
 And of all that's dear bereft me, O ;
 She me forsook for a great duke,
 And to endless woes she's left me, O.

A star and garter have more art,
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart ;
 For empty titles we must part,
 And for glitt'ring show she's left me, O.

No cruel fair shall e'er more move
 My injured heart again to love ;
 Through distant climates I must rove,
 Since Jeany she has left me, O.
 Ye pow'rs above ! I to your care
 Give up my charming lovely fair ;
 Your choicest blessings be her share,
 Tho' she's for ever left me, O.



I'LL CHEAR UP MY HEART.

As I was walking ae May morning,
 The fiddlers an' youngsters were making their game ;
 And there I saw my faithless lover,
 And a' my sorrows return'd again.
 Well since he is gane, joy gang wi' him ;
 It's ne'er be he shall gar me complain :
 I'll chear up my heart, and I will get another ;
 I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

I could na get sleeping yestreen for weeping,
 The tears ran down like showers o' rain ;
 An' had na I got greiting my heart wad a broken ;
 And O ! but love's a tormenting pain.
 But since he is gane, may joy gae wi' him ;
 It's never be he that shall gar me complain :
 I'll chear up my heart, and I will get another ;
 I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

When I gade into my mither's new house,
 I took my wheel and sat down to spin;
 'Twas there I first began my thrift;
 And a' the wooers came linking in.
 It was gear he was seeking, but gear he'll na get;
 And its never be he that shall gar me complain:
 For I'll chear up my heart, and I'll soon get another;
 I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.



MY HEART'S MY AIN.

'Tis nae very lang sinsyne,
 That I had a lad o' my ain;
 But now he's awa to anither,
 And left me a' my lain.
 The lass he's courting has siller,
 And I hae nane at a';
 And 'tis nought but the love of the tocher
 That's tane my lad awa.

But I'm blyth that my heart's ain,
 And I'll keep it a' my life,
 Until that I meet wi' a lad
 Who has sense to wale a good wife.
 For though I say't mysell,
 That shou'd nae say't, 'tis true,
 The lad that gets me for a wife,
 He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
 As a' the neighbours can tell;
 Tho' I've seldom a gown on my back,
 But sic as I spin mysell:

And when I'm clad in my curtsey,
 I think mysell as braw
 As Susie, wi' a' her pearling,
 That's tane my lad awa.

But I wish they were buckled together,
 And may they live happy for life;
 Tho' Willie does slight me, and's left me,
 The chield he deserves a good wife.
 But, O! I'm blyth that I've miss'd him,
 As blyth as I weel can be;
 For ane that's sae keen o' the siller
 Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But as the truth is, I'm hearty,
 I hate to be scrimpit and scant;
 The wee thing I hae I'll make use o't,
 And nae ane about me shall want:
 For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
 I ken when to ha'd and to gi'e;
 For whinging and cringing for siller
 Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
 An' he wha has that has enough;
 The master is seldom sae happy
 As Robin that drives the plough.
 But if a young lad wou'd cast up,
 To make me his partner for life,
 If the chield has the sense to be happy,
 He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

[By BURNS.]

Tune—*Invercald's Reel.*

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the day,
 Ye would nae been sae shy;
 For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
 But, trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
 Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure:
 Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
 But fient a hair care I.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,
 That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
 Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
 Wha follows ony saucy quean
 That looks sae proud and high.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
 If that he want the yellow dirt,
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
 And answer him fu' dry.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Tho' hardly he for sense or lear,
 Be better than the kye.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
 Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice ;
 The deil a ane wad spier your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I would nae gie her in her sark,
 For thee wi' a' thy thousan' mark ;
 Ye need na look sae high.

O Tibbie, I hae, &c.



MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

[By BURNS.]

O MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin ;
 But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie,
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
 It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;
 It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee,
 My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
 He canna hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airt-penny,
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy ;
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.

Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.



SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

[By BURNS.]

SHE's fair and fause that causes my smart,
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
 And I may e'en gae hang.
 A coof cam in wi' rowth o' gear,
 And I hae tint my dearest dear,
 But woman is but world's gear,
 Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind,
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
 A woman has't by kind:
 O woman, lovely, woman fair!
 An angel form's faun to thy share,
 'Twad been o'er meikle-to gi'en thee mair,
 I mean an angel mind.



ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALOCH.

[By Mrs GRANT of C****n.]

*Roy's wife of Aldivaloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivaloch,
 Wat ye haw she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch?*

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine ;
 She said she lo'ed me best of ony ;
 But oh ! the fickle, faithless quean,
 She's ta'en the carl, and left her Johnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

O she was a canty quean,
 And weel cou'd dance the Highland walloch ;
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivaloch.
Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair's sae fair, her een's sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou's sae sweet and bonny,
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Tho' she's for ever left her Johnie.
Roy's wife, &c.



COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

[By H. M'NEILL, Esq.]

Tune—*Johnie M'Gill.*

COME under my plaidy, the night's gaun to fa^r;
 Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw ;
 Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me ;
 There's room in't, dear lassie ! believe me, for twa.
 Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
 I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that will blaw :
 O ! come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
 There's room in't, dear lassie ! believe me, for twa.

Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy ! auld Donald, gae 'wa,
 I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw ;
 Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy ! I'll no sit beside ye ;
 Ye may be my gutcher, auld Donald, gae 'wa :—
 I'm gaun to meet Johnie, he's young and he's bonie,
 He's been at Meg's bridal, sae trig and sae braw ;
 O nane dances sae lightly ! sae gracefu' ! sae tightly !
 His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw !

Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa',
 Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava ;
 The hale o' his pack he has now on his back,
 He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
 Be frank now and kindly ; I'll busk you aye finely ;
 At kirk or at market they'll nane gang sae braw ;
 A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 And flunkies to 'tend you as aft as ye ca'.

My father's ay tauld me, my mither and a',
 Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me aye braw
 It's true I loo Johnie, he's gude and he's bonie,
 But, waes me ! ye ken he has naething ava !
 I hae little tocher ; you've made a gude offer ;
 I'm now mair than twenty ; my time is but sma' !
 Sae gi'e me your plaidy, I'll creep in beside ye,
 I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa.

She crap in ayont him, aside the stane wa',
 Whar Johnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a' ;
 The day was appointed !—his proud heart it dunted,
 And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
 He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary !
 And thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw ;
 The howlet was screaming, while Johnie cried, Women
 Wad marry auld Nick if he'd keep them aye braw !—

O the deels in the lasses! they gang now sae braw,
 They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;
 The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;
 Plain luvè is the caulddest blast now that can blaw!

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SLIGHTED NANSY.

Tune—*The Kirk wad let me be.*

'TIS I have seven braw new gowns,  
 And ither seven better to mak,  
 And yet for a' my new gowns,  
 My wooer has turn'd his back.  
 Besides I have seven milk ky,  
 And Sandy he has but three;  
 And yet for a' my good ky,  
 The laddie winna ha'e me.

My dadie's a delver of dikes,  
 My mither can card and spin,  
 And I am a fine fodge lass,  
 And the siller comes linkin in:  
 The siller comes linkin in,  
 And it is fou fair to see,  
 And fifty times wow! O wow!  
 What ails the lads at me?

Whenever our Baty does bark,  
 Then fast to the door I rin,  
 To see gin ony young spark  
 Will light and venture but in:  
 But never a ane will come in,  
 Tho' many a ane gaes by,  
 Syne far ben the house I rin,  
 And a weary wight am I.



When I was at my first prayers,  
 I pray'd but anes i' the year,  
 I wish'd for a handsome young lad,  
 And a lad with muckle gear.  
 When I was at my neist prayers,  
 I pray'd but now and than,  
 I fash'd na my head about gear,  
 If I got a handsome young man.

Now when I'm at my last prayers,  
 I pray on baith night and day,  
 And O! if a beggar wad come,  
 With that same beggar I'd gae.  
 And O! and what'll come o' me?  
 And O! and what'll I do?  
 That sic a braw lassie as I  
 Shou'd die for a wooer I trow!



### BESS THE GAWKIE.

BLYTH young Bess to Jean did say,  
 Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,  
 Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,  
 And sport a while wi' Jamie?  
 Ah na, lass, I'll no gang there,  
 Nor about Jamie tak nae care,  
 Nor about Jamie tak nae care,  
 For he's ta'en up wi' Maggy.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,  
 Did I not see your Jamie pass,  
 Wi' meikle gladness in his face,  
 Out o'er the muir to Maggy.

I wat he gae her mony a kiss,  
 And Maggy took them ne'er amiss;  
 'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,  
 That Bess was but a gawkie.

For when a civil kiss I seek,  
 She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,  
 And for an hour she'll scarcely speak;  
 Who'd not ca' her a gawkie?  
 But sure my Maggy has mair sense,  
 She'll gi'e a score without offence:  
 Now gi'e me ane into the mense,  
 And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye hae mony tane,  
 But I will never stand for ane  
 Or twa, when we do meet again;  
 Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.  
 Ah na, lass, that ne'er can be,  
 Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,  
 Or ony thy sweet face that see,  
 E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But whisht!—nae mair of this we'll speak,  
 For yonder Jamie does us meet;  
 Instead of Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,  
 I trow he likes the gawkie.—  
 O dear Bess, I hardly knew,  
 When I came by, your gown's sae new,  
 I think you've got it wat wi' dew.  
 Quoth she, That's like a gawkie.

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,  
 And I'll get gowns when it is gane,  
 Sae you may gang the gate you came,  
 And tell it to your dawtie.

The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek,  
 He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet,  
 If I should gang another gate,  
 I ne'er could meet my dawtie !

The lasses fast frae him they flew,  
 And left poor Jamie sair to rue,  
 That ever Maggy's face he knew,  
 Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.  
 As they gade o'er the muir they sang,  
 The hills and dales with echoes rang,  
 The hills and dales with echoes rang,  
 Gang o'er the muir to Maggy.



### THE BANKS O' DOON.

[By BURNS.]

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ;  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care !  
 Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :  
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
 Departed never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;  
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;  
 And my fause luvier stole my rose,  
 But, ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

## WALY, WALY UP THE BANK.

[A song with this title is quoted in a *Musical Medley*, published in 1666.]

O WALY, waly up the bank,  
 And waly, waly down the brae,  
 And waly, waly yon burn-side,  
 Where I and my love wont to gae!  
 I lean'd my back unto an aik,  
 I thought it was a trusty tree,  
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,  
 Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly but love be bonny,  
 A little time whan it is new,  
 But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,  
 And fades away like the morning dew.  
 O wherefore shou'd I busk my head?  
 Or wherefore shou'd I kame my hair?  
 For my true love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed,  
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me,  
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,  
 Since my true love has forsaken me.  
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come?  
 For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency ;  
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
 But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.  
 When we came in by Glasgow town,  
 We were a comely sight to see ;  
 My love was cled in the black velvet,  
 And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd,  
 That love had been sae ill to win,  
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,  
 And pinn'd with a silver pin.  
 Oh, oh ! if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurse's knee ;  
 And I mysell were dead and gane,  
 For a maid again I'll never be.



### LORD GREGORY.

[By BURNS, on the same subject as an ode of Dr Walcott's  
 founded on a passage in the beautiful ballad of *Fair Annie  
 of Lochroyan.*]

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,  
 And loud the tempest's roar ;  
 A wacfu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,  
 Lord Gregory ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',  
 And a' for loving thee ;  
 At least some pity on me shaw,  
 If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,  
 By bonnie Irwine side,  
 Where first I own'd that virgin-love—  
 I lang, lang had denied?

How aften did'st thou pledge and vow  
 Thou wad for ay be mine!  
 And my fond heart, itsel sae true,  
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,  
 And flinty is thy breast:  
 Thou dart of heav'n that flashest by,  
 O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above  
 Your willing victim see!  
 But spare, and pardon my fause love,  
 His wrangs to heaven and me!



## OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

[By BURNS]

Oh open the door, some pity to shew,  
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh!  
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true;  
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,  
 But caulder thy love for me, Oh!  
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,  
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh!



The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,  
 And time is setting with me, Oh!  
 False friends, false love, farewell! for mair  
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;  
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!  
 My true love, she cried, and sank down by his side,  
 Never to rise again, Oh!



### TWINE WEEL THE PLAIDEN.

OH! I hae lost my silken snood,  
 That tied my hair sae yellow;  
 I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd,  
 He was a gallant fellow.

*And twine it weel, my bonny dow,  
 And twine it weel, the plaiden;  
 The lassie lost her silken snood  
 In pu'ing of the bracken.*

He prais'd my een sae bonny blue,  
 Sae lily white my skin, O;  
 And syne he pric'd my bonny mou',  
 And swore it was nae sin, O.  
*And twine it weel, &c.*

But he has left the lass he loo'd,  
 His ain true love forsaken,  
 Which gars me sair to greet the snood,  
 I lost amang the bracken.  
*And twine it weel, &c.*

## DUNCAN GRAY.

[In Johnson's *Musical Museum* this song is marked with the letter Z. as being an old song with corrections or additions. Tradition ascribes the air to a carman in Glasgow.]

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray,  
*Ha, ha the girdin o't,*  
 Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray,  
*Ha, ha the girdin o't;*  
 When a' the lave gae to their play,  
 Then I maun sit the lee lang day,  
 And joeg the cradle wi' my tae,  
 And a' for the girdin o't,

Bonnie was the Lammas moon,  
*Ha, ha, &c.*  
 Glowrin a' the hills aboon,  
*Ha, ha, &c.*  
 The girdin brak, the beast cam down,  
 I tint my curch and baith my shoon,  
 And Duncan, ye're an unco loun;  
 Wae on the bad girdin o't.

But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,  
*Ha, ha, &c.*  
 I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath,  
*Ha, ha, &c.*  
 Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,  
 The beast again can bear us baith,  
 And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,  
 And clout the bad girdin o't.

## DUNCAN GRAY.

[By BURNS.]

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,  
*Ha, ha the wooing o't,*  
 On blythe Yule night when we were fou,  
*Ha, ha the wooing o't.*  
 Maggie coost her head fu' high,  
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,  
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;  
*Ha, ha the wooing o't.*

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd:  
*Ha, ha, &c.*  
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig,  
*Ha, ha, &c.*  
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,  
 Grat his een baith bleert and blin',  
 Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;  
*Ha, ha, &c.*

Time and chance are but a tide,  
*Ha, ha, &c.*  
 Slighted love is sair to bide,  
*Ha, ha, &c.*  
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,  
 For a haughty hizzie die;  
 She may gae to—France for me!  
*Ha, ha, &c.*

How it comes let Doctors tell,  
*Ha, ha, &c.*  
 Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,  
*Ha, ha, &c.*

Something in her bosom wrings,  
 For relief a sigh she brings;  
 And O, her een, they spak sic things!  
*Ha, ha, &c.*

Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
*Ha, ha, &c.*  
 Maggie's was a piteous case,  
*Ha, ha, &c.*

Duncan could na be her death,  
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;  
 Now they're crouse and canty baith.  
*Ha, ha, &c.*



### BIDE YE YET.

GIN I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire,  
 A bonny wee wifie to praise and admire,  
 A bonny wee yardy aside a wee burn;  
 Fareweel to the bodies that yammer and mourn!  
*Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,  
 Ye little ken what may betide ye yet;  
 Some bonny wee body may be my lot,  
 And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.*

When I gang a-field, and come hame at e'en,  
 I'll get my wee wifie fou neat and fou clean,  
 And a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,  
 That will cry Papa, or Daddy, to me.  
*Sae bide ye yet, &c.*

And if there should happen ever to be  
 A diff'rence a'tween my wee wifie and me,  
 In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,  
 I'll kiss her, and clap her, until she be pleas'd.  
*Sae bide ye yet, &c.*

## THE PLOUGHMAN.

THE ploughman he's a bonny lad,  
 His mind is ever true, jo,  
 His garters knit below his knee,  
 His bonnet it is blue, jo.  
*Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad,  
 And hey, my merry ploughman ;  
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,  
 Commend me to the ploughman.*

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,  
 He's aften wat and weary :  
 Cast aff the wat, put on the dry,  
 And gae to bed, my deariè.  
*Then up wi't a', &c.*

I will wash my ploughman's hose,  
 And I will dress his o'erlay :  
 I will mak my ploughman's bed,  
 And cheer him late and early.  
*Then up wi't a', &c.*

I hae been east, I hae been west,  
 I hae been at Saint Johnston,  
 The bonniest sight that e'er I saw.  
 Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.  
*Then up wi't a', &c.*

Snaw-white stockings on his legs,  
 And siller buckles glancin ;  
 A gude blue bannet on his head,  
 And Oh ! but he was handsome.  
*Then up wi't a', &c.*

## THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

[The first half stanza is old ; the rest is RAMSAY'S.]

O THIS is no mine ain house,  
 I ken by the rigging o't,  
 Since with my love I've changed vows,  
 I dinna like the bigging o't.  
 For now that I'm young Robie's bride,  
 And mistress of his fire-side,  
 Mine ain house I like to guide,  
 And please me wi' the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,  
 I gang where love invites me ;  
 The strictest duty this allows,  
 When love with honour meets me.  
 When Hymen moulds us into ane,  
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,  
 And to refuse him were a sin,  
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,  
 True love shall be at hand ay,  
 To make me still a prudent spouse,  
 And let my man command ay ;  
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,  
 The common pest of married life,  
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,  
 And breaks the kindly band ay.



## THE MARINER'S WIFE.

[This fine song is long posterior to Ramsay's days. About the year 1771 or 1772 it came first on the streets as a ballad.—  
BURNS.]

AND are ye sure the news is true?  
 And are ye sure he's well?  
 Is this a time to tawk o' wark?  
 Mak haste, set by your wheel.  
 Is this a time to tawk o' wark,  
 When Colin's at the door?  
 Gie me cloak, I'll to the quay,  
 And see him come ashore.  
*For there's nae luck about the house,  
 There's nae luck ava ;  
 There's little pleasure in the house,  
 When our goodman's awa..*

Rise up and mak a clean fire-side,  
 Put on the muckle pat ;  
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
 And Jock his Sunday's coat :  
 And mak their shoon as black as slaes,  
 Their hose as white as snaw ;  
 It's a' to please my ain goodman,  
 For he's been lang awa.  
*For there's nae luck, &c.*

There are twa hens upon the bauk ;  
 Have fed this month and mair,  
 Mak haste, and thraw their necks about,  
 That Colin weel may fare :

And spread the table neat and clean,  
 Gar ilka thing look bra';  
 It's a' for love of my goodman,  
 For he's been lang awa.  
*For there's nae luck, &c.*

O gie down my bigonet,  
 My bishop-satin gown,  
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife,  
 That Colin's come to town.  
 My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,  
 My hose o' pearl blue,  
 It's a' to please my ain goodman,  
 For he's baith leel and true.  
*For there's nae luck, &c.*

Sae true's his words, sae smooth's his speech,  
 His breath's like caller air,  
 His very foot has music in't,  
 When he comes up the stair.  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;  
 In troth I'm like to greet.  
*For there's nae luck, &c.*

The cauld blasts of the winter wind,  
 That thrilled thro' my heart,  
 They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,  
 Till death we'll never part:  
 But what puts parting in my head?  
 It may be far awa;  
 The present moment is our ain;  
 The neist we never saw.  
*For there's nae luck, &c.*

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
 I hae nae mair to crave;  
 Could I but live to mak him blest,  
 I'm blest aboon the lave.  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;  
 In troth I'm like to greet.  
*For there's nae luck, &c.*



### JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

{ This song, in its present shape, was first published by Brash and Reid of Glasgow, about 1796, in a collection of poetry, in which it was said to have been improved by Burns. This assertion Dr Currie positively denies, and supposes the poet wrote no more of the song than the two stanzas (which are here distinguished by inverted commas) that appeared originally in Johnson's *Musical Museum*.

“ It is a received tradition in Scotland,” says Dr Percy, “ that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and obscene songs were composed, to be sung by the rabble, to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. *Green sleeves and pudding pies*, (designed to ridicule the Popish clergy) is said to be one of those metamorphosed hymns: *Maggy Lauder* was another: *John Anderson my jo* was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets,” continues he, “ was very fine.”—The last mentioned song is preserved by Dr Percy.

### WOMAN.

“ John Anderson my jo, cum in as ze gae bye,  
 And ze sall get a sheips heid weel baken in a pye;  
 Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat;  
 John Anderson, my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

MAN.

“ And how do ze, Cummer? and how hae ze threven?  
And how mony bairns hae ze? WOM. Cummer, I hae seven.

MAN. Are they to zour awin gude man? WOM. Na, Cummer, na;

For five of them were gotten quhan he was awa.”

“ The ‘ seven bairns’ are,” Ritson observes, “ with great probability, thought to allude to the *seven sacraments*; five of which, it is observed, were the spurious offspring of Mother church: as the first stanza is supposed to contain a satirical allusion to the luxury of the Popish clergy; which, however, is not so evident. In Dr Percy’s first edition, the second stanza ran thus:—

“ And how doe ze Cummer? and how *do ze thrive*?

And how mony bairns hae ze? WOM. Cummer, I hae *five*.

MAN. Are they all to zour ain gude man? WOM. Na, Cummer na,

For *three* of them were gotten quhan *Willie* was awa.

“ This, therefore, seems to have been the original ballad; of which the satire was transferred, by the easy change of two or three words, from common life to holy church. It is, however, either way, a great curiosity.”—RITSON’S *Scottish Songs*, vol. i. p. ci.

John Anderson is said by tradition to have been town-piper of Kelso.—*Musical Museum*, vol. iii.]

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John, I wonder what you mean,

To rise so soon in the morning, and sit up so late at e’en,  
Ye’ll blear out a’ your een, John, and why should you do so?

Gang sooner to your bed at e’en, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, when nature first began  
To try her canny hand, John, her master-work was man;

And you among them a’ John, sae trig frae tap to toe;  
She prov’d to be nae journey-work, John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, ye were my first conceit,  
And ye need na think it strange, John, tho' I ca' ye  
trim and neat ;

Tho' some folks say ye're auld, John, I never think ye so,  
But I think ye're ay the same to me, John Anderson,  
my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, we've seen our bairns'  
bairns,

And yet, my dear John Anderson, I'm happy in your  
arms,

And sae are ye in mine, John,—I'm sure ye'll ne'er  
say no,

Tho' the days are gane that we have seen, John An-  
derson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, what pleasure does it gie,  
To see sae many sprouts, John, spring up 'tween you  
and me.

And ilka lad and lass, John, in our footsteps to go,  
Makes perfect heaven here on earth, John Anderson,  
my jo.

“ John Anderson, my jo, John, when we were first  
acquaint,

“ Your locks were like the raven, your bonnie brow  
was brent ;

“ But now your head's turn'd bald, John, your locks  
are like the snow,

“ Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson,  
my jo.”

John Anderson, my jo, John, frae year to year we've past,  
And soon that year maun come, John, will bring us  
to our last ;

But let na that affright us, John, our hearts were ne'er  
our foe,

While in innocent delight we liv'd, John Anderson, my jo.

" John Anderson, my jo, John, we clamb the hill the-  
 gither,  
 " And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane an-  
 ithier ;  
 " Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand  
 we'll go,  
 " And we'll sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson,  
 my jo."



## THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

[By BURNS, out of compliment to Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glen-  
 riddel, and his lady.]

Tunc—*Seventh of November.*

THE day returns, my bosom burns,  
 The blissful day we twa did meet,  
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,  
 Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.  
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,  
 And crosses o'er the sultry line ;  
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,  
 Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,  
 Or nature aught of pleasure give !  
 While joys above, my mind can move,  
 For thee, and thee alone, I live !  
 When that grim foe of life below  
 Comes in between to make us part ;  
 The iron hand that breaks our band,  
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.



## WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

[This song was the work of a very worthy facetious old fellow, JOHN LAPRAIK, late of Dalfram, near Muirkirk; which little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some connexion as security for some persons concerned in that villanous bubble, the Ayr Bank. He has often told me that he composed this song one day when his wife had been fretting o'er their misfortunes.—BURNS.]

Tune—*Scot's Recluse.*

WHEN I upon thy bosom lean,  
 And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,  
 I glory in the sacred ties  
 That made us ane, wha ance were twain:  
 A mutual flame inspires us baith,  
 The tender look, the melting kiss:  
 Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,  
 But only gie us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish? 'tis a' for thee;  
 I ken thy wish is me to please;  
 Our moments pass sae smooth away,  
 That numbers on us look and gaze.  
 Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,  
 Nor envy's sel finds aught to blame;  
 And ay when weary cares arise,  
 Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and take my rest,  
 And if that aught disturb my dear,  
 I'll bid her laugh her cares away,  
 And beg her not to drap a tear:

Hae I a joy ! 'tis a' her ain ;  
 United still her heart and mine ;  
 They're like the woodbine round the tree,  
 That's twin'd till death shall them disjoin.



# THE LAND OF THE LEAL.

Tune—*Tutie tailie.*

I'm wearin' awa, Jean,  
 Like sna' when 'tis thaw, Jean,  
 I'm wearin' awa  
 To the land o' the leal !  
 There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
 There's nae cauld nor care, Jean,  
 The day is ay fair  
 In the land o' the leal.

Ye were ay leal an' true, Jean;  
 Your task's ended now, Jean,  
 And I'll welcome you  
 To the land o' the leal.  
 Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,  
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean,  
 And we grudg'd her right sair  
 To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean,  
 My saul lings to be free, Jean,  
 For angels wait on me  
 To the land o' the leal.  
 Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean,  
 This world's care is vain, Jean,  
 We'll meet and ay be fain  
 In the land o' the leal.

## PART III.—SONGS.

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**Miscellaneous.**


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## MY GODDESS, WOMAN.

[By MR LEARMONT at Dalkeith.]

Tune—*The Butcher boy.*

O' MIGHTY Nature's handywarks,  
 The common, or uncommon,  
 There's nocht thro' a' her limits wide  
 Can be compar'd to woman.  
 The farmer toils, the merchant trokes,  
 Fra dawin to the gloamin;  
 The farmer's pains, the merchant's cares,  
 Are baith to please a woman.

The sailor spreads the daring sail,  
 Thro' angry seas a foaming;  
 The jewels, gems o' foreign shores,  
 He gies to please a woman.

The sodger fights o'er crimson fields,  
 In distant climates roaming;  
 Yet lays, wi' pride, his laurels down,  
 Before all-conquering woman.

A monarch lea'es his golden throne,  
 Wi' other men in common,  
 He flings aside his crown, and kneels  
 A subject to a woman.  
 Tho' I had a' e'er man possess'd,  
 Barbarian, Greek, or Roman,  
 It wad nae a' be worth a strae,  
 Without my goddess, woman.



## GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

[By BURNS.]

*GREEN* grow the rashes, O;  
*Green* grow the rashes, O;  
*The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,*  
*Are spent amang the lasses, O.*

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',  
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O:  
 What signifies the life o' man,  
 An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.  
*Green* grow, &c.

The warldly racc may riches chase,  
 An' riches still may fly them, O;  
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.  
*Green* grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O ;  
 An' warldly cares, and warldly men.  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !  
*Green grow, &c.*

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O :  
 The wisest man the warld e'er saw,  
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.  
*Green grow, &c.*

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
 Her noblest work she classes, O :  
 Her prentice hand she try'd on man,  
 An' then she made the lasses, O.  
*Green grow, &c.*

### GIN E'ER I'M IN LOVE.

GIN e'er I'm in love, it shall be with a lass  
 As sweet as the morn-dew that ligs on the grass ;  
 Her cheeks maun be ruddy, her een maun be bright,  
 Like stars in the sky on a cauld frosty night.  
 Oh ! cou'd I but ken sic a lassie as this,  
 Oh ! cou'd I but ken sic a lassie as this,  
 I'd freely gang to her,  
 Caress her, and woo her,  
 At once take up heart, and solicit a kiss.

My daddy wad ha'e me to marry wi' Bell,  
 But wha wad hae ane that he canna like well ?  
 What tho' she has meikle, she's bleary and auld,  
 Camstarie, and saucy, and a terrible scauld.

Oh! gin I get sic a vixen as this,  
 Oh! gin I get sic a vixen as this,  
     I'd whap her, and strap her,  
     And bang her, and slap her,  
 The devil for me shou'd solicit a kiss.

There's Maggy wad fain lug me into the chain,  
 She spiers frisky at me, but blinks it in vain:  
 She trows that I'll ha'e her—but, faith, I think no,  
 For Willy did for her a long while ago.

Oh! gin I get sic a wanton as this,  
 Oh! gin I get sic a wanton as this,  
     She'd horn me, and scorn me,  
     And hugely adorn me,  
 And, e'er she kiss'd me, gi'e another a kiss.

But find me a lassie, that's youthfu' and gay,  
 As blithe as a starling, as pleasant as May;  
 Wha's free from a' wrangling, and jangling, and strife,  
 And I'll tak her, and mak her my ain thing for life.

Oh! gin I get sic a lassie as this,  
 Oh! gin I get sic a lassie as this,  
     I'll kiss her and press her,  
     Preserve and caress her,  
 And think myself greater than Jove is in bliss.



### JENNY'S BAWBEE.

I MET four chaps yon birks amang,  
 Wi' hanging lugs and faces lang,  
 I spier'd at neibour Bauldy Strang,  
     Wha are they these we see?



Quoth he, Ilk cream-fac'd pauky chiel,  
Thinks himsell cunning as the de'il,  
And here they came awa to steal  
Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a captain to his trade,  
Wi' ill-lin'd scull, and back weel clad,  
March'd roun' the barn and by the shade,  
And papped on his knee :  
Quoth he, My goddess, nymph, and queen,  
Your beauty's dazzl'd baith my een ;  
But de'il a beauty he had seen  
But Jenny's bawbee.

A norlan' laird neist trotted up,  
Wi' bassen'd nag and siller whup,  
Cry'd, Here's my beast, lad, had the grup,  
Or tie him to a tree:  
What's goud to me? I've walth o' lan',  
Bestow on ane o' worth your hán';  
He thought to pay what he was awn  
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' blatherin' gab,  
Wi' speeches wove like ony wab,  
In ilk ane's corn he took a dab,  
And a' for a fee:  
Accounts he owed thro' a' the town,  
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair cou'd drown,  
But now he thought to clout his gown  
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Quite spruce, just frae the washing tubs,  
A fool cam neist, but life has rubs,  
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,  
And sair besmear'd was he :

He danc'd up, squintin' thro' a glass,  
And grinn'd, I' faith a bonny lass,  
He thought to win, wi front o' brass,  
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gae kaim his wig,  
The soger not to strut sae big,  
The lawyer not to be a prig ;  
The fool he cried, Tee hee,  
I ken'd that I could never fail ;  
But she prinn'd the dish-clout to his tail,  
And cool'd him wi' a water pail,  
And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnny cam, a lad o' sense,  
Altho' he had na mony pence,  
He took young Jenny to the spence,  
Wi' her to crack a wee.  
Now Johnny was a clever chiel,  
And here his suit he press'd sae weel,  
That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,  
And she birl'd her bawbee.



TIBBY FOWLER.

TIBBY FOWLER o' the glen,  
There's o'er mony wooing at her;  
Tibby Fowler o' the glen,  
There's o'er mony wooing at her.  
*Courting at her, wooing at her,  
Seeking at her, canna get her;  
Filthy elf, it's for her pelf  
That a' the lads are wooing at her.*

Ten came east, and ten came west,  
 And ten came rowing o'er the water;  
 Twa gaid down the lang dyke side,  
 There's twa-and-thirty wooing at her,  
*Courting at her, &c.*

Fye upon the filthy snort,  
 There's o'er mony wooing at her;  
 Fifteen came frae Aberdeen;  
 There's seven-and-forty wooing at her.  
*Courting at her, &c.*

In came Frank wi' his lang legs,  
 Gar'd a' the stairs play clitter clatter;  
 Had awa, young men, he begs,  
 For, by my sooth, I will be at her.  
*Courting at her, &c.*

She's got pendels to her lugs,  
 Cockle-shells wad set her better;  
 High-heel'd shoon, and siller studs,  
 And a' the lads are courting at her.  
*Courting at her, &c.*

Be a lassie ne'er sae fine,  
 Gin she want the penny siller,  
 She may live till ninety-nine  
 Ere she get a man till her.  
*Courting at her, &c.*

Be a lassie ne'er sae black,  
 An' she hae the name o' siller,  
 Set her upo' Tintoock tap,  
 The wind will bla' a man till her.  
*Courting at her, &c.*

## O' A' THE ILLS ON MAN THAT FA'.

O' a' the ills on man that fa'  
 Maist poverty I drie;  
 For canny up life's hill we ca',  
 Whan that our purse grows wee.

Whan siller's gane, an' credit lost,  
 There's no ane cares for me,  
 'Tis then I feel life's cauldest frost,  
 Whan that my purse grows wee.

Fu' mony a day blythe Maggy fair  
 I loo'd, and she loo'd me;  
 To please her aye was a' my care,  
 Whan my purse was na wee.

Yestreen I wander'd o'er to Maggy,  
 An' love gleam'd in my ee;  
 But whan I kiss'd the fickle jaddie,  
 Howt, haud awa, quoth she.

I look'd at her wi' fondest glance,  
 An' spier'd her ails at me;  
 But she replied, wi' mou' askance,  
 Wow but your purse is wee.

O' a' the ills on man that fa'  
 Maist poverty I drie,  
 For wi' us ilk ane finds a flaw,  
 Whan that our purse grows wee.

## THE WIDOW.

[By RAMSAY.]

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,  
 The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,  
 And mony braw things the widow can do;

Then have at the widow, my laddie.  
 With courage attack her baith early and late,  
 To kiss her and clap her ye manna be blate;  
 Speak well, and do better; for that's the best gate  
 To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair  
 The waur of the wearing, and has a good skair  
 Of every thing lovely; she's witty and fair,

And has a rich jointure, my laddie.  
 What could you wish better your pleasure to crown,  
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,  
 Wi' naething but draw in your stool and sit down,  
 And sport wi' the widow, my laddie.

Then till'er, and kill'er with courtesy dead,  
 Though stark love and kindness be a' ye can plead;  
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed

Wi' a bonny gay widow, my laddie.  
 Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wauld,  
 For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,  
 But ruirs the wooer that's thowless and cauld,  
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

## THE YOUNG LASS CONTRA AULD MAN.

THE carl he came o'er the craft,  
 And his beard new shav'n,  
 He look'd at me as he'd been daft,  
 The carl trows that I would hae him.  
 Howt awa, I winna hae him!  
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!  
 For a' his beard new shav'n,  
 Ne'er a bit I winna hae him.

A siller broach he gae me neist,  
 To fasten on my curchea nooked;  
 I wor'd awae upon my breast,  
 But soon, alake! the tongue o't crooked;  
 And sae may his; I winna hae him,  
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him;  
 Ane twice a bairn's a lass's jest;  
 Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carl has nae faut but ane;  
 For he has land and dollars plenty;  
 But wae's me for him! skin and bane  
 Is no for a plump lass of twenty.  
 Howt awa, I winna hae him,  
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!  
 What signifies his dirty riggs  
 And cash, without a man wi' them?

But shou'd my canker'd daddy gar  
 Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,  
 I warn the fumbler to beware,  
 That antlers dinna claim their station.



Howt awa, I winna hae him!  
 Na, forsooth, I winna hae him!  
 I'm flee'd to crack the haly band,  
 Sae lawty says, I shou'd na hae him.



### THE RANTIN DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

[Composed by BURNS when a very young man, and sent by him to a young girl, a particular acquaintance of his, at that time under a cloud.]

Tune—*East Nook o' Fife.*

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy?  
 Wha will tent me when I cry?  
 Wha will kiss me whare I lie?  
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

Wha will own he did the faut?  
 Wha will buy my groanin-maut?  
 Wha will tell me how to ca't?  
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

When I mount the creepie-chair,  
 Wha will sit beside me there?  
 Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair,  
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

Wha will crack to me my lane?  
 Wha will mak me fidgin fain?  
 Wha will kiss me o'er again?  
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.—

## WILLY WAS A WANTON WAG.

[By Mr WALKINSHAW of Walkinshaw, near Paisley.]

WILLY was a wanton wag,  
 The blythest lad that e'er I saw,  
 At bridals still he bore the brag,  
 And carried ay the gree awa.  
 His doublet was of Zetland shag,  
 And wow! but Willy he was braw,  
 And at his shoulder hung a tag,  
 That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,  
 His heart was frank without a flaw;  
 And ay whatever Willy said,  
 It was still hadden as a law.  
 His boots they were made of the jag;  
 When he went to the weaponshaw,  
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,  
 The fiend a' ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd?  
 He wan the love of great and sma';  
 For after he the bride had kiss'd,  
 He kiss'd the lasses hale-sale a':  
 Sac merrily round the ring they row'd,  
 When be the hand he led them a',  
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd,  
 By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willy a great lown,  
 As shyre a lick as e'er was seen?  
 When he danc'd with the lasses round,  
 The bridegroom speer'd where he had been.

Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,  
 With bobbing, faith, my shanks are sair;  
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,  
 For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gae out,  
 And for a wee fill up the ring:  
 But shame light on his souple snout,  
 He wanted Willy's wanton fling.  
 Then straight he to the bride did fare,  
 Says, Well's me on your bonny face,  
 With bobbing Willy's shanks are sair,  
 And I am come to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,  
 And at the ring you'll ay be lag,  
 Unless like Willy ye advance;  
 O! Willy has a wanton leg:  
 For wi't he learns us a' to steer,  
 And foremast ay bears up the ring;  
 We will find nae sic dancing here,  
 If we want Willy's wanton fling.



### CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

[The old words.]

THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
 And castocks in Stra'bogie,  
 Where ilka lad maun hae his lass,  
 But I maun hae my cogie.  
*For I maun hae my cogie, troth,  
 I canna want my cogie;  
 I wadna gie my three-gird cog  
 For a' the wives in Bogie.*

Johnnie Smith has got a wife  
 Wha scrimps him o' his cogie ;  
 But wère she mine, upon my life,  
 I'd duck her in a bogie.  
*For I maun hae, &c.*

Twa or three toddlin weans they hae,  
 The pride o' a' Stra'bogie ;  
 Whene'er the totums cry for meat,  
 She curses ay his cogie ;  
*Crying, Wae betide the three-gird cog !*  
*Oh, wae betide the cogie !*  
*It does mair skaith than a' the ills*  
*That happen in Stra'bogie.*

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's,  
 And, what they maist did laugh at,  
 She brake the bicker, spilt the drink,  
 And tightly gowff'd his haffet,  
*Crying, Wae betide, &c.*

Yet here's to ilka honest soul  
 Wha'll drink wi' me a cogie ;  
 And for ilk silly whingin fool,  
 We'll duck him in the bogie.  
*For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,*  
*I canna want my cogie ;*  
*I wadna gie my three-gird cog*  
*For a' the queans in Bogie.*



## CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

[By the Duke of Gordon.]

THERE'S cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
 And castocks in Stra'bogie ;

Gin I hae but a bonny lass,  
 Ye're welcome to your cogie.  
 And ye may sit up a' the night,  
 And drink till it be braid day-light;  
 Gie me a lass baith clean and tight,  
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel;  
 John Bull in country-dances;  
 The Spaniards dance fandangos well;  
 Mynheer an all'mande prances:  
 In foursome reels the Scots delight,  
 The threesome maist dance wondrous light,  
 But twasome ding a' out o' sight,  
 Danc'd to the reel of Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners well,  
 Wale each a blythsome rogie;  
 I'll tak this lassie to mysell,  
 She seems sae keen and vogie:  
 Now, piper lad, bang up the spring;  
 The country fashion is the thing,  
 To prie their mou's ere we begin  
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,  
 Save yon auld doited fogie,  
 And ta'en a fling upo' the grass,  
 As they do in Stra'bogie.  
 But a' the lasses look sae fain,  
 We canna think oursels to hain,  
 For they maun hae their come-again,  
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,  
 Like true men of Stra'bogie;  
 We'll stop a while and tak a rest,  
 And tipple out a cogie:

Come now, my lads, and tak your glass,  
 And try ilk other to surpass,  
 In wishing health to every lass  
 To dance the reel of Bogie.



# SOME SAY KISSING'S A SIN.

Tune—*Auld Sir Simon the King.*

SOME say kissing's a sin,  
 But I say that winna stand;  
 It is a most innocent thing,  
 And allow'd by the laws of the land.

If it were a transgression,  
 The ministers it would reprove,  
 But they, their elders, and session,  
 Can do it as well as the lave.

It's lang since it came in fashion,  
 I'm sure it will never be done,  
 As lang as there's in the nation  
 A lad, lass, wife, or a lown.

What can I say more to commend it,  
 Tho' I should speak all my life;  
 Yet this will I say in the end o't,  
 Let every man kiss his ain wife.

Let him kiss her, clap her, and dawt her,  
 And gie her benevolence due,  
 And that will a thrifty wife make her,  
 And sae I'll bid farewell to you.



## JOHNNY'S GRAY BREEKS.

WHEN I was in my se'entecnth year,  
 I was baith blythe and bonny, O;  
 The lads loo'd me baith far and near,  
 But I loo'd nane but Johnny, O.  
 He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks,  
 He spak sae blythe and kindly, O;  
 And I made him new gray breeks  
 That fitted him most finely, O.

He was a handsome fellow,  
 His humour was baith frank and free;  
 His bonny locks sae yellow,  
 Like goud they glitter'd in my ee;  
 His dimpl'd chin and rosy cheeks,  
 And face so fair and ruddy, O;  
 And then, a' day, his gray breeks  
 Were neither auld nor duddy, O.

But now they're thread-bare worn,  
 They're wider than they wont to be:  
 They're tashed like and torn,  
 And clouted sair on ilka knee.  
 But gin I had a summer's day,  
 As I have had right mony, O,  
 I'll mak a web o' new gray,  
 To be breeks to my Johnny, O.

For he's well wordy o' them,  
 And better gin I had to gie,  
 And I'll tak pains upon them,  
 Frae faults I'll strive to keep them free.

To clead him weel shall be my care,  
 And please him a' my study, O ;  
 But he maun wear the auld pair  
 Awee, tho' they be duddy, O.



### I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

[By BURNS, in 1788, when engaged in rebuilding the dwelling-house on his farm ; he then looked forward to scenes of domestic content and peace.]

I HAE a wife o' my ain,  
 I'll partake wi' naebody ;  
 I'll tak cuckold frae nane,  
 I'll gie cuckold to naebody.

I hae a penny to spend,  
 There—thanks to naebody ;  
 I hae naething to lend,  
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,  
 I'll be slave to naebody ;  
 I hae a guid braid sword,  
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I'll be merry and free,  
 I'll be sad for naebody ;  
 If naebody care for me,  
 I'll care for naebody.

## WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

[By BURNS.]

FIRST when Maggy was my care,  
 Heaven, I thought, was in her air;  
 Now we're married—spier nae mair—

Whistle o'er the lave o't.—

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,  
 Bonnie Meg was nature's child—

Wiser men than me's beguil'd;

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,

How we love and how 'gree,

I care na by how few may see;

Whistle o'er the lave o't.—

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,

Dish'd up in her winding-sheet;

I could write—but Meg maun see't—

Whistle o'er the lave o't.



## THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

*THE weary pund, the weary pund,*

*The weary pund o' tow;*

*I think my wife will end her life,*

*Before she spin her tow.*

I bought my wife a stane o' lint

As gude as e'er did grow;

And a' that she has made o' that,

Is ae poor pund o' tow.

*The weary pund, &c.*

There sat a bottle in a bole,  
 Beyont the ingle low ;  
 And ay she took the tither souk,  
 To drouk the stourie tow.  
*The weary pund, &c.*

Quoth I, For shame, ye dirty dame,  
 Gae spin your tap o' tow !  
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock,  
 She brak it o'er my pow.  
*The weary pund, &c.*

At last her feet, I sang to see't,  
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe :  
 And or I wed anither jad,  
 I'll wallop in a tow.  
*The weary pund, &c.*

~~~~~  
 UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

[The chorus is old ; the other two verses are by BURNS.]

CAULD blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly ;
 Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.
*Up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early ;
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.*

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely ;
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning's, &c.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

[Composed by BURNS on the amiable and excellent family of Whitefoord's leaving Ballochmyle, when Sir John's misfortunes had obliged him to sell the estate.]

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee;
 Nae lavrock sang on hillock green,
 But nature sicken'd on the c'e.
 Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel in beauty's bloom the whyle,
 And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
 But here, alas! for me nae mair,
 Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile;
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

[By BURNS.]

SCENES of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew,
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Now a sad and last adieu!

Bonny Doon, sac sweet at gloaming,
 Fare thee weel before I gang!
 Bonny Doon, whare, early roaming,
 First I weav'd the rustic sang!

Bowers adieu, whare love, decoying,
 First enthrall'd this heart o' mine,
 There the saftest sweets enjoying—
 Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine!

Friends, so near my bosom ever,
 Ye hae render'd moments dear;
 But, alas! when forc'd to sever;
 Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends! that parting tear reserve it,
 Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me!
 Could I think I did deserve it,
 How much happier would I be!

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew,
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Now a sad and last adieu!



MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

[The first half stanza is old; the rest is BURNS'S.],

Tune—*Faillte na miosg.*

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
 Farewell to the straths and green vallies below:
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highland's a chasing the deer:
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe;
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

~~~~~  
 JEANIE'S BLACK EE;

OR

THA MI 'N AM CHODAL, 'SNA DUISGIBH MI.

[By H. MACNEILL, Esq.]

*Air—Cauld frosty morning.*

THE sun raise sae rosy, the grey hills adorning!  
 Light sprang the levroc and mounted sae hie;  
 When true to the tryst o' blythe May's dewy morning,  
 My Jeanie cam linking out owre the green lea.  
 To mark her impatience, I crap 'mang the brakens,  
 Aft, aft to the kent gate she turned her black ee;  
 Then lying down dowylie, sighed by the willow tree,  
 Ha ine mòhàtel na dousku me.\*

\* "I am asleep, do not waken me."—The Gaelic chorus is pronounced according to the present orthography.

Saft through the green birks I sta' to my jewel,  
 Streik'd on spring's carpet aneath the saugh tree!  
 Think na, dear lassie, thy Willie's been cruel,—

Ha me mohátel na dousku me.

Wi' luve's warm sensations I've marked your impatience,  
 Lang hid 'mang the brakens I watch'd your black ee.—  
 You're no sleeping, pawkie Jean! open thae lovely  
 éen!

Ha me mohátel na dousku me.

Bright is the whin's bloom ilk green know adorning!  
 Sweet is the primrose bespangled wi' dew!  
 Yonder comes Peggy to welcome May morning!

Dark waves her haffet locks owre her white brow!  
 O! light! light she's dancing keen on the smooth  
 gowany green,  
 Barefit and kilted half up to the knee!  
 While Jeanie is sleeping still, I'll rin and sport my  
 fill,—

I was asleep, and ye've waken'd me!

I'll rin and whirl her round; Jeanie is sleeping sound;  
 Kiss her frae lug to lug; nae ane can see!  
 Sweet! sweet's her hinny mou!—Will, I'm no sleep-  
 ing now,

I was asleep, but ye waken'd me.

Laughing till like to drap, swith to my Jean I lap,  
 Kiss'd her ripe roses and blest her black ee!  
 And ay since whane'er we meet, sing, for the sound  
 is sweet,

Ha me mohátel na dousku me.

## CALEDONIA.

[By BURNS.]

Tune—*Humours of Glen.*

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,  
 Where bright-beaming suminers exalt the perfume,  
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,  
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.  
 Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,  
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen:  
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,  
 A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny vallies,  
 And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave;  
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud  
 palace,  
 What are they? The haunt o' the tyrant and slave!  
 The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,  
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;  
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,  
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.



## GARB OF OLD GAUL.

[Written by Sir HARRY ERSKINE. The tune was composed by General Reid, and called by him, "The Highland, or 42d Regiment's March."—BURNS.]

IN the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,  
 From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,  
 Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,  
 But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

*Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,  
That like our ancestors of old, we stand by freedom's  
cause ;  
We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and  
applause,  
And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our  
laws.*

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,  
No luxurious tables enervate our race ;  
Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,  
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.  
*Such our love, &c.*

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,  
Are swift as the roe which the hound doth assail ;  
As the full-moon in autumn our shields do appear,  
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.  
*Such our love, &c.*

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,  
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes ;  
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,  
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.  
*Such our love, &c.*

Quebec and Cape-Breton, the pride of old France,  
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance ;  
But when our claymores they saw us produce,  
Their courage did fail, and they su'd for a truce.  
*Such our love, &c.*

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,  
May our counsels be wise, and our commerce increase ;  
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,  
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties  
prove kind.

*Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,  
And teach our late posterity to fight in freedom's cause,  
That they like our ancestors bold, for honour and ap-  
plause,  
May defy the French and Spaniards to alter our laws.*

### BANNOCK-BURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

[This beautiful ode was composed by BURNS in the midst of a storm, in the moor between Kenmore and Gatehouse, in Gallo-way.]

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;  
See the front o' battle lour;  
See approach proud Edward's power—  
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',  
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains !  
 By your sons in servile chains ;  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be—shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !  
 Tyrants fall in every foe ;  
 Liberty's in every blow !  
 Forward ! let us do, or die !



### THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

[Written by the sister of Sir Gilbert Elliot, about the year 1755.  
 —BURNS's *Works*, vol. i. p. 282. It laments in elegant and tender strains the effects of the fatal battle of Flodden, fought on the 9th September, 1513, in which James IV., most of his nobility, and the greater part of his army, composed of the flower of the nation, were slain. The tune is one of the most beautiful, and considered as the most ancient, of our Scottish melodies.]

I've heard them lilting, at the ewe milking,  
 Lassies a' lilting, before dawn of day ;  
 But now they are moaning, on ilka green loaning ;  
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning ;  
 Lassies are lonely, and dowie, and wae ;  
 Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sigling and sabbing ;  
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her awae.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jearing ;  
 Bandsters are runkled, and lyart or gray ;  
 At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching ;  
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.



At e'en, in the gloaming, nae youngers are roaming  
 'Bout stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play ;  
 But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her deary—  
 The flowers of the forest are weded awae.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the border !  
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;  
 The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the foremost,  
 The prime of our land are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting, at the ewe milking ;  
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae :  
 Sighing and moaning, on ilka green loaning—  
 The flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.



## THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

[“The late Mrs COCKBURN, daughter of Rutherford of Fairnalie, in Selkirkshire, and relict of Mr Cockburn of Ormiston (whose father was Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland), was the authoress [of this song]. Mrs Cockburn has been dead but a few years. Even at an age, advanced beyond the usual bounds of humanity, she retained a play of imagination, and an activity of intellect, which must have been attractive and delightful in youth, but was almost preternatural at her period of life. Her active benevolence, keeping pace with her genius, rendered her equally an object of love and admiration.

“The verses were written at an early period of life, and without peculiar relation to any event, unless it were the depopulation of Ettrick forest.”—*Border Minstrelsy*, vol. i. pp. 279, 280. edition 1803.]

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,  
 I've tasted her favours, and felt her decay ;  
 Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing,  
 But soon it is fled—it is fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned of the foremost,  
 With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and gay:  
 Full sweet was their blooming, their scent the air  
     perfuming,  
 But now they are wither'd, and a' wede awae.

I've seen the morning, with gold the hills adorning,  
 And the red storm roaring, before the parting day;  
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the  
     sunny beams,  
 Turn drumly and dark, as they rolled on their way.

O fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting?  
 Why thus perplex us poor sons of a day?  
 Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer  
     me,  
 Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

~~~~~

KILLIECRANKIE.

[In Johnson's *Musical Muscum* this song is marked with the letter Z. as being an old song with corrections or additions.]

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?
 Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O?
 Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
 Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?
 An ye had been whare I hae been,
 Ye wad na been sae cantie, O;
 An ye had seen what I hae seen,
 I th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I've faught at land, I've faught at sea,
 At hame I faught my auntie, O;
 But I met the devil and Dundee
 On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
 An ye had been, &c.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a fur,
 An' Clavers gat a clankie, O ;
 Or I had fed an Athole gled
 On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.



AWA, WHIGS, AWA !

Awa, Whigs, awa !
Awa, Whigs, awa !
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae gude at a'.

Our thistles flourish'd fresh and fair,
 And bonnie bloom'd our roses,
 But Whigs cam like a frost in June,
 And wither'd a' our posies.
Awa, Whigs, &c.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust,
 Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't ;
 And write his name in his black beuk,
 Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.
Awa, Whigs, &c.

Our sad decay in church and state
 Surpasses my describing ;
 The Whigs cam o'er us for a curse,
 And we hae done wi' thriving.
Awa, Whigs, &c.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
 But we may see him wauken :
 Gude help the day, when royal heads
 Are hunted like a maukin !
Awa, Whigs, &c.

It's nae the battle's deadlie stoure,
 Nor friends pruiued fause that'll gar me cower;
 But the reckless hand o' povertie,
 O! that alane can dauntton me.

High was I born to kingly gear,
 But a cuif came in my cap to wear,
 But wi' my braid-sword I'll let him see
 He's nae the man will dauntton me.



THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

[The Chevalier is probably meant as the hero of this song. It is printed from the recitation of a young girl in the parish of Kirk-bean, in Galloway.—*CRONK'S Remains*, p. 150.]

PRINCELY is my luer's weed,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 His veins are fu' o' princely blude,
 My bonnie Highland laddie.

The gay bonnet maun circle roun',
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 The brows wad better fa' a crown,
 My bonnie Highland laddie.

There's a hand the sceptre bruiks,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 Better it fa's the shepherd's creuk,
 My bonnie Highland laddie.

There's a hand the braid-sword draws,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 The gowd sceptre it seemlier fa's,
 My bonnie Highland laddie.

He's the best piper i' the north,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 An' has dang a' ayont the Forth,
 My bonnie Highland laddie.

Soon at the Tweed he mints to blaw,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 Here's the lad ance far awa'!
 The bonnie Highland laddie!

There's nae a Southron fiddler's hum,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 Can bide the war-pipe's deadlie strum,
 My bonnie Highland laddie.

An' he'll raise sic an eldritch drone,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 He'll wake the snorers round the throne,
 My bonnie Highland laddie.

And the targe an' braid-sword's twang,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 To hastier march will gar them gang,
 My bonnie Highland laddie.

Till frae his daddie's chair he'll blaw,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 Here's the lad ance far awa'!
 My bonnie Highland laddie.

KENMURE'S ON AN' AWA.

[William Gordon, Viscount Kenmure, was commander in chief of the Chevalier's forces in the south of Scotland. Having joined General Forster, and marched to Preston in Lancashire, he there surrendered himself prisoner at discretion, and was beheaded on Tower-hill, 24th February 1716. He was a devout member of the Protestant church, was much regretted, and his memory is still revered by the peasantry of Galloway and Nithsdale.]

KENMURE's on an' awa, Willie,
 Kennmure's on an' awa;--
 An' Kennmure's lord's the bonniest lord.
 That ever Gallowa' saw.

Success to Kennmure's band, Willie,
 Success to Kennmure's band;
 There was never a heart that fear'd a Whig
 E'er rade by Kennmure's land.

There's a rose in Kennmure's cap, Willie,
 There's a rose in Kennmure's cap,
 He'll steep it red in ruddie hearts' blede,
 Afore the battle drap.

For Kennmure's lads are men, Willie,
 For Kennmure's lads are men;
 Their hearts an' swords are metal true,
 An' that their faes shall ken!

They'll live an' die wi' fame, Willie,
 They'll live an' die wi' fame;
 But soon wi' soun' o' victorie
 May Kennmure's lads come hame!

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

He kissed his ladie's hand, Willie,
 He kissed his ladie's hand;
 But gane's his ladie's courtesie,
 Whan he draws his bludie brand.

His ladie's cheek was red, Willie,
 His ladie's cheek was red;
 Whan she saw his steely jupes put on,
 Which smelled o' deadlie feud.

Here's him that's far awa, Willie,
 Here's him that's far awa!
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best,
 The rose that's like the snaw!



LEWIS GORDON.

[Lord Lewis Gordon, younger brother to the then Duke of Gordon, commanded a detachment for the Chevalier in 1715, and acquitted himself with great gallantry and judgment. He died in 1754.

“The supposed author of this song was a Mr Geddes, priest, at Shenval in the Ainzie.”—BURNS.]

OH! send Lewis Gordon hame,
 And the lad I winna name;
 Tho' his back be at the wa',
 Here's to him that's far awa.

*Oh hon ! my Highlandman,
 Oh ! my bonny Highlandman ;
 Weel wou'd I my true love ken
 Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.*

Oh ! to see his tartan trews,
 Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
 Philabeg aboon his knee ;
 That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
Oh hon ! &c.

The princely youth that I do mean,
 Is fitted for to be a king ;
 On his breast he wears a star ;
 You'd take him for the god of war.
Oh hon ! &c.

Oh to see this princely one,
 Seated on a royal throne !
 Disasters a' wou'd disappear ;
 Then begins the jub'lee year.
Oh hon ! &c.



THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

[By BURNS ; the air is old.]

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
 I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey ;
 And as he was singing the tears fast down came,—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
 We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame:
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the yird;
 It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame:
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
 Sin I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
 But till my last moment my words are the same,
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.



SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION!

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
 Fareweel our ancient glory;
 Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
 Sae fam'd in martial story!
 Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,
 To mark where England's province stands:
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue,
 Thro' many warlike ages,
 Is wrought now by a coward few,
 For hireling traitors wages.
 The English steel we could disdain,
 Secure in valour's station;
 But English gold has been our bane:
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, or I had seen the day
 That treason thus could sell us,
 My auld grey head had lien in clay,
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
 But pith and power, till my last hour
 I'll mak this declaration,
 We're bought and sold for English gold:
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!



YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

YE Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear;
 Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
 Ye Jacobites by name,
 Your fautes I will proclaim,
 Your doctrines I maun blame,
 You shall hear.

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the
 law?

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law?

What is right, and what is wrang?

A short sword, and a lang,

A weak arm, and a strang

For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar; fam'd afar?

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar?

What makes heroic strife?

To whet th' assassin's knife,

Or hunt a parent's life

Wi' bludie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state ;
 Then let your schemes alone, in the state ;
 Then let your schemes alone,
 Adore the rising sun,
 And leave a man undone
 To his fate.



THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

[Composed by BURNS while riding through the muirs between Galloway and Ayrshire.]

Tune—*Captain O'Kean.*

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
 The murmuring streamlet runs clear thro' the vale,
 The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning,
 And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
 While the lingering moments are number'd by care?
 No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly sing-
 ing,
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd cou'd it merit their malice,
 A king and a father to place on his throne !
 His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies,
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find
 none.
 But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn,
 My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn ;
 Your deeds prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
 Alas ! can I make you no better return !

to see these men pursued to their hiding-places, dragged forth, and ignominiously put to death, must have excited the most poignant grief in every bosom not deadened by party prejudices, which, when the first transports were over, would settle into a hate against the power that sanctioned such proceedings. The poets of the time took the side of the unfortunate, and produced a multitude of songs, several of which are among the finest specimens of lyrical composition: they were necessitated to conceal their names for fear of prosecution, but their lays were eagerly sought after, and treasured up in the memory of the peasantry. It is somewhat remarkable, that all the songs of both periods which have been recovered, breathe the same strain of invective, passion, and hatred against the reigning family, or of pity and tender sympathy for the miseries of their persecuted countrymen.

We have selected a few of the most popular from the Collections of Ritson and Cromeke, the latter of whom, by his indefatigable but praiseworthy exertions, has recovered from oblivion many songs composed during the Rebellions of 1715 and 1745.



TO DAUNTON ME.

[There are several variations of this song, all bearing the same stamp of desperate resolution. One of the verses is characteristic of the noble Lochiel:—

“Up came the gallant chief Lochiel,
An’ drew his glaive o’ nut-brown steel,
Says, ‘Charlie, set your fit to me,
An’ shaw me wha will daunton thee!”]

To daunton me an’ me sae young,
An’ gude King James’s auldest son!
O that’s the thing that ne’er can be,
For the man’s unborn that will daunton me!

O set me ance on Scottish land,
An’ gie me my braid-sword in my hand,
Wi’ my blue bonnet aboon my bree,
An’ shaw me the man that will daunton me!

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

[Written by BURNS before 1788. The lamentation is supposed to be uttered by James, Viscount Strathallan, while concealed in some cave of the Highlands after the battle of Culloden, at which engagement his father Viscount William was killed. He escaped to France.]

THICKEST night o'erhang my dwelling!
 Howling tempests o'er me rave!
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Still surround my lonely cave!

Chrystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the Heavens deny'd success:

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wide world is all before us—
 But a world without a friend!

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

[A mutilated copy of this song is in JOHNSON'S *Musical Museum*; to the research of Mr Cromek the public are indebted for a complete copy of the song.]

BANNOCKS o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley,
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley!
 Wha in a brulzie will first cry—A parley!—
 Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley!
 Bannocks o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley,
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannock's o' barley!

Wha drew the gude claymore for Charlie?
 Wha cow'd the lowns o' England rarely?
 An' claw'd their backs at Falkirk fairly?—
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley!
 Bannocks o' bear-meal, &c.

Wha, when hope was blasted fairly,
 Stood in ruin wi' bonnie Prince Charlie?
 An' 'neath the Duke's bluidy paws dreed fu' sairly?—
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley! *
 Bannocks o' bear-meal, &c.

* “ Of all the men who preserved an unshaken fidelity to the Chevalier in his fallen fortunes, the most heroic was Roderick M'Kenzie, who sacrificed his life for him, with a presence of mind, and a self-devotion, unparelled either in ancient or in modern story.

• About this time, one Roderick M'Kenzie, a merchant of Edinburgh, who had been out with the Prince, was skulking among the hills about Glenmorriston, when some of the soldiers met with him. As he was about the Prince's size and age, and not unlike him in the face, being a genteel man, and well dressed, they took him for the Prince. M'Kenzie tried to escape them, but could not, and

CROOKIE DEN.

WERE ye e'er at Crookie Den?
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 Saw ye Willie and his men?
 My bonnie Highland laddie.

They're our faes, wha brint an' slew,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 There at last they gat their due,
 My bonnie Highland laddie.

The hettest place was fill'd wi' twa,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 It was Willie and his papa,
 My bonnie Highland laddie.

being determined not to be taken and hanged (which he knew, if taken, would be his fate), he bravely resolved to die sword in hand; and, in that death, to serve the Prince more than he could do by living. The bravery and steadiness of M'Kenzie confirmed the soldiers in the belief *that he was the Prince*, whereupon one them shot him; who, as he fell, cried out, 'You have killed your Prince, you have killed your Prince,' and expired immediately. The soldiers, overjoyed with their supposed good-fortune in meeting with so great a prize, immediately cut off the brave young man's head, and made all the haste they could to Fort Augustus, to tell the news of their great heroical feat, and to lay claim to the thirty thousand pounds, producing the head, which several said they knew to be the Prince's head. This great news, with the head, was soon carried to the Duke, who, believing the *great work* was done, set forward to London from Fort Augustus, on the eighteenth of July."

CROMEK'S *Remains*, pp. 193, 194.

The deil sat girning i' the neuk,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 Breaking sticks to roast the Duke,
 My bonnie Highland laddie.

The bluidy monster gied a yell,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
 An' loud the laugh gade round a' hell,
 My bonnie Highland laddie.



THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

[Burns has a beautiful song on this interesting subject, beginning
 "The lovely lass o' Inverness," the first half stanza of which
 is perhaps all that remains of an older song than this.]

THERE liv'd a lass in Inverness,
 She was the pride of a' the town,
 She was blythe as a lark on the flower-tap,
 Whan frae the nest it's newly flown.
 At kirk she wan the auld folks luv,
 At dance she wan the ladses' een;
 She was the blythest ay o' the blythe,
 At wooster-trystes or Halloween.

As I came in by Inverness,
 The summer-sun was sinking down,
 O there I saw the weel-faur'd lass,
 And she was greeting through the town.
 The gray-hair'd men were a' i' the streets,
 And auld dames crying, (sad to see!)
 The flower o' the lads o' Inverness,
 Lie bluidie on Culloden-lee!

She tore her haffet-links of gowd,
 And dighted ay her comely ee;
 My father lies at bluidie Carlisle,
 At Preston sleep my brethren three!
 I thought my heart could haud nae mair,
 Mae tears could never blin' my ee;
 But the fa' o' ane has burst my heart,
 A dearer ane there ne'er could be!

He trysted me o' luvè yestreen,
 Of love tokens he gave me three;
 But he's faulded i' the arms o' gory weir,
 Oh ne'er again to think o' me!
 The forest-flowers shall be my bed;
 My food shall be the wild-berrie,
 The fa' o' the leaf shall co'er me cauld;
 And wauken'd again I winna be.

O weep, O weep, ye Scottish dames,
 Weep till ye blin' a mither's ee;
 Nae reeking ha' in fifty miles,
 But naked corses sad to see.
 O spring is blythesome to the year,
 Trees sprout, flowers spring, and birds sing hie;
 But oh! what spring can raise them up,
 Whose bluidie weir has sealed the ee?

The hand o' God hung heavie here,
 And lightly touched foul tyrannie!
 It strake the righteous to the ground,
 And lifted the destroyer hie.
 But there's a day, quo' my God in prayer,
 Whan righteousness shall bear the gree;
 I'll rake the wicked low i' the dust,
 And wauken, in bliss, the gude man's ee.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

[The fifth, sixth, and seventh verses of this song are by BURNS,
the others are old.]

O! I am come to the low countrie,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Without a penny in my purse
To buy a meal to me.

It was nae sae in the Highland hills,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Feeding on yon hill sae high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had threescore o' yowes,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine,
For Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine!

Till Charlie Stewart cam at last
Sae far to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanted then,
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell?
 Right to the wrang did yield;
 My Donald and his country fell
 Upon Culloden field!

I hae nocht left me ava,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 But bonnie orphan lad-weans twa,
 To seek their bread wi' me.

I hae yet a tocher band,
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 My winsome Donald's durk an' bran',
 Into their hands to gie.—

There's only ae blink o' hope left,
 To lighten my auld ee,
 To see my bairns gie bluidie crownes
 To them gar't Donald die! *

* "The determined fierceness of the Highland character urges to acts of desperate resolution and heroism. One of a clan, at the battle of Culloden, being singled out and wounded, set his back against a park-wall, and with his targe and claymore bore singly the onset of a party of dragoons. Pushed to desperation he made resistless strokes at his enemies, who crowded and encumbered themselves to have each the glory of slaying him. 'Save that brave fellow,' was the unregarded cry of some officers. *Golice Macbane* was cut to pieces, and thirteen of his enemies lay dead around him."—*CROMEK'S Remains*, p. 200.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

[By BURNS.]

Tune—*For a' that.*

Is there, for honest poverty
 That hangs his head, and a' that;
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His ribband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Gude faith he mauna fa' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.



BANNOCKS O' BARLEY MEAL.

I AM an auld sodger just come from the camp,
 And hame to the Highlands I am on a tramp;
 My heart it beats light when I think on the shiel,
 Whare I fed on bannocks o' barley meal.
 In the cause o' my country (my breast's dearest wish),
 For ten years and mair, I've had mony a brush;
 Now peace has reliev'd me, and hame I sall reel,
 To feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

A drap o' gude whisky, and Nancy my dear,
 An auld vet'ran comrade to taste o' our cheer,
 Will be a reward for my toils in the fiel',
 Wi' plenty o' bannocks o' barley meal.
 Of a' our auld feats at our leisure we'll crack,
 Syne cour down and sleep a' the night like a tap;
 Baith care and its cankers may gae to the deil,
 If I hae gude bannocks o' barley meal.

When cauld weather comes and the winds rudely blaw,
 And cleeds hill and valley whiles knee-deep wi' snaw,
 Wi' ease and content, I'm fu' snug in our shiel,
 Thrang feasting on bannocks o' barley meal.
 In simmer, when a' the cauld blasts flee away,
 I'll beak in the sun on the gowany brae;
 Sometimes to the pipe may be shake my auld heel,
 Syne feed upon bannocks o' barley meal.

~~~~~

AULD LANG SYNE.

[By Burns.]

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to min'?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days o' lang syne?

*For auld lang syne, my dear,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.*

We twa hae run about the braes,  
 And pu'd the gowans fine;  
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,  
 Sin auld lang syne.

*For auld, &c.*

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,  
 Frae mornin sun till dine:  
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,  
 Sin auld lang syne.

*For auld, &c.*

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,  
 And gie's a hand o' thine;  
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,  
 For auld lang syne.  
*For auld, &c.*

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,  
 And surely I'll be mine;  
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
 For auld lang syne,  
*For auld, &c.*



### HERE'S TO THE KING, SIR.

Tune—*Hey tutti taiti.*

HERE's to the king, sir,  
 Ye ken wha I mean, sir,  
 And to every honest man  
 That will do't again.  
*Fill up your bumpers high,  
 We'll drink a' your barrels dry;  
 Out upon them, fy! fy!  
 That winna do't again.*

Here's to the chieftains  
 Of the Scots Highland clans;  
 They hae done it mair than ance,  
 And will do't again.  
*Fill up, &c.*

When you hear the trumpet sounds,  
 Tutti taiti to the drum;  
 Up your swords, and down your guns,  
 And to the louns again,  
*Fill up, &c.*



Here's to the King o' Swedes,  
 Fresh laurels crown his head!  
 Pox on every sneaking blade  
 That winna do't again!

*Fill up, &c.*

But to mak a' things right, now,  
 He that drinks maun fight too,  
 To shew his heart's upright too,  
 And that he'll do't again.

*Fill up, &c.*



### ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

BLYTH, blyth, blyth, was she,  
 Blyth was she butt and ben;  
 And well she loo'd a Hawick gill,  
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.  
 She took me in, and set me down,  
 And heght to keep me lawing free;  
 But, cunning carling that she was,  
 She gart me birl my bawbee.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;  
 But waes my heart my cash was done,  
 Before that I had quench'd my drouth,  
 And laith I was to pawn my shoon.  
 When we had three times toom'd our stoup,  
 And the neist chappin new begun,  
 In started, to heeze up our hope,  
 Young Andro with his cutty gun.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,  
 With girdle-cakes well toasted brown,  
 Well does the canny kimmer ken,  
 They gar the scuds gae glibber down.

We ca'd the bicker aft about ;  
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bum ;  
 And ay the cleanest drinker out,  
 Was Andro with his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,  
 And as I in his oxter sat,  
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,  
 And mony a sappy kiss I gat.  
 I hae been east, I hae been west,  
 I hae been far ayont the sun ;  
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,  
 Was Andro with his cutty gun.

~~~~~  
 BAGRIE O'T.

WHEN I think on this warld's pelf,
 And how little I hae o't to myself ;
 I sigh when I look on my thread-bare coat,
 And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Johnny was the lad that held the plough,
 But now he has got gowd and gear enough ;
 I weel mind the day when he was na worth a groat,
 And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Jenny was the lass that mucked the byre,
 But now she goes in her silken attire :
 And she was a lass who wore a plaiding coat,
 And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Yet a' this shall never danton me,
 Sae lang's I keep my fancy free ;
 While I've but a penny to pay t'other pot,
 May the deil tak the gear and the bagrie o't.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

My love she's but a lassie yet,
 My love she's but a lassie yet,
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.

I rue the day I sought her, O,
 I rue the day I sought her, O.
 Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her, O.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
 Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet:
 Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
 But here I never misst it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't:
 The minister kist the fidler's wife,
 He could na preach for thinkin o't.



UP IN THE AIR.

[By RAMSAY.]

Now the sun's gane out o' sight,
 Beet the ingle, and snuff the light:
 In glens the fairies skip and dance,
 And witches wallop o'er to France,
 Up in the air,
 On my bonny gray mare,
 And I see her yet, and I see her yet.
 Up in, &c.

The winds drifting hail and sna',
 O'er frozen hags, like a foot-ba';
 Nae starns keek through the azure slit,
 'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony pit.

The man i' the moon
 Is carousing aboon;
 D' ye see, d' ye see, d' ye see him yet.
The man, &c.

Take your glass to clear your een,
 'Tis the elixir heals the spleen,
 Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
 And gently puffs the lover's fire.

Up in the air,
 It drives away care;
 Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet.
Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost;
 Come, Willie, gi'es about your toast;
 Tilt, lads, and lilt it out,
 And let us ha'e a blythsome bout.

Up wi't there, there,
 Dinna cheat, but drink fair:
 Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet.
Up wi't, &c.



THE TOAST.

Tune--Saw ye my Peggy.

COME let's ha'e mair wine in,
 Bacchus hates repining,
 Venus loves nae dwining,
 Let's be blyth and free.

Away with dull, Here t'ye, Sir;
 Ye'r mistress, Robie, gi'es her,
 We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
 Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let Peggy warm ye,
 That's a lass can charm ye,
 And to joys alarm ye,
 Sweet is she to me.
 Some angel ye wad ca' her,
 And never wish ane brawer,
 If ye bare-headed saw her
 Kiltet to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lass is,
 Come let's join our glasses,
 And refresh our hauses
 With a health to thee.
 Let coofs their cash be clinking,
 Be statesmen tint in thinking,
 While we with love and drinking,
 Give our cares the lie.



THE FUMBLER'S RANT.

COME carles a' of fumbler's ha',
 And I will tell you of our fate,
 Since we hae married wives that's braw,
 And canna please them when 'tis late:
 A pint we'll take, our hearts to cheer:
 What fauts we hae our wives can tell;
 Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,
 The auldest bairn we hae's oursell.

Christ'ning of weans we are rid of,
 The parish priest this he can tell,
 We aw him nought but a grey groat,
 The offering for the house we dwell.
 Our bairns' tocher is a' paid,
 We're masters of the gear oursell :
 Let either well or wae betide,
 Here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.

Our nibour's auld son and the lass,
 Into the barn amang the strae,
 He gripp'd her in the dark beguess,
 And after that came meikle wae.
 Repentance ay comes afterhin',
 It cost the carle baith corn and hay ;
 We're quat of that with little din,
 Sic crosses haunt ne'er you nor I.

Now merry, merry may we be,
 When we think on our niboar Robie,
 The way the carle does, we see,
 Wi' his auld son and daughter Maggy :
 Boots he maun hae, pistols, why not ?
 The hussey maun hae corkit shoon :
 We are not sae ; gar fill the pot,
 We'll drink till a' the hours at e'en.

Here's a health to John Mackay we'll drink,
 To Hughie, Andrew, Rob, and Tam :
 We'll sit and drink, we'll nod and wink,
 It is o'er soon for us to gang.
 Foul fa' the cock, he's spilt the play,
 And I do trow he's but a fool,
 We'll sit a while, 'tis lang till day,
 For a' the cocks they rave at Yool.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,
 The foremost hame shall bear the mell;
 I'll set me down, lest I be fee,
 For fear that I should bear't mysell.
 And I, quoth Rob, and down sat he,
 The gear shall never me out-ride,
 But we'll tak a sowp of the barley-bree,
 And drink to our yell fire-side.



JOHN BARLEYCORN.

[By BURNS, on the plan of an old song known by the same name.]

THERE were three kings into the East,
 Three kings both great and high,
 An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plow'd him down,
 Put clods upon his head,
 And they hae sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
 And show'rs began to fall;
 John Barleycorn got up again,
 And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
 And he grew thick and strong,
 His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
 That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
 When he grew wan and pale ;
 His bending joints and drooping head
 Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
 He faded into age ;
 And then his enemies began
 To show their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
 And cut him by the knee ;
 Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
 Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
 And cudgell'd him full sore ;
 They hung him up before the storm,
 And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
 With water to the brim,
 They heaved in John Barleycorn,
 There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
 To work him farther woe,
 And still as signs of life appear'd,
 They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
 The marrow of his bones ;
 But a miller us'd him worst of all,
 He crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
 And drank it round and round;
 And still the more and more they drank,
 Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
 Of noble enterprise,
 For if you do but taste his blood,
 'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
 'Twill heighten all his joy:
 'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
 Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
 Each man a glass in hand;
 And may his great posterity
 Ne'er fail in old Scotland!



AULD GUDEMAN, YE'RE A DRUNKEN CARLE.

AULD gudeman, ye're a drunken carle, drunken carle,
 A' the lang day ye wink and drink, and gape and
 gaunt;
 Of sottish loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink and
 pearl,
 Ill-far'd, doited, ne'er-do-weel.

Hech, gudewife! ye're a flyten body, flyten body;
 Will ye hae, but, gude be prais'd! the wit ye want;
 The puttin cow should be ay a doddy, ay a doddy,
 Mak na sic an awsome reel.

Ye're a sow, auld man,
 Ye get fou, auld man;
 Fye shame! auld man,
 To your wame, auld man:
 Pinch'd I win, wi' spinin tow,
 A plack to cleed your back and pow.

It's a lie, gudewife,
 It's your tea, gudewife;
 Na, na, gudewife,
 Ye spend a', gudewife;
 Dinna fa' on me pell-mell,
 Ye like a drap fu' weel yoursell.

Ye'se rue, auld gowk, your jest and frolic, jest and
 frolic;
 Dare ye say, goose, I ever lik'd to tak a drappy?
 An 'twerna just for to cure the cholic, cure the cholic,
 Diel a drap wad weet my mou.

Troth, gudewife, ye wadna swither, wadna swither,
 Soon to tak a cholic, when it brings a drap o' cappy;
 But twa score years we hae fought thegither, fought
 thegither,
 Time it is to 'gree, I trow.

I'm wrang, auld John,
 Owre lang, auld John,
 For nought, gude John,
 We hae fought, gude John;
 Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,
 We're far owre feckless now to fight.

Ye're right, gudewife,
 The night, gudewife,
 Our cup, gude Kate,
 We'll sup, gude Kate;
 Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,
 And toom the stoup atween us twa!



WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

[“ This air is [Mr Allan] Masterton's; the song mine.—The occasion of it was this.—Mr William Nicol of the High School, Edinburgh, during the autumn vacation being at Moffat, honest Allan, who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton, and I went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting, that Mr Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business.”—BURNS.]

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to see:
 Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.
*We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
 But just a drappie in our e'e;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw;
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.*

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trow are we;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin in the lift sae hie ;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee !
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, coward loun is he !
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king among us three !
We are na fou, &c.



THEN GUIDWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

[By BURNS, with the exception of the chorus, which is part of
 an old song.]

GANE is the day and mirk's the night,
 But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light,
 For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
 And bluid red wine's the rysin sun.
Then guidwife count the lawin, the lawin, the lawin,
Then guidwife count the lawin, and bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
 And semple folk maun fecht and fen' ;
 But here we're a' in ae accord,
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
Then guidwife count, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool ;
 And pleasure is a wanton trout,
 An ye drink it a' ye'll find him out.
Then guidwife count, &c.

HEY TUTTI TAITI.

[" I have met the tradition universally over Scotland, and particularly about Stirling, in the neighbourhood of the scene, that this air was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn."—BURNS.

Mr Ritson attaches no credit to this tradition. " It does not seem at all probable," he says, " that the Scots had any martial music in the time of this monarch; it being their custom, at that period, for every man in the host to bear a little horn, with the blowing of which, as we are told by Froissart, they would make such a horrible noise as if all the devils of hell had been among them. It is not, therefore, likely, that these unpolished warriors would be curious

' to move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders.'

These horns; indeed, are the only music ever mentioned by Barbour, to whom any particular march would have been too important a circumstance to be passed over in silence; so that it must remain a moot point, whether Bruce's army were cheered by the sound of even a solitary bagpipe."—RITSON'S *Scottish Songs*, vol. i. p. xcii.]

LANDLADY count the lawin,
The day is near the dawin;
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I'm but jolly fou.

Hey tutti taiti,
How tutti taiti,
Hey tutti taiti,
Wha's fou now?

Cog an ye were ay fou,
 Cog an ye were ay fou,
 I wad sit and sing to you,
 If ye were ay fou.
Hey tutti, &c.

Weel may we a' be !
 Ill may we never see !
 God bless the king
 And the companie !
Hey tutti, &c.

~~~~~  
 CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

[By BURNS.]

Tune—*Lumps o' Pudding.*

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,  
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,  
 I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin alang,  
 Wi' a cog o' gude swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought ;  
 But man is a soger, and life is a faught :  
 My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,  
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare  
 touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',  
 A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a' :  
 When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,  
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past ?

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way ;  
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae :  
Come ease, or come travail ; come pleasure, or pain ;  
My warst word is—Welcome and welcome again !

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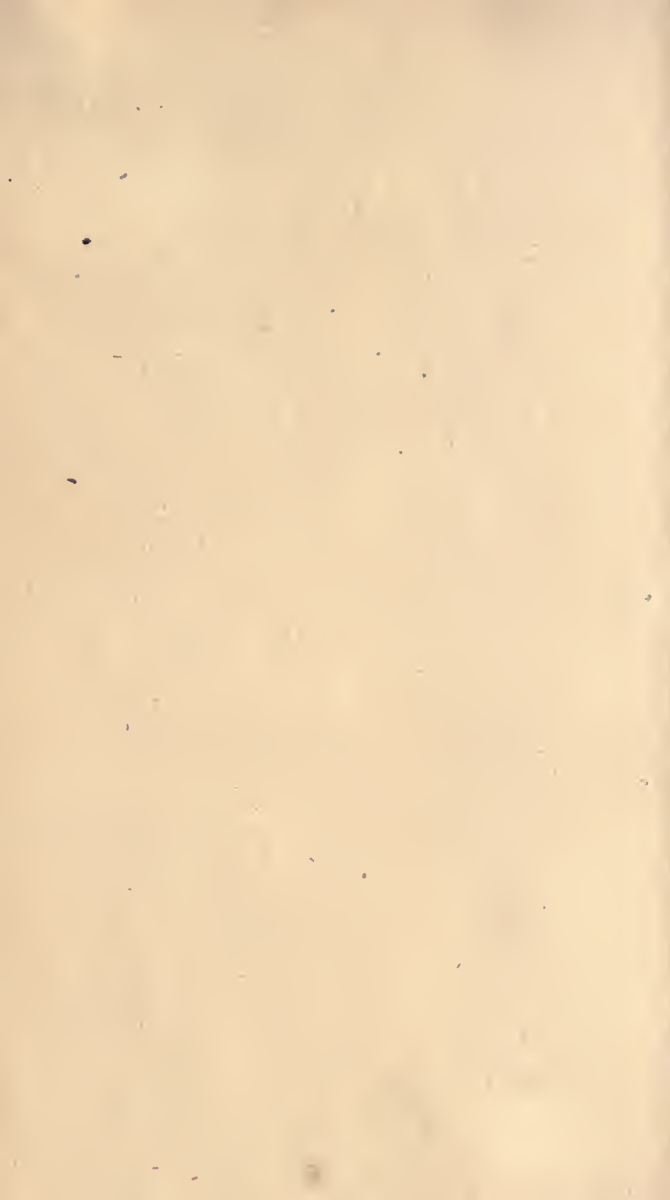
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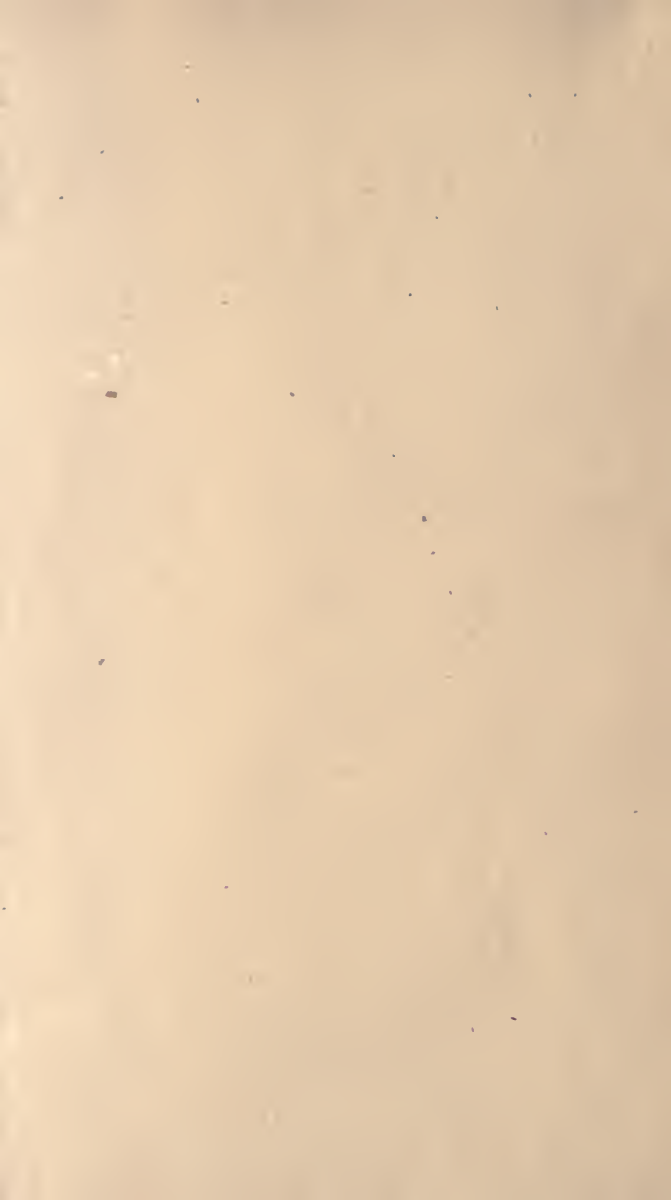






















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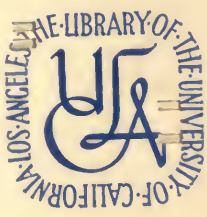
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